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THE
MARCHING OF THE LODGES
A POEM.

ORANGE MELODIES,
OCCASIONAL VERSES,
Stanzas for Music,
NOTES.



BY BROTHER WILLIAM ARCHER,
Assistant Secretary, G.O.L.,
RUBY ORANGE LODGE, 1619.

Dublin :

Printed by BROTHER JAMES FORREST, 76, Capel-street.

1869.

DEDICATION.

TO

BR. STEWART BLACKER, ESQ.,

D.G.M. FOR IRELAND,

AND

G.M. FOR COUNTY LONDONDERRY,

AS A SLIGHT, BUT SINCERE TOKEN OF ADMIRATION FOR HIS
UNFLINCHING FIDELITY TO, AND TALENTED ADVOCACY
ALL THROUGH LIFE, OF THE PURE PRINCIPLES OF
ORANGEISM, AS ASSERTED, FOUGHT FOR, AND
WON AT THE BATTLE OF THE DIAMOND,
THE NATIVE PLACE OF OUR
GLORIOUS INSTITUTION.

THE FOLLOWING POEM AND ACCOMPANYING LYRICS,
ARE INSCRIBED WITH THE GREATEST RESPECT
AND FRATERNITY BY

WM. ARCHER,

Asst. Secy.

G.O.L.I.

(RECAP)

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PREFACE,

A BRIEF DESERTATION ON LYRICAL POETRY.



THE spirit of Song has ever shed its benign influence over the heart of man, brightening up the fire of its energies, and warming into sweet emotions, its sympathies and affections. Oft has the magic numbers of the lyric muse, awakened into animation the nobler feelings of our nature, which else might have slept inert and hidden, within the apathetic recesses of the heart, like a faint sepulchral lamp, giving but a languid flickering flame, unseen and desolate.

The Sacred Songs of Holy Writ—and they are approached with reverence—these glorious effusions of the royal and inspired Poet, and other holy Melodists, imparted “fire to the mind and vigour to the limb” of God’s peculiar people; piety and all its pure attributes, fraternity and all its social feelings, courage and all its fiery energies; all the virtues that adorn, and all the sympathies that sweeten humanity were called into life and light by the animating strains, the glowing imagery, and the inspired eloquence of the Harp of Israel; that Harp which sung with devotional enthusiasm

"Praise HIM with the sound of the Trumpet, praise HIM with Psaltery and Harp." The fame of the Jewish Lyrics, accompanied the people in their Assyrian captivity; and the 137th Psalm beautifully, but sorrowfully says, that their Taskmasters asked them for the Songs and Melodies of Zion, when they hung their harps on the willows, and by the waters of Babylon sat down and wept.

The classics of Greece and Rome have handed down to us the perfection of lyrical composition, and from them the poetry of Europe, ancient and modern, have taken the model of their verse. The amatory Chansons of the French Troubadours, sung in dulcet strains of glowing passion, breathing devotion to Love and Beauty, imparted a romantic and chivalrous gallantry to the people, for which their descendants have ever been eminently conspicuous. In our own times we find Beranger embodying the Spirit of the Nation, its Democracy and its Imperialism.

The lyrics of the British Isles have been from an early period remarkable for sweet and simple Songs. Beginning with the Elizabethian period without making a remoter search into the times of Chevy Chase and Robin Hood, down to our own times, we have a galaxy of luminaries in the firmament of immortal verse; from SHAKESPEARE, who, from the rich mine of his poetic wealth would sometimes scatter bright gems of sparkling song; BYRON, the noble author of the immortal "Childe Harold," he, the splendour of whose genius was like the upward sweepings of the

eagle, all strength and magnificence in its mighty soaring, has often enriched our lyric literature with touching melodies of the sweetest versification. SCOTT, who has spangled the exquisite and picturesque pages of his romantic creations with beautiful thoughts enshrined in tender melody. CAMPBELL, whose pathos touches the heart, in the sweet simplicity of his ballads, and whose lyre attuned to a lofty and epic strain, gave to the world our two great naval odes "Ye mariners of England," and "The Battle of the Baltic." MOORE, the Prince of Lyric Poets, whose fame as a Melodist is identified with the unrivalled music of his native land. Alas! that he should have sometimes allowed the sensuousness of his early verse, to descend to sensuality. Alas! that he should be the originator of that untruthful school of puling sentiment, and false patriotism, which has worked such mischief in this country.

These were stars of the first magnitude, all of whom had

"Won the trophies of immortal song."

And each of whom had

"Ruled like a wizard the world of the heart,
And could call up its sunshine or bring down its showers."

Hymnal Melody has had many a Bard. WESLEY, in his hymns, breathed the pure emotions of a pious, gentle, yet enthusiastic spirit. His brother Charles won many an erring soul from the thorny paths of vice to those of virtue. "whose ways are ways of pleasantness,

and all her paths are peace." WATTS, the pious dissenting Divine, contributed largely by his Spiritual Songs, to promote christian piety in an age when the profligacy of the wicked times of Charles and James still polluted the heart of the nation. To these may be added the name of REGINALD HEBER, the elegant and accomplished Bishop of Calcutta. He felt Religion to be in its very nature the one best suited to the exercise of high and pious practical talent, and he felt with Milton that Holy Songs were best suited "to allay the perturbations of the mind, and to set the affections to a right tune, to celebrate in glorious and lofty hymns the throne and equipage of God's Almightyness, and what he suffers to be wrought with high providence in his church; to paint out and describe whatever in religion is holy and sublime, and in virtue amiable or grave." Heber's Sacred Songs, expressed in melodious and polished verse, are often embellished with charming and picturesque orientalisms, gleaned during his visitation through his (then) immense Episcopate of India, Ceylon, and Australia.

We have also among the moderns other famous Song Writers. DIBDEN's Sea Songs have tended more to infuse a spirit of order, discipline, loyalty, and hearty good fellowship amongst British Sailors, than all the coercions of all the commanders that ever paced the quarter-deck could have effected. ALLAN RAMSAY's pastoral muse charmed the simple Highland peasantry of Scotland, winning them away from the jealousy of clanship and feudal prejudices, to Love and Friendship, the plough and the cottage. And

then we have old Scottie's most favored child of Song. ROBERT BURNS, he, who Byron declared was "the first of his art," whose rare and exquisite genius burst out in lyric verse, "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," flowing like the liquid notes of the lark hymn, all melody and nature.

The Orange Institution from its peculiar organization, political, moral, and social, and from the truth, devotion, and heroism, which adorn its history, has its repertory of Song; songs of loyalty, songs of fraternity, and songs of glorious triumphs, triumphs not ephemeral or local, but historical and national. It must, however, be confessed that as a party, the early songs of the Williamites, in music and in poetry, fell very short of those of the Jacobites in either fertility or variety. Their store of both were scant, a few tunes, to wit "Lillibullero, or Protestant Boys;" the "Boyne Water," with its numerous versions and additions, "Croppies lie down," with perhaps two or three others make up the whole list, while on the other hand, an amount of pathos and talent was brought to bear on the Jacobite Songs, which showed what stress and value they laid on them for stirring up the feelings of the people.

Yet, let us say something on behalf of the first effusions of the Orange muse. Many of our early songs were poorly written; but we must, however overlook faults in rhyme, or grammar when we recollect that they were mostly the productions of rustic husbandmen, or humble mechanics—still,

when we pass over literary defects, we find spirited effusions, highly characteristic of bold times and brave hearts. Men do not sing their own defeat, and the Orangemen had no such lamentation to chant; on the contrary, their songs were songs of triumph, sung with spirit and chorused with enthusiasm. Yet, what the early songs wanted in language or sentiment, have been abundantly supplied by more recent writers. Ulster has been prompt, not only in drawing her Protestant sword, but in wielding her Protestant pen, evidenced by the production of a host of excellent Song Writers (some of whom are of our own day,) pre-eminent, amongst whom are "The Derry Trio." *Colonel* Blacker, whose graphic verse, flowing in sweet musical ballad style, animates the heart with alternate emotions of pathos or fervor: how excellent are, "It was upon a summer's morn," (called "The Battle of the Boyne," "The night is gathering gloomily," (Oliver's advice,) "Behold the crimson banner float," (No Surrender)* Then we have the songs of the Rev. JOHN GRAHAM, the Historian and Bard of Londonderry, and to make up the Trio, the lays of Orangeism are graced with the lyrics of "Charlotte Elizabeth," (Mrs. Phelan,) that most celebrated song "Where Foyle his swelling waters," (The Maiden City,) evinces the poetical powers of the fair writer. The wide field of satire has often afforded scope for wit and irony. That epigrammatic and satirical ballad "Pio Nono," written under the Nom de Guerre

* The Boyne book of Poetry and Song published 1859, says erroneously that "No Surrender" was written by the Rev. John Graham.

of "Jonathan Slingsby" must ever stand foremost. Slingsby's metre has a more soft and flowing measure, than the much admired Edmund *Waller*, the celebrated author of "Go lovely rose." Whatever similitude of genius may be traced in their poetry, or the coincidence of a name, none can be found in their politics, for Cromwell's panegyrist was vacillating, what our modern bard could never be.

What is history and its uses? to record events, to trace them in cause, to impart lessons of wisdom from effect, to look on the past, and to instruct for the future. It therefore behoves every Orangeman to know what have been the deeds of Orangemen, and what the results of their energies. It behoves him to profit by what he learns, to imitate the bright exemplars of piety and firmness set before him, and to stand as a conservator of those rights and truths, for which the protestant martyr and protestant soldier laid down their lives at the scaffold, the stake, and battle-field.

Impressed with the deep necessity of encouraging such noble sentiments, I address my Brethren through the medium of Song, and by my humble lyrics speak to those feelings of loyalty, morality, fraternity, and *temperate* festivity, which are the principles of our most excellent Institution. I trust that the verse which attempts to celebrate a glorious historical event, singing of bravery and triumph, may attain the desired consummation; to promote love for truth, and courage to defend it. The noble deeds of 1688, marked with the character of soldier like conflict, demand an

admiration, and claim a eulogy which I fear I have too feebly expressed ; but, from the dreadful scenes of '98, blackened by savage aggression, on one side, and dreadful retributive justice on the other, scenes where

“ Hope withering fled, and mercy cried farewell.”

the muse, shrinks back with sorrow and dismay. In one instance indeed, I have been provoked to break through my reserve ; this will be found in a poem suggested by the well-known stanzas which appeared in the “ Nation,” beginning, “ Who fears to speak of '98.”

Where an historical event is epitomised in Song, or a celebrated name adorns the verse, notes, are appended illustrative of the text.



CONTENTS.

POEM.

	PAGE.
Marching of the Lodges,	17
Notes to Poem,	45

LIST OF ORANGE SONGS.

By far the greater number of these Songs have already appeared in "The Orange Melodist," these marked with an Asterisk (*) are now first published.

NO.	PAGE.
*1 The Royal Rose of England,	75
*2 Who can tell, who can tell,	76
3 The Trumpet of Glory,	78
4 The Throne and the Altar,	79
5 Britannia's Wreath,	80
6 To William's Name.	81
7 Hail to Great William,	82
*8 The Landing at Torbay	83
9 I've oft' been asked,	85
10 John Wickliffe,	86
11 Martin Luther,	88
12 Philip Melancthon,	89
13 Hugh Latimer,	90
14 John Knox,	91
15 John Wesley,	91
16 When Adam from the Earth arose,	93
*17 Ye Sons of Nassau,	94
18 The Pilgrim,	95
*19 I travelled once a pleasant road,	97
20 The Zodiac,	99
21 One night when sunk in slumber,	100
22 Behold the Cup,	102
*23 Ye Sons of the Patriarch Joseph,	104
*24 The Royal Irish Blackbird,	104
25 Ye Protestant Boys,	107

NO.		PAGE.
26	Ye Orangemen of Ireland, ..	109
27	Keep Rebellion down, ..	111
28	The Orange Yeomanry of '98, ..	118
29	The Champions of Protestantism, ..	115
30	Our Glorious Institution, ..	117
31	Oh ! let us ne'er forget men, ..	118
32	Hail to the brave and mighty dead, ..	119
33	The Orangeman's Dirge. ..	120
34	The Orange Emigrant's Lament, ..	121
35	Schomberg, ..	123
36	Hail to Schomberg's martial name, ..	124
37	George Walker, ..	125
*38	The Twelfth of July, ..	126
39	The Battle of the Boyne, ..	128
41	The Battle of Aughrim, ..	129
42	The Siege of Derry, ..	131
43	The Gates of Londonderry, ..	132
44	The Battle of the Diamond, ..	134
45	The Achievements of Enniskillen,..	135
*46	The Glorious 1st July, ..	137
47	The Glorious Trumpet Song of Fame, ..	137
*48	The Triple Toast, ..	138
*49	Old True Blue, ..	140
*50	We'll bear the palm boys where'er we go, ..	141
*51	March, march, Northern Merry Men, ..	142
52	Arise, arise, ..	143
*53	Noble Eldon, ..	145
54	King William's Day, ..	145
*55	The Trumpet of the Free, ..	146
56	In despot lands, ..	147
57	A halo of glory, ..	148
58	When our Sires all ardent, ..	149
59	Behold within the Rainbow bright, ...	150
60	King James the Second, ..	151
*61	I'm asked to sing, ..	154
62	I really must give my protest, ...	157
63	A Royal Salute, ...	158
64	The Orange and Purple for ever, ...	159
65	While round the festive cup, ...	160
66	How pleasant in Lodge, ...	162
*67	He who wears a loyal Orange Sash, ...	163
68	When spirits gay are soaring, ...	164

NO.	PAGE.
69 One summer's eve,	166
70 The Orange Maid of Sligo,	167
71 The Young Orange Bride,	168
72 Nine cheers for the Orangeman's Love, ..	169
73 The Orange Rosette,	170
74 A Maiden had three Lovers	171
*75 List to my whisper,	172
*76 Hark begins—(Soiree Melody),	173
77 The Orangeman's "cheer boys, cheer," ..	174
78 A song to the Lark,	175
79 The Orange Drum,	177
80 A Life in King William's Camp,	178
81 Let the glass in bumpers pass,	180
*82 When sinks the glorious setting sun, ..	181
83 Now let us close the night,	182
Notes on Songs,	183

OCCASIONAL VERSES.

Who fears to speak of '98,	209
No Orange Magistracy,	215
On the intended O'Connell Monument, ..	218
On the death of H.R.H. the Prince Consort, ..	219
On the death of the Rev. Mortimer O'Sullivan, ..	221
On the death of Br. William Samuel Bury, ..	222
On the death of a Beautiful Child,	223
Naval Ode, to H.R.H. Prince Alfred,	223
Banded and Bonded Together,	225
Good Men and True,	226
To the British Lion,	227
The Beacon of Freedom,	228
Old England's Banner,	229
Supreme Humiliation,	230
The Conscript—The Volunteer,	231
Very Like a Whale,	232
A Familiar Epistle Inscribed to Br. John Cranwill, ..	234
Aye, That's the Ticket,	237
The Popish Jannet,	238
A Natal Ode,	239
Epithalamium,	242
Epithalamium,	243
Notes to Occasional Verses,	244

STANZAS FOR MUSIC ... 247

INTRODUCTORY OBSERVATIONS

TO

POEM.

The plan of the following little poem was suggested by "the catalogue of the ships," given in the 2nd book of Pope's Homer's Illiad.

In this imaginary procession of the Marching of the Lodges, the Counties are arranged in alphabetical order, if the arrangement was otherwise, Armagh should take precedence of all others, as it has the honor to claim the paternity of the Institution. The Districts are set out in the order of precedence adopted by the Registry of 1834, and they are distinguished from other localities named by being printed in capitals. In some instances I have derived information given in the Notes from Harris, Musgrave, Maxwell, and Macauley, which is here acknowledged in general terms.

THE
MARCHING OF THE LODGES.

I.

UP for the ORANGE cause, by William won,
It the keen test of time hath bravely stood,
And like a war-ship proudly sailing on
Buffets the billows of detractions flood ;
Wide-spread its light, as the meridian sun,
Firm as the oak, tall monarch of the wood.
A circle whose broad orbit doth comprise
The noble, virtuous, the chivalrous and wise.

II.

History, for it with deeds of son and sire,
Adorns, illuminates her truthful page ;
Sculpture, in marble effigies aspire,
To show its heroes of a martial age ;
Painting, with glowing tints to life comes nigher,
Portrays the lineaments of chief and sage ;
And oh ! the muse, with thrilling votive lyre,
Sings her sweet Orange hymn with pure extatic fire.

III.

Sons of those men, whose souls with truth were seal'd,
Shall we not glory in our Orange name ?
Glory in Aughrim's well-contested field ?
Glory in Derry's maiden walls of fame ?
Glory in Boyne ? where James was forced to yield,
Banished to count his beads in Notre Dame.
Shoulder to shoulder stand for this, for these,
And as our sires stood up, shew forth your energies.

IV.

There was a time, a royal coronet
In rich refulgence shed protective light
Upon our Order, when the brethren met,
And marching on in peace showed forth their might
As clustering stars appear when Sol is set,
They gathering came beneath their banners bright,
Each manly breast in Orange scarf with care drest,
Earnest and true were they, and their watchword
Ernest!

V.

Methinks I see the long and bright array
Of Orange scarfs and banners waving high,
While drum, and fife, and martial trumpets play
In honor of the glorious Twelfth July!
Across the sunny hills they wend their way,
Or shady vales whose streamlets ripple by;
And men of rank and title in the land,
Lead on the martial step of each well ordered band.

VI.

Come let us note them as they march along.
Marshalled in Counties, classed in their Districts,
Bold and determined, tens of thousands strong,
One soul, one purpose, where no thoughts conflicts;
To them the holy principle belong
Which combats popery and its foul edicts—
Glorious principles! for which our fathers died,
Here in this martial host stand forth personified.

Antrim, 282 Lodges.

VII.

GLENAVEY's men come from broad Lough Neagh's
wave,

Where on Ram Island stands the Round Tower
forth.

BELFAST, intelligent, industrious, brave,
Proud metropolis of the wealthy North.

LISBURN, whose banks the Lagan waters lave,

Where Huguenots found shelter for their worth ;
And **BALLINADERRY**, where, from Cromwell fled,
Old Jeremy Taylor hid his pious head.

VIII.

ANTRIM sends forth her sons—the bold—the free,
From a sweet vale contiguous to Lough Neagh.

AHOGHILL, **DERIAGHY**, **DRUMAREA**,

Marshall their strength in soldierly array.

RASHARKIN, **PORTGLENONE**, brave men to see,

Where pastoral Bann flows shining smooth away ;
And **AGHALEES** brave youth for soldiers made,
With **BALLYMENA's** clan beside the river Braid.

IX.

DUNLUCE extensive, sends a martial host,

From the fair land of old M'Donnell's race,
Where the dark castle towers above the coast,

And greets the ocean wave with gothic grace.

BRAID, **SIX-MILE-WATER**, **CLOUGHMILLS**, well
may boast

Of the long line across the hill they trace.

LARNE in 98' made Rebels fly away ;

And **KILLEADS** men from lands near ample, bright
Lough Neagh.

Armagh, 262 Lodges.

X.

Come **PORTADOWN**, come first, and lead the van
Of a long line, of double ten times ten,
Better ne'er trod the banks of silvery Bann,
Better ne'er came from mountain side or glen.
Fair Carrick Blacker! honor'd by the man
Whose memory is beloved by Orangemen,
The polish'd gentleman, the soldier brave,
Who scorn'd the castlehack, the ministerial slave.

XI.

RICHILL, beside Tallwater's sylvan stream,
Where Castle Dillon's obelisks appear.
LOUGHALL, how lovely in the morning's beam!
When to its vale the traveller draws near.
TANDRAGEE sends stalwart men, who came
From hardy sires, who ne'er knew what was fear;
Sweet river Cushier, from thy wooded banks,
Comes a brave troop of men to march in freedom's
ranks.

XII.

ARMAGH comes marching on, Armagh of yore,
Famous all over Europe's wide extent
For pious anchorite, for ancient lore,
And life in cloistered contemplation spent;
In latter times great men its mitre wore,
Their crozier wreathed with heaven's blue amaranth
And laymen bold stood up, the gage flung down,
Champions for God and Truth, the Altar and the
Crown.

XIII.

LURGAN and KILLELEAGH doth next appear ;
 KEADY on whose lake waves the sunbeams dance ;
Clay, Tullynavad, Augnagauran fair,
 Through banks of flowers its shining wavelets
 dance.
See NEWTOWN HAMILTON's brave men draw near,
 From the Few Mountains down the slope they
 glance ;
And CHARLEMONT and MARKETHILL advance,
Where Gosford Castle boasts the conquer'd flag of
 France.

Carlow, 4 Lodges.

XIV.

CARLOW, distinguished in the days of old,
 When abbots, barons, ruled in lordly power,
In ivy'd walls the history is told,
 The ruined monastery, fort, and tower.
Carlow in '98 did truth uphold,
 Then black rebellion soon was made to cower,
And the same spirit which inspired her then
Now sends a stalwart troop of brave unflinching men.

Cavan, 103 Lodges.

XV.

CAVAN approaches ! Farnham men proceed,
 Lough-Outer's lads their due position take,
And Castle Sanderson march in parade,
 With a brave troop come up from Swollen Lake.
See KILLESHANDRA's mountain brave brigade
 From Corhill's steep, from Bruce hill's lofty peak.
BELTURBET fair, of sylvan scenes the pride,
Reflected in the Erne's lovely river tide.

XVI.

Here's BALLYCONNELL's men, erect, aright ;
COOTEHILL, adorned with Belmont's forest glades ;
ARVAGH, where Scrabba's wave heaves in the light ;
BALLYMACUE, amidst the verdant meads,
Which lead to fair Lough Sheelan, broad and bright,
Whose little isle a gothic ruin shades.
From BAILIEBOROUGH's old manorial lands
Come men with valiant hearts and ever-ready hands.

Cork, 44 Lodges.

XVII.

CORK, noble County ! ample in extent,
" Kindgom of Desmond," so in ancient phrase ;
The mouldering castle, ruined battlement,
Tell of baronial pride in feudal days.
CORK CITY, " beautiful," a troop hath sent,
From sylvan Lee, where long the eye may gaze.
DUNMANWAY sends her youth, agile and airy,
And BANDON's merry men,—the boys of southren
Derry,

Donegal, 40 Lodges.

XVIII.

Here come the men from old Tryconnell's land,
Hardy and brave,—sprung from a stalwart race,
Good men and true, though many a lawless band
Lurks round about, but dare not show their face.
LIFFORD, where Foyle winds thro' a lovely land ;
Fair BALLINTRA, which Pullens beauties grace ;
And DONEGAL, once bless'd with ancient lore,
Where smiles Lough Esk Demesne, whose pearls
enrich the shore.

Down, 259 Lodges.

XIX.

Whence comes this line continuous in view ?
Forth from the rich and fertile County Down,
Where lie soft valleys bath'd in morning dew,
Where uplands swelling, woods their summits
crown ;
Where lakes spread out, reflects the varied hue
Of azure sky, green meads, and forests brown ;
Where Slieve Donard rears its gigantic height,
Its lofty apex smiling in aurora's light.

XX.

IVEAGH, bold Iveagh ! comes the first of all,
And many a goodly spot can Iveagh boast ;
Hillsborough, whose noble castellated hall
Received King William and his martial host,
Where the bright wine cup graced the festival,
And trumpets echoed to the royal toast ;
While 'neath the glance of Nassau's eagle ken,
On Blarismoor encamp his bold determined men.

XXI.

LECALE's true men come up with manly tread ;
Downpatrick, from the verge of Strangford lough ;
Portaferry, where Rock Angus' light is shed ;
Killead, Ballydugan, Hollymount, and Clough.
Ardglass rears up on high its land-mark head —
All men of peace, but proof to battle shock.
And Tollymore-park and Brook-lodge men appears,
By noble Roden led, and admirable Beers.

XXII.

RATHFRILAND, raised by generous Hawkin's hand.

ARDS, in its amphitheatre of hills ;

NEWRY, LOUGHERICKLAND, twenty-five Lodges
manned ;

SAINTFIELD with thirty, fearless of all ills.

See MORNE, from rugged heights and mountain land,

Send hearts whose love for truth divinely thrills ;

And BANBRIDGE on the Bann, in fertile plains,

Where William pass'd along to sever popish chains.

Dublin, 42 Lodges.

XXIII.

Come Royal City, old Metropolis,

Whose beauteous bay with Naples can compare,
Athens was proud of her Acropolis,

Thou of thy architecture rich and rare ;

When England stood on dangers precipice,

Rebellious foes thy Orange sons did dare,

Brave men, who now in long procession seen,

Have fired their *feu de joies* in famous College-green.

XXIV.

Methinks King William's statue I behold,

In splendid costume elegantly dressed ;

A scarf of Orange tissue shot with gold,

In bright luxuriance decorates the breast ;

A lilly wreath the lofty brow enfolds,

A purple mantle on the shoulders rest,

And on the truncheon'd flag in gold I see,

"On the Lord's Day the debtor shall be free."

XXV.

Behold ! behold ! the grand procession comes,
From Dublin Castle up to College-green ;
Hark the state trumpets and kettle-drums,
While in the van the " battle-axe guards" are
seen.

Beauties from balconies their plaudit hums,
Admiring equipage, or martial mein
Of those, who now magnificently join
To honor great Nassau, the hero of the Boyne.

XXVI.

In his " Gold Coach," artistic, unique, grand,
Comes the Lord Mayor, the Aldermen in red.
See the Lord Lieutenant, chieftain of the land ;
Stars, garters, titles, round their lustre shed.
Loved " Alma Mater," comes with classic wand,
Then soldier chiefs with plumage on each head,
And Bishops join with Judges of the land,
Like piety and wisdom going hand in hand.

XXVII.

Now the procession comes to College-green,
A spacious circle there the soldiers draw,
A ring of red coats, with their arms sheen,
Its centre point the statue of Nassau,
Round which the magnates march, a brilliant scene,
The people shouting out, hurra, hurra,
While trumpets, drums, and *feu de joie*s go rattling
to the sky,
To celebrate the glories of the glorious Twelfth
July !

Fermanagh, 250 Lodges.**XXVIII.**

Land where the forest, mountain, and the lake,
Sublime and beautiful, attract and charm,
Where Florence Court's old oaks their high heads
shake,

When the autumnal Equinoxes storm.
Where Joppett's height a lovely view doth take,
The flowery vale, the cultivated farm;
And where the charmed traveller may discern,
The-wide spread sylvan scenes that smile around
Lough Erne.

XXIX.

First NEWTOWNBUTLER comes for deeds renown'd,
Where James's troops in thousands fell and fled;
MAGUIRE'S BRIDGE, all ready men are found;
Then sylvan LISNASKEA, from out Lake-head;
BROOKBOROUGH'S Seven Lodges come with bugle
sound,

(Mysteridus Seven may thy influence extend!)
LISBELLAW on Johnstone of Snow hill wait,
A name that led their sires in bloody '98.

XXX.

TEMPO succeeds, then comes a numerous troop,
The INNISKILLINGERS with martial stride;
Sons of those men who ne'er were known to stoop,
To priest, or foe, or arbitrary pride;
Where civil war did screech its dreadful whoop,
Where foreign conflict spread its crimson tide;
On victory's flag emblazon'd was their name,
And history's martial page is radiant with their fame.

XXXI.

On yet they come like waves in constant flow,
 These peasant soldiers, fit for peace or war ;
 KINNAWLEY, then GLENAWLEY, PETTIGO,
 LISNARRICK, CHURCHILL, followed by ROSCOR ;
 Last BALLINAMADARD comes with manly glow,
 Lendrum of Jamestown is their leading star ;
 Never was seen from mountain, town, or glen,
 A finer, braver troop then these Fermanagh men.

Kildare, 3 Lodges.

XXXII.

Kildare, remembering bitterly the past,
 When base Lord Edward, murderous, whose hate
 Sent forth rebellion's pestilential blast.
 His native country's fields to desolate ;
 Then mercy fled, and terror stood agast,
 As wretched, " Prosperous," met its bloody fate.
 Yet now amidst a sanguine Ribbon crew,
 KILDARE, still Orange, sends a gallant sturdy few.

King's County, 5 Lodges.

XXXIII.

Here were no rebel ranks in '98,
 Yet foul rebellious weeds were thickly sown,
 Whose rankling thorns brought out by popish hate,
 Along men's path were rancorously strown.
 Now Ribbonmen for heretics await—
 Hark to that yell—the victims blood hath flown,
 Earth cries for vengeance, its blood stain to atone,
 And speaks through BANAGHER, PARSONSTOWN,
 SHINRONE.

Leitrim, 28 Lodges.

XXXIV.

Mountainous Leitrim, where there hidden lies
 A mineral wealth locked up in stoney night,
 There's Slieve-na-irin rich for enterprise,
 Why not bring forth its treasures to the light?
 From CARRIGALLEN, DRUMSHAMBO, GARRADICE,
 And MANORHAMILTON with banner bright.
 They come a numerous train in martial ranks,
 From mountain, hill, and dale, and "Shannon's
 flowery banks."

Limerick, 15 Lodges.

XXXV.

Here from the city brave men congregate,
 True to their word, high-spirited they're going,
 Despite the faction's crew at Thomond Gate,
 Despite the rabble about Garryowen.
 See from ADARE come Orangemen elate,
 Calm is the brow, the heart with ardour glowing;
 And here are men from flourishing Rathkeale,
 Where Castle Matras towers above the River Deel.

Londonderry County, 124 Lodges.

XXXVI.

Come COUNTY DERRY—good! ye number strong,
 Here's CASTLE DAWSON, COLERAINE, MAGHERA-
 FELT,
 GARVAGH and Kilrea lead their men along,
 NEWTOWNLIMAVADY, where Veteran Graham
 dwelt;
 While BALLYRONAN, MACOSQUIN, come throng,
 TAMLAGHT, OCRILLY, that ne'er to Baal knelt,
 They're not defiant, *but they'll stand no prate,*
 Sons of the Orange sires of sixteen-eighty-eight!

Londonderry City, 19 Lodges.

XXXVII.

Come crimson banner, liberty's ensign,
A nobler standard, never saw the world ;
Deep in our heart there lies a holy shrine,
Where glows the flame for which thou wert unfurl'd,
Come "'PRENTICE BOYS," the victor wreath is thine,
Sons of the men who tyrants prostrate hurl'd.
Hail Derry's walls, the ramparts of the free,
Renowned in Freedom's fight, great as Thermopylæ.

XXXVIII.

Ye sing the Freeman's hymn exultingly,
Truth triumphs over perjury and Rome ;
Oh ! sing the dirge of those who, to be free,
Gave Freedom's altar many a hecatomb ;
At famine, war, they smil'd resignedly,
Died for the Faith, for William, and their home
And woman fair, affectionate and tender,
Cheer'd on the *Apprentice Boys* with "No Surrender."

XXXIX.

Thus did brave hearts great energy evoke,
Thus Derry's men their spirit did evince,
Thus broke the shackles of a tyrant yoke,
Thus foiled its priestcraft and its perjured prince,
And then, *as now, the spirit never broke.*
So let the great ones take a lesson hence.
Firmly we stand, God's Word our trust and hope,
Scorning both Whig and Tory, Puseyite and Pope:

XL.

Hail crimson banner of the old "True Blues,"
We see thee float o'er tower, and lough, and dell,
Accept this tribute of the votive Muse,
Flag of the Royal Maiden Citadel;
Show to the heavens thy rich and roseate hues,
In memory of those who fought so well;
Unfurl the banner of "THE APPRENTICE BOYS,"
While famous roaring Meg gives forth her *feu de joie*.

Longford, 13 Lodges.

XLI.

LONGFORD steps on, with father, brother, son,
Health on the cheek, the brow unknown to shame;
EDGEWORTHSTOWN comes—home of a gifted one,
Maria Edgeworth, honor to thy name!
GRANARD, thy lovely scenes I've gazed upon,
And bright Lough Sheelin worth the poet's theme.
Here's BALLYMAHON where midst flowerets wild,
"Deserted Village" Goldsmith gamboll'd when a child

Louth, 6 Lodges.

XLII.

They came from where the Boyne's immortal river
Through verdant banks flows with pellucid wave;
There William stood, God's arrows in his quiver;
There James with broken bow failed to enslave.
Hail to *his* name who came, and did deliver;
Hail Schomberg, Walker, in their hero-grave;
Hail charter-toast, sung forth exultingly,
"The glorious, pious, and immortal memory."

Mayo, 6 Lodges.

XLIII.

Mayo brings spirits from the far-off west :
 Who recollect Killala's hostile Strand.
 Where Humbert, the invader, was caressed
 By priests and Carmelites, with bloody hand,
 Who placed the scapular upon their breast,
 Then spread wild devastation through the land,
 Their war-cry, "La Belle France and Mother Church;"
 But, ah ! they basely left poor Humbert in the lurch.

Meath, 6 Lodges.

XLIV.

With Langford, Plunket, Lambert, at their head,
 The men of Meath with manly step appear,
 As did the loyal yeomanry, when led
 Against the foe, and broke rebellion's spear.
 Brave Captain Preston's Navan men in red,
 True hearts who ne'er were skulking in the reere,
 Rushed to the charge as quick as cannon-ball,
 And beat the savage rebels at old "Tara's Hall."

Monaghan, 110 Lodges.

XLV.

MONAGHAN town its due precedence takes ;
 Glaslough ! around thy strand what verdure lies ;
 Sweet CASTLEBLANEY, beauty o'er thee breaks,
 When Lough Mucknoe glows in the dawning skies ;
 Fair Ballibay between two lovely lakes ;
 See Bunnanimmas Mountain heights arise :
 DARTRY, CLONES, TREUGH, and DRUM, extend the
 length,
 A noble specimen of loyal ULSTER's strength.

Queen's County, 14 Lodges.

XLVI.

Though here no rebel viper crossed the path,
Yet black fanaticism widely spread,
And weak sedition with his sword of lath,
Plotted dark treason with a coward dread.
These crimes called forth MOUNTMELICK and
MOUNTRATH;
PORTARLINGTON and COOTE came marching at
the head;
BORRIS winds up with Maryborough town,
Enough to make the pale seditionists look down.

Sligo, 17 Lodges.

XLVII.

They came from Sligo, oft the scene of war,
Through its fair fields the demon oft did roar,
When James flam'd o'er it with malignant star;
When '98 besmeared its plains with gore.
But jesuit cowl, and monkish scapular,
Never will Britons suffer any more.
We have a lesson in King James's reign,
We got it off by *heart*, and *learned it, not in vain*.

XLVIII.

They came from scenes of Sylvan witcherie;
Yon soaring eagle in his downward glance,
Beholds *Benburben* and bold Knocknaree,
Towering aloft o'er ocean's wide expanse.
The bay flows o'er the beach melodiously,
Meeting the Garvoe in its bright advance;
There's Sligo town where gradually wanes
The cloistered antique abbey's beautiful remains.

XLIX.

And fair Lough Gill, whose morning silver flood
I've viewed all radiant with Aurora's smiles,
Salutes the shores of fairy Hazlewood,
And Innismore, queen of the verdant isles.
COLLOONEY comes, where Cooper's name hath stood,
Ever a bulwark against papal wiles ;
And Markree Castle, Cooper, armed complete,
A garrison for William in sixteen-eighty-eight.

Tipperary, 6 Lodges.

L.

Come, TIPPERARY, where the "golden vale"
Blooms in luxuriance for many a mile,
Come ye, brave men, athletic, ruddy, hale,
From BORRISOKANE, where flow'ry pastures smile,
From ROSCREA, led by Birch, with prudent zeal,
JOHNSTOWN brings up two hundred rank and file.
Here's from Clonmel, a tall and stalworth race,
Clonmel, on Suir's bank, fam'd Yorick's native place.

Tyrone, 238 Lodges.

LI.

Tyrone in thousands come, march, wheel, or halt,
Not as in '98, their forces join,
Then 'twas to smite the hydra of revolt,
Now 'tis to celebrate the glorious Boyne ;
Whence fled the king who freedom dare assault ;
False in his oaths, and baser than his coin,
Who was in Paris, pointed as the ass,
That blindly sold away three kingdoms for a mass.

LII.

The KILLYMAN old rifles first appear
From the Blackwater with a soldier stride,
Led by their noble chieftain, Joseph Greer,
Long time their leader—they their leader's pride;
And other spots which Orangemen revere,
Send forth their men now marching side by side;
DUNGANNON, near Lough Neagh's fresh water-main,
And Cranesbrook, much belov'd Cranston's fair domain

LIII.

STEWARTSTOWN, COOKESTOWN's forces both unite,
And CASTLECAULFIELD next in order came,
Then POMEROY near Altmore mountains' height;
Here Lowry dwells—far honorable name.
ANAHOE's men come on, a goodly sight,
Like wave on wave when flows the ruff'd stream;
MOORE's Aughnacloy, CROSSLE's ANAHOE,
And Stewart's Martray men in long procession go.

LIV.

Come SIXMILE-CROSS and FINTONA along,
With ARDSTRAW, where the Morne glides smooth
away,
Between two mountains worth the poet's song,
And known as "Bessy Bell" and "Mary Gray;"
COAGH, OMAGH, KILLEEN, BENBURB, send their
throng;
Fair Benburb Castle, beauteous in decay,
And sweet STRABANE men marches in the rere,
Strabane, whose orchard groves perfume the summer
air.

Wexford, 19 Lodges.

LV.

Oh ! 'tis appalling—terrific the tale,
Of blood, of flames, of desolated hearth,
The shriek of terror, and the widow's wail,
The brutal force, black pestilence, and dearth.
O'er these dread scenes, oh ! pity, drop the veil ;
Wexford ! thou pandemonium on earth !
Thy arch-fiend Father Murphy, of Boulavogue,
The hell-spot, was the blazing barn of Skullabogue.

LVI.

Yes, drop the veil ; but time can ne'er efface
The bitter recollection of the past,
Or blot out the indelible disgrace,
Which Irish papists on their country cast.
Yes, drop the veil, but History's pen must trace
Those bloody deeds which make men look aghast ;
And we midst all the oblique we've met,
We freely can forgive, but, oh ! we can't forget.

LVII.

Sons of the martyrs to that righteous cause,
For which great William fought, and Walker died ;
Yes, ye shall have the Muses' best applause,
For marching in procession side by side,
Not Wexford's carnage, price of outraged laws,
Would ye perpetuate with boast and pride,
Not to commemorate fierce '98
Ye march, but Aughrim and the Boyne ye celebrate.

LVIII.

They come from WEXFORD town where Slaney flows
Into the haven's shelter'd broad expanse ;
Brave ENNISCORTHY, where that river shows,
Amidst steep hills, its shining waves advance,
GOREY, where hill and dale in verdure glows,
Camolin, where the Bann's bright billows dance,
And NEWTOWNBARRY, sweet sequester'd scene,
Enrich'd with mountain, river, wood, and valleys
green.

Wicklow, 20 Lodges.

LIX.

Here, here, did ruthless bands of savage men
Outrage the fairest county in our isle ;
The lovely vale depeopl'd ; until then,
Blest with the kiss of love, and friendship's smile ;
The morning fragrance of the flowery glen,
The smoke of flaming cottages defile ;
Guns sound their death-call thro' the peaceful wood,
And down the cascade leaps the bloody tainted flood.

LX.

They come from Wicklow, where the "Vartry"
having broke
Its rocky bounds, flows on to ocean's tide ;
SHILLELAGH, famous for its monarch oak ;
Carnew ascending up the mountain's side,
Its Castle, Cromwell's fury did provoke,
Yet still it stands in all its Gothic pride ;
Its towered church in marble records tell
How loyal, much-loved Chamney gloriously fell.

LXI.

OVOCA fair ! thy beauties don't require
My song of praise. A eulogy as pure
As e'er was brightened with poetic fire,
Was sung by one whose fame shall long endure,
The sweetest minstrel of the vocal lyre,
The tender, elegant Anacreon Moore,
Who thus thy matchless scenery did greet,
"There's not in this wide world a valley so sweet."

LXII.

From the environs of that lovely vale,
And from its shining river's blooming bank ;
Come men, whose sires in danger ne'er were pale,
When foul rebellion's pikes were heard to clank.
Newbridge, where slopes the river's verdant dale,
Whose summer flowers the crystal waters drank ;
Arklow, on high the valley looking o'er,
And Rathdrum on the sweet and sylvan Avonmore.

LXIII.

Here's TALBOTSTOWN, in scenery sublime,
Where Lugnaquilla, mountain monarch, stands,
Up to its apex when the tourists climb,
What splendid views their ling'ring gaze commands.
See Baltinglass, renowned in pagan time ;
And Stratford upon Slaney's rural sands,
Where its fine "Lodge" amidst the vernal shades,
Looks over mossy glens, and ever blooming glades.

LXIV.

NEWTOWN-MOUNT-KENNEDY's boys bring up the
rere

Of this bright host, where Antrim led the van ;
They come from sylvan scenes beyond compare,
The Devil's Glen, Bellview, Woodstock and Dunran
The Sugar-Loaf, with pointed summit bare,
The Dargle, Powerscourt, Waterfall, Loughdan ;
The sparkling cascade, the precipitous rock,
Bright wavy Luggelaw, romantic Glendalough.

LXV.

At length they all have pass'd in long review,
With banner, fife, and drum, and martial band ;
A hundred thousand men, *the chosen few*,
The soldier peasants of old Orange land :
Where danger frowns, there is their rendezvous,
They *were* and *are* the champions of the land.
And thus they celebrate, each hardy denizen,
The battles of King William and his martial merry
men.

FLORENCE COURT.

LXVI.

It was the evening of the Twelfth July,
The sun, behind Black Lion mount had set,
Upon whose summit in the fading sky
Some parting rays of glory linger'd yet ;
Soft twilight came with gentle zephyr's sigh,
The flowery dells with weeping dew were wet,
And Hesperus and all the stars shone bright,
Until the cloudless moon "unveil'd her peerless light."

LXVII.

See Florence Court's illumin'd banquet hall,
Splendid, recherchè, elegant, and chaste,
Dazzling with lights whose beams prismatic fall
In rainbow tints upon the sumptuous feast ;
Fresh flowers shed perfume o'er the festival,
And rich epergnes the ample table graced ;
Here titles, stars, and coronets resort,
To greet the noble host of ancient Florence Court.

LXVIII.

And men were there, *not* all patrician blood,
But men ennobled by a noble mind,
The meek Divine, benevolent and good,
The fine old gentleman, good-natured, kind,
The soldier chief who battle's fury stood,
The sage philosopher with thought refined ;
They seemed a mental galaxy of light,
The stern Conservators of loyalty and right.

LXIX.

And song and music shed their softening powers,
And wit and repartee flash'd quick about,
And the bright wine cup of the festal hours
In red and golden sun-drops sparkl'd out,
And eloquence enwreath'd her blooming flowers,
And "the Boyne Water" told the battles rout ;
Then came their Charter toast, the watchword of the
free,
"The Glorious, Pious, and Immortal Memory !"

LXX.

One sat among that high distinguish'd throng,
Humble, yet proud, reserved, yet could show fire,
Who was pronounced by some "a child of song,"
Whose trembling fingers touch'd the trembling
wire ;
'Twas said to him the talent did belong
To wreath poetic flowers for the lyre ;
He sat retired, but to a call unanimous,
He rose, pour'd out his heart in verse, and gave it thus.

LXXI.

The banner of old Orange land.
Endear'd by many a well fought field,
Where freedom with uplifted brand
Spread her protecting ample shield ;
That banner raised on Derry's walls,
Still, still on sons of freedom calls.

LXXII.

Cloth'd in the mail of tyrant power
A King strode o'er our lovely Isle,
And war and want around did lour,
And priest-craft spread its nets of guile,
And the strong arm of lawless might
Broke down the barriers of right.

LXXIII.

But William's mightier arm arose
And smote the perjured monarch down,
He triumph'd over England's foes,
And shed a lustre o'er her crown ;
God's vengeance did her foes environ,
And "broke them with a rod of iron."*

* *Psalms*, ii, 9.

LXXIV.

Around King William's flag were seen
The valiant heart, the fiery soul,
With noble brow and martial mien,
Crichton, Maxwell, Inchiquin, and Cole,
Men whose high names through history runs,
Whose mantles fell on noble sons,

LXXV.

Each noble son now decks his breast
With loyal truth, that peerless gem,
It sheds a halo round his crest,
It sparkles on his diadem ;
And now around the banquet board
They sit, high Commoner, and Lord.

LXXVI.

Their chief, enthron'd in chair of state,
Rich canopied with golden border,
Lord Bnniskillen takes his seat,
Grand Master, of the Orange Order ;
And ranged in splendid lines are met,
High name, and jewell'd coronet.

LXXVII.

See what high names around appear
Inscribed upon our Orange roll ;
Mandeville, Langford, Ely, Hedges, Eyre,
Rathdown, Castlemaine, and Cole ;
Roden, the sterling old true blue,
Verner, of glorious Waterloo.

LXXVIII.

And other noble titles shine
Of lineage high and high import;
Plunkett, of old Dunsany's line,
Wingfield, the Lord of Powerscourt.
Thomond, whose blood from Irish monarchs
springs,
Farnham, of royal line from British kings.

LXXIX.

Why was the Orange Order formed,
Based as it was on high profession?
Why were its soldier peasants armed?
Why walk to-day in long procession?
And why this festival to-night,
Where talent, rank, and worth unite?

LXXX.

Oh! to uphold that holy cause,
For which our sainted martyrs stood,
Who scorning pope and popish laws,
Purchased the Bible with their blood,
And dying without faint or falter,
Secured for Protestants their altar.

LXXXI.

And to uphold that glorious cause,
For which King William's men rush'd on,
Those bold invincible Nassaus,
Who fought, and bled, and nobly won.
Whose valour to the world was shown,
And gained for Protestants the Throne.

LXXXII.

Contempt upon the popish slave,
Who with malignant mind, averse,
And envious of the free and brave,
Dare our high Order to asperse,
Which hath, he feels with pale affright,
For the good cause an arm of might.

LXXXIII.

Come, fill the wine-cup to the brim,
While each true heart beats high and warm,
And pledge that wine-cup unto him
Who feels our talismanic charm.
But for the cup which traitors trust,
Dash down such wine-cup in the dust.

LXXXIV.

Oh ! glorious cause, beloved theme,
My harp would praise thee thro' the world ;
Immortal live thy Orange name !
Ever thy banner float unfurl'd !
And future bards, when I am gone,
Shall hymn thy glories in their song.

LXXXV.

The minstrel ceased, his voice in silence hushed,
But the bright spirit which he did evoke,
A glowing ardour o'er his cheek had flushed,
And in his eyes impassionately spoke,
While sympathetic feelings warmly rush'd
Through every heart like lightning's fervid stroke,
And loud applause its thunder did accord,
More for the glorious cause, perhaps, than for the bard.

LXXXVI.

Blest be that cause ! oh ! yes, 'tis truly blest,
Whose principles are based on God's own word,
And marshall'd under freedom's high behest,
Spreads forth the banner, but keeps sheath'd the
sword ;

Blest be those hearts with Orange sashes drest,
Whose warm fraternal feelings cheer the board ;
And oh ! for ever flourish with banner, arch, and band
The marching of the Lodges of old Orange Land.



NOTES TO POEM.

"Up for the Orange cause by WILLIAM won."—Stanza 1, page 17.

That William's name was enrolled in the annals of fame by the concurrence of all ages and creeds is indisputable; foes and friends, papist, as well as protestant, have borne testimony to his achievements, and all Christendom has blazoned forth his immortality.

His life was full of strange circumstances. He was born on the 4th day of November, 1650. On the 4th of November he married Mary Stuart, his first cousin; and on the 4th of November he arrived on the coast of England. He was a posthumous child, his father, William II., having died before his birth. He was a seven-months child, his constitution weak; and his education neglected; but he was a good mathematician as regarded military tactics; and his mother, the Princess Dowager, who was an English woman, daughter of Charles I., taught him to speak English and French with fluency. And as he was sent by Providence to be the Champion of the Truth, he surmounted all obstacles; and valour and virtue have made his memory immortal.

The house of Orange was Calvinistic, its princes being zealous supporters of the doctrine of election, and final perseverance, and in this doctrine William was instructed from childhood. His theological opinions were most decided, the tenets of predestination being the keystone of his religion; and he has often declared, that if he were to abandon that tenet, he must abandon with it all belief of a superintending Providence. Hundreds of Calvinistic ministers proclaimed from the pulpit, "that the same power which had set apart Sampson from the womb to be a scourge of the Philistines, and which had called Gideon from the threshing-floor to smite the Midianites, had raised up William of Orange to be the champion of all free nations, and all true churches." This opinion had an influence powerful and unshaken on the mind of the bold and virtuous enthusiast; and it has been said, that to the confidence which the heroic *fatalist* placed in his high destiny, and in his sacred cause, is to be partly attributed his singular indifference to danger.

His wonderful escapes from death, presented in many forms, had been relied upon with pious exultation, by those who believed he was "a hero sent by Providence," in proof of his mission. In 1675, when he was twenty-five years old—and at that early age he was renowned throughout Europe as a soldier, and a politician—he was attacked with the small-pox, and which, having proved fatal to his father and mother, gave great apprehension to his friends, his country, and his allies; but by the blessing of Providence he soon recovered, and applied himself to opening the campaign against the French. In October, 1688, on the invitation of the protestants of England, he sailed from Helviot Slueys, with a numerous fleet, to crush the tyranny of his bigoted father-in-law. The first night they were at sea, a violent storm arose, which, continuing with unabated fury for twelve hours, obliged the vessels, some either to put back to Helviot Slueys, others to take refuge in the neighbouring harbours, and some driven to the North were missing for several days. On this eventful occasion the prince was exposed in an open boat, to all the fury of the midnight storm, but God was pleased to preserve him. His frequent escapes from the dangers of the battle-field are too numerous to be compressed in a note. Take two instances out of a hundred. The French king and his generals felt the bitterest envy and animosity towards William for his valour, his glory, and his uncompromising hostility to popery; and their chagrin was increased, when, in 1676, they found him in command of the allied armies of Germany, Spain, and Holland. Louis, having attacked the Spanish Netherlands, took the frontier town of Maestricht, intending to carry fire and sword into William's own territory. The prince laid siege to Maestricht, and was ever exposing himself to the greatest peril. His escapes from danger were the surprise and admiration of all; and on one occasion, having received a musket-shot in the arm, and perceiving those about him to be daunted, he immediately took off his hat with the wounded arm, and waved it about his head, to show that the hurt was only in the flesh. Providence on another occasion, spread its protecting wing over the hero. On the 30th June, 1690, being the eve of the ever-memorable battle of the Boyne, King William was making his observations on the Irish camp. He rode to the pass before the village of Oldbridge, and from the side of a bank within musket-shot of the ford, took a nearer view of the situation of the enemy, and soon after proceeded two hundred paces up the river, near the west of their whole camp. Whilst the army was marching, he dismounted, and refreshed himself, by sitting on a rising ground for about an hour, which the enemy observing, they sent about forty horse, who made a stand on a ploughed field, opposite the king, and planted two field-pieces at the corner of the hedge undiscovered. The king was no sooner remounted than they fired at him, and with the first shot, killed a man and two horses very near him. This ball was immediately succeeded by another, which, grazing on the bank, did, in its rise, slant on the king's right shoulder, took away a piece of his coat, ruffled the skin and flesh, and afterwards broke the cap of a gentleman's pistol. Mr. Coningsby (afterwards Earl Coningsby) instantly rode up, and put his handkerchief upon the wound, whilst the king mounted again and rode on, only saying, "*there was no necessity; the bullet should have come nearer.*"

"The faculties which are necessary for the conduct of important business ripened in him at a time when they have scarcely began to blossom in ordinary men. At 18, he sat among the fathers of the

commonwealth, grave, discreet, judicious, as the oldest one of them. At 21, in a day of gloom and terror, he was placed at the head of the administration. At 23, he was received throughout Europe as a soldier and a politician. He had put domestic factions under his feet; he was the soul of a mighty coalition; and he had contended with honor in the field against some of the greatest generals of the age."—*Macauley*

Orangeism is pre-eminent to every other fraternity, for its universal identification with the *person* of its founder, and it is a distinction, of which the Orangeman is proud, to decorate his breast with the profile of his hero. Far as the Institution is spread—and that takes in the wide circle of the civilised world—the orange medal is to be found worn by the brotherhood; and as the memory of his actions are engraven on their hearts, the image of his countenance is placed upon their bosoms.

He is thus described by Macauley :—

"He was now (1687) in his 37th year, but both in body and mind he was older than any other man of the same age. Indeed it might be said that he had never been young. His external appearance is almost as well known to us as it was to his own captains and counsellors, Sculptors, painters, and medalists exerted their utmost skill in the work of transmitting his features to posterity, and his features were such as no artist could fail to seize, and such as once seen, could never be forgotten. His name at once calls up before us a slender and feeble frame; a lofty and ample forehead; a nose curved like the beak of an eagle; an eye revolving like that of an eagle, in brightness and keenness; a thoughtful, and somewhat sullen brow; a firm and curved mouth; a cheek pale, thin, and deeply furrowed by sickness and by care. That passive, severe, and solemn aspect could scarcely have belonged to a happy or a good-humoured man. But it indicates in a manner not to be mistaken, capacity equal to the most arduous enterprises, and fortitude not to be shaken by reverses or dangers."

"*There was a time a royal coronet,*

"*In rich rapture, shed protective light*

"*Upon our order.*"—Stanza, 4 page 18.

The Orange Institution has had the honor of being presided over by two royal princes of the house of Hanover. His Royal Highness the Duke of York, second son of King George the Third, was Grand Master of the Order in England. He died in 1827, and was succeeded by his brother Ernest Augustus, Duke of Cumberland, afterwards King of Hanover, who was also elected Grand Master of Ireland in 1828, which high office he held until the dissolution of the Grand Lodge in 1836. Thus, we have the records of our Order graced by the names of two royal Princes; and we can claim a yet higher honor—for we have evidence (at least presumptive) that George IV was an Orangeman. Previous to the dissolution a parliamentary inquiry was held, relative to "the nature, character, extent, and tendency" of the Institution, and a question then arose as to the existence of Orange Lodges in the Army, the Duke of Cumberland being accused of granting warrants for that purpose. In a letter written to the Chairman of the Committee of Inquiry, His Royal Highness contradicted the assertion, and adds, "therefore I know of no Lodge in any regiment, save and except that I perfectly recollect, long before I had the honor to hold the office of

Grand Master, that there did exist an Orange Lodge in the 4th regiment of Foot, which was King William the Third's Regiment; and that in the year 1798 or 1799, I saw the officers and men were Orange ribbons on their breasts, on the parade, at Swinley Camp, in the presence of George the Third; and if not much mistaken, believe our late king, George the Fourth, became an Orangeman of that said Lodge."

ANTRIM.

Stanza VII, page 19.

Lisburn.—The Revocation of the Edict of Nantz brought dreadful persecutions on the French Protestants, thousands of whom sought in foreign lands that peace and protection denied them at home. Amongst other places of refuge, Lisburn was fled to by many Huguenot families, who introduced there the manufacture of linen, bringing with them machinery from Holland. Their skill and industry were so liberally encouraged by Government, that, ere long, the quality of the manufactures became raised to a degree of excellence previously unknown.

Ballinaderry.—Bishop Jeremy Taylor, born in 1613, was descended from Dr. Rowland Taylor, who suffered at the stake in 1555, in the reign of bloody Queen Mary, for his firm adherence to Protestantism. The bishop was the son of a poor barber at Cambridge, who endeavoured to procure an education fitting him for College. He was a sizer at Cain's College and ordained at the early age of twenty. His learning and eloquence procured him the patronage of Archbishop Laud, who got him appointed Chaplain to Charles the First. Hence arose his attachment to the person of his Sovereign, whose cause he adhered to the last. In the civil wars he suffered poverty and degradation; he was deprived of a living he held in Rutlandshire, and the persecution of the Puritans drove him into Wales. Thrice he was imprisoned—once in the Tower, because his bookseller had prefixed to his "Collection of 'Offices,'" a print of Christ in the attitude of prayer—a species of representation which had been prohibited and made penal by those fanatics, who, after clamouring so loud for liberty of conscience for themselves, were ready, when in power, to punish others who should deviate from their views of what was right. For several years from 1642, Bishop Taylor lived chiefly in Wales, where he married Johanna Bridges, said to have been a natural daughter of Charles the First, when Prince of Wales. In 1650, by permission of Cromwell, he passed into Ireland, on the invitation of Lord Conway, who gave him an asylum at Portmore, near Lisburn. Here, blessed with tranquility and security, he enjoyed the sweets of pious retirement, and was often known to seclude himself, for study and devotion, in some of the islets in Lough Neagh, particularly Ram Island. In 1660, on the Restoration, Charles the Second nominated him to the Bishopric of Down and Connor, in gratitude for his long adherence to the Royal cause; from thence honor and preferment flowed in. He was Vice-Chancellor of Trinity College, Dublin, a Privy Councillor, and was appointed to the Bishopric of Dromore, on account of (as the writ expressed it) "his virtue, wisdom, and industry."

It has been remarked of his writings, which were very voluminous, that "they breathe a spirit of the most elevated piety, and unbounded benevolence; they stand almost unrivalled in our own or any other language, for a rich and poetical style, for exuberance of fancy, and for their inexhaustable stores of illustration, derived from every department of human knowledge."

Dunluce.—The Castle, in ruins, where dwelt the MacDonnells, ancestors of the noble family of Antrim, standing upon the summit of a rock projecting into the sea, is an object of admiration to the antiquarian and picturesque tourist, especially if viewed from the shore beneath.

Larne.—In 1798, the town was attacked by the rebels; but they were repulsed by the Orange yeomanry and inhabitants, assisted by the Tey Fencibles.

ARMAGH.

Stanza 10, page 20.

Richill.—The demesne of Castle Dillon was much improved by its patriotic proprietor, Sir Thomas Molyneux, Bart., who assisted Lord Charlemont in raising the Irish Volunteers. He erected two columns, one 60 feet high, commemorative of the Irish Legislative Independence obtained in 1782, and the other to commemorate the foundation of the Order of the Knights of St. Patrick.

Markethill.—In September, 1798, General Humbert having been pursued by the royal forces, surrendered, with the wretched remnant of the "Grande Armee," to Lord Roden and General Crawford, at Ballinamuck. "The only troops actually engaged at Ballinamuck were the Light Battalion and the Armagh Regiment. A French standard fell into the hands of the light company of the Armagh Militia, and it is still kept with the regimental colours in Gosford Castle."

CARLOW.

Stanza 14, page 21.

On the 25th May, 1798, Carlow was attacked by the rebels, in force from twelve to fifteen hundred men. To repel them, there were, in the town, about 500 men, of all arms, including Sir Charles Burton's Yeomanry Cavalry, and about 50 Volunteers. In the MS. Journal of a Field Officer (quoted in Maxwell's History of the Rebellion) it is observed—"One of the completest things during the rebellion, was the defeat of the rebels at Carlow." About one-half of the assailants, it is supposed, entered the town, of which, Gordon says, over 400 were killed—but Musgrave makes it 600—while not a man was wounded on the side of the loyalists. The "MS." gives the following account of a hero. "Adjoining the Jail, there was (and I believe still is) a narrow passage about 60 yards in length, and scarcely three feet wide, and at the end of this, two sentinels were posted, one a private of the 9th Dragoons, the other an Armagh man, named James Daly; many of the rebels attempted this passage, while Daly fired twenty-four rounds, and twenty-three rebels were found killed or wounded. In fact, there was no chance of missing them. Daly was of course promoted, and there is some interest about the latter part of his history. No man could be more respected by his officers, and he felt it. He had five brothers in the regiment, and the youngest, a fine boy, had been given into James's special care by their mother. The lad thought fit to volunteer into the 74th, and James had a feeling of duty which told him to accompany his brother, and he did so. He served through the Peninsular war as a serjeant, and, retiring with an excellent character, a pension, and a wooden leg, died near my residence a very few years back."

CAVAN.

Stanza 15, page 21.

Ballymacue.—On an Island, in the Lake, are the ruins of Crom Castle, and on another, the ruins of an old Church, covered with ivy.

DONEGAL.

Stanza 18, page 22.

Donegal.—In 1631, the Annals of Donegal, generally called "The Annals of the Four Masters," were written here.

Pearls, of great beauty, have been found in Lough Esk.

DOWN.

Stanza 20, page 23.

Hillsborough.—Hillsborough Castle, erected by Sir Arthur Hill, in the reign of Charles the First, was made a royal fortress by Charles the Second, who made Sir Arthur, and his heirs, hereditary constables of it. It is still a royal garrison, under the constableness of the present Marquis of Downshire, a descendant of the founder.

In the revolutionary wars, Hillsborough played a noble and conspicuous part. In January, 1689, the Protestant nobility and gentry of Ulster, foreseeing the oppression and misery likely to ensue from the tyrannical and unconstitutional measures adopted by King James, and enforced by the bigoted and sanguinary measures of his chief instrument of arbitrary power, the Earl (afterwards Duke) of Tyrconnell, who, in his disreputable antecedents, was known as "Dick Talbot," entered into associations in the several counties "for self defence, and for securing the Protestant Religion, their lives, liberties, and properties, and the peace of the kingdom, disturbed by popish and illegal councillors, and their abettors, resolving to adhere to the Laws and the Protestant religion;" and having appointed Commanders-in-Chief and Councillors for the Counties of Antrim, Down, Armagh, Monaghan, Derry, Donegal, and Tyrone, respectively, they also appointed a general "Council of Union" for the associated Counties of Ulster, at Hillsborough, which thus became the nucleus of this bold and loyal confederation; one of the first measures of which was, the sending an Address to the Prince of Orange, which was graciously received, and a promise given of ample and speedy relief.

The union of Hillsborough did everything that could be performed under these peculiar and frowning circumstances. They proclaimed King William and Queen Mary; organized and distributed their forces; and Colonel Lundy (the infamous Lundy), who, with Major Gustavus Hamilton, had the command of the counties of Derry, Donegal, and Tyrone, having given them an assurance of 3,000 men, they ordered Hillsborough to be supplied with all necessary provisions for an army. But their admirable efforts and their heroic intentions were frustrated by the treachery of Lundy, who failed to keep his word, shewing his falsehood on this and every other occasion where he promised to be true.

The union of Hillsborough was a bold, wise, and patriotic combination. It was the spring from whence flowed and spread abroad that full tide of truth, on whose wave was borne aloft that spirit of love and loyalty, which has ever warmed and animated the hearts of the Orangemen of Ireland.

King William landed at Carrickfergus on the 14th of June, 1690. Marching to the banks of the Boyne, he arrived on the 20th at Hillsborough, whose castle he honored by his presence, where he slept while his army was encamped in the neighbourhood, at Blaris Moor. It is related of King William, that, while here, some cautious advice was proposed to him by the general officers, upon which he declared "that he did not come to let the grass grow under his feet, but was determined to prosecute the war with the utmost vigour."

While at Hillsborough, his Majesty published a most humane order, forbidding the impressment of horses, or committing any violence on the peasantry, and encouraging persons of all persuasions to live at home peaceably.

Loughbrickland.—King William ordered a general encampment of his whole army at Loughbrickland, where, upon a review of his forces, he found them to consist of 36,000, English, Dutch, French, Danes, and Germans (Brandenburghers)—all fully equipped, and eager for the fray.

Portaferry.—The old Market House was in 1798 a post of defence to the Orange Yeomanry of the town, who repulsed an attempt made by the Rebels to take possession of it.

Rock Angus standing midway in the Channel leading up to Strangford Lough on which there is a Stone Beacon, is corruptly called "the Rock and Goose."

DUBLIN.

Stanza 23, page 24.

In August, 1821, George the IV. honored Ireland with a visit, having landed at Howth on the 12th, from whence he immediately set off for the Viceregal Lodge in the Phoenix Park, where he became the guest of Lord Talbot then Lord Lieutenant. He made his public entry into Dublin on the 17th of that month with great splendour, when his presence was hailed with the utmost enthusiasm. At that time religious distinctions and political animosities were exerting their influences upon the minds of a divided people, with unhappy and mischievous effect; but lest party strife should lessen the éclat which it was most desirable should mark the Royal reception, it was agreed between the leaders of both parties, that all indications of these differences should be avoided, and accordingly Sir Abraham Bradley King, Bart., (the then Lord Mayor) on the part of the Conservatives, and Daniel O'Connell as leader of the Roman Catholics met, and made an arrangement to avoid all manifestations of party feelings, and thus secured the utmost harmony and concord (at least apparently) amongst all classes of the inhabitants of the metropolis, during the King's sojourn of three weeks in Dublin.

At this time it was customary to give at the City Feasts "The Glorious Memory" as the Charter toast of the *then* loyal Corporation of the City of Dublin, but on the King honoring the Lord Mayor with his presence at the civic banquet, in the Mansion House, the toast was omitted in his Majesty's presence by it had been stated his own

express desire ; but on his retiring it was given by Alderman Darley, and responded to enthusiastically with all the honors.

On Lord Talbot, the Viceroy attending the inauguration dinner of the *new* Lord Mayor, Sir John Kingston James, Bart., in the ensuing Michaelmas, (1821,) the Charter toast was given in his presence *and with his sanction*. For this he was shortly afterwards recalled from the Government of Ireland.

The Marquis of Wellesley now became Lord Lieutenant, but in his presence the toast was not permitted to be given at the civic banquet. His succumbing to the domineering spirit of the Papacy, only tended to increase its arrogance ; a clamour was now raised amongst the disaffected, and echoed from their press, that the dressing of the statue of King William in College Green should not again be tolerated ; and this time honored and much beloved custom, observed by the Orangemen of Ireland on every 4th November and 12th July since '98, was now sought to be abolished.

On the 12th July, 1822 "King William" was dressed as usual with much splendour. A large party of Romanists, made bold by recent acts of patronage and concession, and relying on the aid and protection of their Pro-Popery Viceroy, assembled around the statue ; ruffianly conduct, and provoking language, led to collision ; enfuriated passions were kindled ; riot took place, and lives were endangered in the conflict that ensued.

Lord Wellesley caught hold of this unfortunate event to mortify the Orangemen, and accordingly out came a proclamation from John Smith Fleming the then Lord Mayor on the 21st October, 1822, prohibiting the dressing of the statue. This mandate was carried out, and the disaffected Papists were loud in their triumph ; and the loyal Orangemen had to suffer the jeers of their taunting enemies.

The following particulars of programme observed on the inauguration of the statue of King William in College Green, on the anniversaries of July and November, are taken from Gilbert's History of the City of Dublin :—

The Equestrian statue of King William in College Green, at the expense of the Corporation, was inaugurated on the 1st July, 1701, (O. S.) being the anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne, which was kept as a high holiday. The day was ushered in by the ringing of all the joy bells in the City—all the shops being shut. At four in the evening the Mayor, Aldermen, Sheriffs, Masters, Wardens, and common Councilmen, walked in procession, from the Tholsol in Skinner Row to College Green, proceeded by the City musicians, and the Grenadier's Company of the Dublin Militia. Shortly after they had reached College Green, the Lords Justices arrived, and were conducted through a line formed by the Grenadiers to the Statue, round which the entire assembly, *uncovered*, marched three times to the sound of trumpets, kettle drums and other martial music. After the second circuit, the Recorder delivered a eulogy on King William, expressing the attachment of the people of Dublin to his person and Government.

At the conclusion of the oration, a volley was fired by the Grenadiers, succeeded by a discharge of Ordnance. At the termination of the circuit round the Statue, the Lords Justices, the Provost and Fellows of the University, with a number of Noblemen and Gentry, were conducted by the Lord Mayor through a file of soldiers, to a large new house in College Green, prepared for their reception, where they were entertained, the Ordnance again discharging twice, while they drank the King's health and prosperity to Dublin, the surrounding crowd being regaled with cakes, and several hogsheads of claret were placed on Stilts and set running. The Lords Justices attended by the City Officers, were afterwards entertained by the Lord Mayor in his mansion, as were likewise the Nobility, Gentry, and Ladies. The night closed with the ringing of joy bells, the blaze of fireworks and a general illumination.

After the inauguration of 1701, the rendering honor to the Statue became an important ceremony, on the July and November anniversaries, the proceeding were as follows :—In the morning the standard of England was hoisted on Birmingham Tower, guns were fired in the Park, answered by volleys from the barracks. At three o'clock the Lord Lieutenant held a Levee, and, attended by the Lord Mayor and Corporation, the Lord Chancellor, the Judges, the Provost and Fellows of Trinity College, and Civil and Military Officers, proceeded from the Castle, the streets being lined with soldiers, and moved through Dame Street, College Green and Grafton Street, to Stephen's Green, round which they marched, and then returned in the same order to College Green, where they paraded three times round the Statue, over which three volleys of musketry were discharged by the troops.

On every 12th July and 4th November, the Statue was painted white, the figure of the rider was decorated with a purple mantle bound with orange; a full orange sash across the breast, worn en militaire, the head was decorated with a wreath of orange lilies; upon the truncheon, grasped by the right hand weaved a banner of purple silk, on which was inscribed in gold letters, "On the Lord's day the Debtor shall be free." The horse was caparisoned with an orange and purple saddle cloth, sometimes scarlet trimmed with gold, an orange and purple bridle, and beneath his upraised hoof was a large bunch of green and yellow ribbons.

FERMANAGH.

Stanza 28, page 26.

The County Fermanagh suffered great persecution from the undisciplined and brutal soldiery sent into the North by Lord Tyreconnell. The heroic conduct of Derry set a bright example, and Enniskillen took the same bold and unflinching resolution. The town of Enniskillen was, at the time of the Revolution, not like Derry, which, having the advantage of considerable fortifications, could rely upon its artificial strength, and bid defiance, as it did, to thousands of besiegers, but was a small and inconsiderable spot, depending solely on its natural advantages, being situate in a small island on the narrow part of Lough Erne, narrowed into the limit of a moderate river.

The island is composed of two small hills, and some flat land, which, at that time, was subject to inundation in winter, and scarce half-a-mile in length, and a quarter in breadth. At each end it was connected with the main land by a stone bridge, the western having a square tower and gateway, the eastern had a draw-bridge. The town was composed of one broad street, and the principal building was a large strong Castle, the seat of the ancestors of the Earl of Enniskillen. The island is commanded by several hills on the main land, one particularly to the east, which was of great importance to preserve, rising like a cone, surrounded by a fort of mere sod-work, which commanded all around, from whence a covered way was cut down; the hill communicating with the town by a bridge.

It was not, therefore, the strength or importance of the place, such as Derry, fitted to bear a glorious siege, which hath given it so conspicuous and honorable a place in the history of Irish Protestantism; but it was the zeal, perseverance, and iron courage of our forefathers alone which gave celebrity to the achievements of Enniskillen. Thither a great number of the brave men of the County Fermanagh fled, and being joined by many from Cavan, Monaghan, Donegal, Leitrim, and Sligo, retired to this fastness as into a camp, and being under strict discipline, issued out at all points on the enemy. This body of protestants, though collected from different localities, were from their union and association called "The Enniskilleners"; every where, at Bundroose, Newtown-Butler, Boyne, Aughrim, and other places, they were conspicuous for the most unabated ardour, and undaunted courage, which neither dangers or difficulties could extinguish, but served rather to excite their daring, and lead them to victory. The eulogium passed on them by the biographer of King William (Harris), may be here truly repeated: "The spirit which animated them merits a higher name than courage; it was rather a *divine fire* kindled from above, and kept alive by a just sense of those two invaluable blessings—*Religion and Liberty*."

In December, 1688, Tyrconnell ordered the place to be seized for King James, being advantageously located as bordering on Connaught; but the inhabitants followed the example of Derry, and refused entrance to two companies of Sir Thomas Newcomen's regiment; of which they sent off word to Mr. Cairnes, at Derry, begging assistance, but he could afford them none. They had, therefore, to depend on their own valour, and the righteousness of their cause for success; and as hope was founded on courage and a good cause, they were eminently successful. Their glorious example was followed by their descendants, the Orangemen of Ireland, who, in 1798, saved the country from rebellion and popery.

Derry, Boyne, and Aughrim stand proudly in our annals: the first conspicuous for its unconquerable resistance, and heroic martyrdom; Boyne, on whose banks royalty, *dethroned* and *enthroned*, fought for a mighty nation; and Aughrim, the last battle-field of the revolutionary war, where tyranny and arbitrary power was laid low for ever. But, with the exception of the plains of Aughrim, no where did the papist Irish suffer so great a slaughter, as at the Battle of Newtown-Butler, sometimes called the Battle of Lisnaskea, being fought in the neighbourhood of both places.

So high was the heroic character of the Enniskilleners held by King James, that he was determined by one mighty effort to utterly exterminate them. Like Xerxes, he came with myriads of mercenaries, and bigot slaves, to crush freedom and the freeborn; but the objects of his hate, like the Greeks of old, scattered his legions over the field, and trampled his banner in the dust.

The plan of extermination was formed in July 1689, and it was then arranged to attack the Enniskilleners at once by three armies from different quarters: one was led from Munster by Justin M'Carthy, Lord Viscount Mountcashel, being 7,000 strong; another immense force came from Connaught, led on by Sarsfield; and the Northern army poured in from the North, headed by the Duke of Berwick (James FitzJames), a bastard son of James II., by Arabella Churchill, sister of the Duke of Marlborough; so that the Enniskilleners—a mere handful of men compared to their enemies—seemed in the eyes of their opponents entangled as in a net, out of which no human power could relieve them. But there was a power—a super-human power, the power which, by its Champion Joshua, ordered the sun to stand still, that power fired their heart, and nerved their arm to take victorious vengeance on their implacable enemies.

The Enniskilleners having notice only of the motions of the Connaught army to attack them at their doors, sent 1,000 men under Colonel Lloyd to check them. A forced march of 24 miles brought him face to face with the foe, and though five times his number, routed them with great slaughter on the River Bundroose. The loss of the Enniskilleners was but slight; they left several hundreds of the Connaught army dead on the spot; many were drowned in the river, and a great number were made prisoners.

The Duke of Berwick's power was next dealt with. While Colonel Lloyd was absent at the Battle of Bundroose, the Duke, coming to the knowledge of the garrison being weakened of 1,000 men, was resolved to try what force could affect against valour; with this view he marched with a strong body of horse from the North. He came within about half-a-mile of the town, approaching the pass of Cornacree, having Lough Erne on the south, another, Lough three miles in circuit on the south, a boggy country behind it; at the end of the pass next the town stood a strong mill, a few houses, and a fort at the end of the town which commanded all. It is plain that a few posted in the mill, and placed so as to line the ditches, might defend this pass against an army. The Enniskilleners, therefore, sent 74 foot, and three troops of horse, with strict orders not to advance beyond the pass; but the undaunted foot, not accustomed to wait for an enemy, and with more zeal than prudence, no sooner saw the Duke of Berwick's troops on the opposite hill, but they rushed beyond the pass, and attacked them in their descent, there fighting with great disadvantage; 40 of them were slain, 23 made prisoners, and 11 escaped back to the town badly wounded. Notwithstanding this disaster, the pass was still maintained; for the horse, obedient to their orders, stopped there, and defended it with unshaken bravery against the Duke, who, after all his efforts, could not overcome this handful of men, and at length withdrew his army. An extraordinary instance of bravery occurred

in this skirmish, is related by Harris—John Wilson, a foot soldier, in this slaughter of his companions, stood the shock of several troopers, who altogether were hewing at him, some he stabbed with his bayonet, others he knocked down with his musket, and when his arms dropped from his hands, he leaped up at them, tore some down, and threw them under their horses feet. Oppressed with twelve desperate wounds (one of which was quite across his face, so that his nose and cheeks hung over his chin,) he sunk down beneath a bush. While he was bleeding in this condition, a sergeant darted his halbert at him with such fury, that he drove it through his thigh, and could not withdraw it; Wilson roused as if from death, made his last effort, tore the halbert out of his thigh, and collecting his remaining strength, darted it through the heart of his enemy; by the help of the halbert, he dragged his mangled limbs to Enniskillen, where he was wonderfully cured, and lived for thirty years.

Another formidable enemy yet remained—the Munster army, commanded by Lord Mountcashel. On the 26th July, an express arrived from Colonel Creighton (ancestor of the Earl of Erne), announcing that he was besieged in his Castle at Croom by the Munster army; that he had but two companies, and requested relief. The next morning fifteen hundred men, being nearly the entire body of the Enniskilleners, arose with the sun, and went to meet the foe. The main body pursued the great road over Maguire's Bridge, but a small party of two troops of horse and two companies of foot, commanded by Captain Martin Armstrong, took a short route near Lough Erne, and close to Lisnaskea. On this line they met Lord Clare's regiment of Dragoons, considered the very flower of King James's army for fine men, splendid uniform of royal scarlet, discipline, and ardour. Armstrong quickly lined the hedges with his foot—made a feint attack with his horse, fled as if in disorder, and thus drawing his foe into the ambuscade of his foot, poured in a tremendous volley, inflicting great slaughter on the enemy; the horse at the same instant facing about, fell on with such irresistible fury, that this much prized regiment was nearly cut to pieces, very few escaping by flight. Animated by this success, the Enniskilleners quickened their march to Newtown-butler, near Croom Castle, where the Irish were prepared for battle, posted to advantage on a hill, approached only by a narrow road through a bog defended by artillery, and seemed so secure, that so far from fearing an attack from so despicable a force as the Enniskilleners, that they might have met the onset of an army even superior to themselves; but the Enniskilleners rushed furious over the bog, attacked their foes on the ascent, drove them from their guns which they turned against them, and opened the road through the bog for their own horse. In the first onset, Lord Mountcashel was taken prisoner; this, with the taking of the artillery, spread such a panic through the Irish army, that they fled. A general rout took place; they were pursued for three miles to the Comber Water (Castle Saunderson), and a terrible slaughter marked the pursuit. The flying foe were intercepted at Watling-bridge, and a party of about 400, having made a stand in an angle of the river, where they neither asked quarter, nor shewed fight, were driven into the river, and all perished. The enemy's loss in the pursuit, in the battle, and in the defeat of Lord Clare's regiment, was computed at 4,000 men; the remaining 3,000 fled up the River towards Clonish. The Enniskilleners are reported to have lost but 20 men killed, and about 50 wounded.

KILDARE.

Stanza 32, page 27.

The town of Prosperous was in May, 1798, garrisoned by about 40 men of the North Cork Militia, and 20 of the ancient British Cavalry—an arrangement had been entered into between the officer in command Captain Swayne, and Dr. Esmond, a man of very great influence amongst the Papists, at the suggestion of the latter, who stated that fear had prevented the peasantry from bringing in their arms, that they should be allowed to enter the town after dusk unmolested, and unchallenged, and that on the following night, pikes and fire arms would be brought in and deposited in the streets.

By this means a great number of Rebels got into the town, and now, the work of destruction began. About two in the morning of the 24th of May, the sentinels were killed, and the barracks were assaulted while the soldiers were fast asleep; they awoke and made what resistance they could, which was but of short duration, for the murderous assailants set fire to the building, and the soldiers, resolved to rush forward and fight their way, were met by the Rebels on their pikes with fiendish exultation. Captain Swayne whose stupidity and credulity caused this tragical event, was piked in his apartment, and Esmond's treachery, (for he wore the royal uniform), met its just reward, a halter.*

LONDONDERRY COUNTY.

Stanza 36, page 28.

Newtonhamavady.—The Rev. John Graham was for many years of a long life, a zealous supporter and talented ornament of the Institution. He was a Grand Chaplain of the Grand Lodge of Ireland, and for many years Grand Master for the County of Londonderry ever attentive to his duties, both as a pious pastor of the church, and a zealous leader of the Orange Institution, he stood forth teaching by precept and leading by example. As a scholar, historian, and poet, he contributed to the honor and prosperity of our order.

When on the 14th of April, 1836, the then Grand Lodge of Ireland, passed the suicidal resolution to "dissolve," the writer of these pages stood near the Rev. John Graham at the meeting, and saw that venerable man shed tears at the fatal announcement.

He was Rector of Tamlaghtard, and died at Magilligan Glebe, in the County of Londonderry, on the 6th of March, 1844, in the 70th year of his age. He was ordained in 1799, and from thence until his death, a period of 45 years, he applied all his piety, learning, and talents, to the advancement of Religion and Loyalty.

* Maxwell.

CITY LONDONDERRY.

Stanza 37, page 29.

Towards the end of 1688, the weak-minded and bigoted James found himself in possession of the greater part of Ireland, with the exception of the North—invincible North!—whose Protestant spirit checked the fiend of Popery. The scourges of war and martyrdom had been inflicted with measureless severity on the “Saxons and heretics,” as our forefathers were designated. Yet, notwithstanding all their sufferings, the loyalists of Ulster shewed great resistance, having possessed themselves of Enniskillen, Sligo, Coleraine, the Fort of Culmore, and some other places of less note. James’s army was composed of a numerous mass of the Irish serfs and rapparees, headed by their half-civilised chiefs—a few English leaders and adherents, who led on some troops, and a powerful force sent to his aid by Louis XIV., headed by some of the leading captains of the age. Londonderry, which had been favoured by James I., as a protestant colony, now attracted the malignant notice of his grandson James II.; thither, therefore, to Londonderry, the Maiden City, the star of the North! did James send an army of 20,000 men, who vowed vengeance and extermination against the adherents of King William. But God Almighty, who, in the olden time had rescued his own in the midst of the Red Sea, and through the wilderness, did not in aftertimes desert his suffering people.

The shutting of the gates of Derry on the 7th December, 1688, against the invading army, was an act of heroism, of which history has scarcely a parallel. The horrors of siege, war, and famine paralysed the hearts of the graver Citizens, who were for at once admitting the enemy within the walls.—But a few brave youths “The ‘Prentice boys of Derry,” burst forth with enthusiasm in the critical moment, and their shouts and energy decided the matter; with an appalling cry of “No Surrender” they seized the keys of the City, and twelve or thirteen brave young fellows immediately mounted the ramparts, put the matches to the guns, and the cowardly and terrified enemy fled in dismay.

The following names of 13 of the ‘Prentice boys have been preserved: Henry Campsie, William Crookshank, Robert Sherrard, Daniel Sherrard, Alexander Irwin, James Stewart, Robert Morrison, Alexander Coningham, Samuel Hunt, James Spike, John Coningham, William Cairns and Samuel Harvey.

The sufferings of the besieged from want and disease were dreadful, and in the end, death in every hideous form, became familiar. The siege continued from the 7th December, 1688 until the 30th July, 1689, during which time the vilest eatables were sold at enormous prices.

The cup of misery was quaffed to the very dregs, and Governor Walker, fearing that these hardships would break their spirit and their resolution, tried every means to keep hope alive in the breasts of the people, and with that view, he preached on Tuesday, the 30th of July

in the Cathedral, and endeavoured to support their fortitude by impressing upon them, "of what importance it was to the Protestant religion at that time that they should be firm to the cause," and told them "that they need not doubt, but that God would at last deliver them from the tribulations they were suffering." And in this he proved a true prophet;—the wind which had been for weeks adverse to the transports sent for their relief, suddenly changed in their favor. The season of their greatest affliction was that chosen by Providence to manifest its mercies; and the congregation, on returning from church, beheld three ships in the river, standing in full sail for Culmore. To oppose the entrance of relief, the enemy had thrown a ponderous boom across the river. The "Mountjoy" first struck and broke the boom, but in her rebound was driven ashore. The enemy fired all their guns upon her, and were preparing to board her, when firing a broadside, the shock loosened her, so that she passed the boom, and with swelling sail and flowing streamers, she brought relief to Londonderry.

The reflections of Governor Walker on the awful position of the besieged are extracted from the Rev. John Graham's History of the Siege: "It did beget amongst us some disorder and confusion, when we looked about us, and saw what we were doing; our enemies all about us, and our friends running away from us; a garrison we had, composed of a number of poor people, frightened from their own homes, and seemingly more fit to hide themselves than to face an enemy. When we considered that we had no persons of experience in war amongst us, and those very persons that were sent to assist us, had so little confidence in the place, that they no sooner saw it than they thought fit to leave it; that we had but few horse to sally out with, and no forage; no engineers to instruct us in our works, no fireworks, not as much as a hand grenade to annoy the enemy; not a gun well mounted in the whole town; that we had so many mouths to feed, and not above ten days provisions for them in the opinion of our former governors; that every day several left us and gave constant intelligence to the enemy; that they had so many opportunities to divide us, and so often endeavoured to do it, and to betray the Governors; that they were so numerous, so powerful, and so well appointed an army, that in all human probability we could not think ourselves in less danger than the Israelites at the Red Sea. When we considered all this, it was obvious enough what a dangerous undertaking we had ventured upon; but the resolution and courage of our people and the necessity we were under, and the great confidence and dependence among us on God Almighty, that he would take care of us and preserve us, made us overlook all those difficulties."

Walker adds, "This relief arrived here to the inexpressible joy and transport of our distressed garrison, for we only reckoned upon two days life. We had only nine lean horses left, and one pint of meal to each man. Hunger and fatigue of war had so prevailed among us, that of 7,500 men regimented at the commencement of the siege, we had now alive but about 4,300, of whom at least one-fourth part were rendered unserviceable."

In the course of the night the Irish army ran away from the position which they had occupied before Londonderry for 105 days, having lost eight or nine thousand men and one hundred of their best

officers, in their abortive attempt to reduce the city. Most of these fell by the sword, the rest died of fevers and dysentery, and a venereal disease of the most inveterate kind, which appeared in a very remarkable manner on the bodies of several of their dead officers and soldiers.

Thus ended the ever memorable Siege of Derry; the glory of its annals sheds a lustre on the memory of the "Prentice Boys," the fame of whose achievements is now enjoyed by their honorable descendants.

LONGFORD.

Stanza 41, page 30.

Ballymahon.—Goldsmith passed several years of childhood in this town, where he resided with his widowed mother.

LOUTH.

Stanza 42, page 30.

The great victory of the Boyne decided the fate of Protestantism in these Islands; it closed the short reign and disgraceful career of James, and reducing him from being the king of a great empire to that of an exile in France, living on the bounty of the bitterest foe of his country.

Knowing that Protestantism was dominant in England, and that any attempt there to regain the throne he abdicated, would be abortive, he turned his eye on Ireland where Popery held great sway over the serfs of its priesthood, he accordingly embarked at Brest, and landed at Kinsale on the 12th of March, 1689, and on the 24th entered Dublin; Popery stood like a colossus in this unfortunate kingdom with one foot on the Bible and the other on the Constitution. The Protestants were in great misery from hardships inflicted by the rude instruments of bigoted James, and Tyrconnell his profligate Lord Lieutenant.

To afford some protection to the sufferers, Duke Schomberg was sent to Ireland in August, with 10,000 men; a supply quite inadequate to meet the exigencies of the approaching warfare; he had to send troops to several important places where there were only empty garrisons. He was stationed near Dundalk in autumn in a bad situation, this, with the deleterious effects of a wet season and bad provisions, brought on dysentery and fever—2,000 men died in Dundalk, 1,100 at sea; on their way to Belfast, and over between 3,700 were there in hospital. At this time Marshal Rosen was at the head of 20,000, sent over by Louis XIV.

King William had heard of this bad state of affairs—he felt sympathy for his faithful adherents in Ireland—it was his ardent wish to go amongst them, and crush their enemies, but this he could not do, as the critical nature of affairs would not permit his absence from London, and the national military resources were inadequate to send relief.

At length King William, on the 20th of March, 1690, declared to Parliament "his resolution to go to Ireland to reduce that kingdom," accordingly he departed on the 4th of June and landed at Carrickfergus on the 14th—from thence to Belfast, Lisburn, Hillsborough, and on to Loughbrickland; here, after having reviewed his army consisting of 36,000 men, he went to Dundalk, and on to Ardee, which two last places the enemy had abandoned when they heard of his approach.

James had no idea that King William would leave London in the midst of the dissensions and divisions of Whig and Tory, and when he heard of his arrival in Ireland and his march towards the capital—he (James) immediately left Dublin with 6,000 French foot and joined his army then encamped near Drogheda, amounting to about 33,000 men, besides 1300 in garrison; here he held a Council of War, and in opposition to some of his officers, resolved to dispute the passage of the river with William, and for that purpose took up a position on the Southern or County Meath bank of the Boyne, between the river and the village of Donore.

King William on being apprized of these movements, arose at break of day, on the 30th of June, and placing himself at the head of his troops left Ardee, and arrived at nine on the banks of the Boyne, within about 2 miles of Drogheda; when the artillery arrived, batteries were mounted opposite the enemies position, and then the cannonading commenced, and continued on both sides all day with little intermission and some execution. The King was indefatigable in arranging the encampment, inspecting the troops, and conferring with his officers, and during the whole day seldom left his saddle. At one time, however, he alighted to take a little rest, and had a narrow escape of losing his life; he had sat down on a gentle declivity for about an hour, which the enemy observing from the opposite bank, they contrived to place two field pieces in such a position as likely to kill the King; immediately after he had remounted, the enemy fired and killed a man and 2 horses near him; instantly another shot succeeded, which having grazed the bank, wounded the King slightly in the right shoulder, carrying off part of his coat—Mr. (afterwards Lord) Conningsby rode up and placed his handkerchief on the wound; the King calmly observing "there was no necessity, the bullet should have come nearer." The enemy seeing some disorder among the royal attendants were in great exultation, and a universal shout of joy rang through their camp at the news "that Orange was no more." The news flew rapidly to Dublin; it was wafted to Paris and was received with much joy by Louis, and the guns of the Bastille proclaimed his mistaken triumph.

The King's wound being dressed, he rode through the camp to show that "he received no harm;" at the close of day his labours did not cease, for at midnight he rode once more through the camp by torch-light, inspecting and giving final orders. He directed that the river should be passed at three different points, by his right wing, commanded by Count Schomberg and General Douglas, on the west of a field near the bridge of Slane—by the centre, under command of the Duke of Schomberg, in front of the Irish camp, and by the left wing led by the King himself, at a ford between his army and the town of Drogheda.

At length the King retired to his tent for a short respite from fatigue, then all was still, and silence reigned around, wooing many a stalwarth, and weary soldier to a short repose ere the sun should rise and give some of them "light to die." Stretched on the ground lay many a manly form, and many an eye was closed in sleep, destined soon to sleep the sleep of death. The night was dark, and the heavens were hung with black, like one immense funeral pall, as if foretelling the fate of many a slumbering hero.

Yet the gloom was of short duration, for the sun soon emerging from the sea, dispelling the darkness that hung over the old town and battlements of Drogheda, and mounting towards the zenith, shone with refulgence on the flowing waters of the Boyne, shedding an animating light on the hostile camps spread out on the banks of that celebrated river. Then it was that the memorable 1st July arose in the glory of the summer sun, and set in the glory of immortal victory.

At six o'clock King William's troops were ready for action. The right wing comprising 10,000 men, horse and foot—the former led by Count Schomberg, and the latter by Lieutenant General Douglas marched up along the river's bank towards the bridge of Slane, and effected a landing on the other side, notwithstanding the opposition given by Sir Neil O'Neill's Dragoons, who was himself killed in the contest; Schomberg and Douglas then advanced their troops and soon came in view of the enemy, drawn up in two lengthened columns, and Douglas having received a reinforcement of infantry, made such instant and judicious arrangements of his troops, as deterred the Irish, who retreated precipitantly towards Duleek, closely pursued by Schomberg's cavalry, who killed great numbers of the fugitives.

In the mean time the centre portion of the army, under the command of Duke Schomberg was set in motion; the Dutch Guards (blue), the French Protestants, the Enniskilleners, the Brandenburgers, and the English, were ordered to cross the ford opposite the village of Oldbridge, where the enemy was posted advantageously. In their passage across the men sometimes found the water of inconvenient depth, wading through it sometimes breast high, obliging them to support their arms above their heads. The Dutch entered the river first, and were saluted by the enemies fire from houses and hedges, but without effect; persisting in their onward course, the Dutch Guards gained the opposite bank, and having immediately formed, drove the Irish from their position. The French and Enniskilleners having arrived across, came to the support of the Dutch and aided them in driving back a large body of horse with considerable execution.

To oppose the crossing of the French troops under Count Nassau, and the English under Sir John Hanmer; Lieutenant General Hamilton led the Irish infantry to the margin of the river, but they shrunk from the danger; however, the cavalry showed more spirit, for a squadron of Danes was attacked with such fury that they fled back through the river; the Irish horse then attacked the French Huguenot infantry, who being unprovided with either pikes or bayonet to repel them were instantly broken. In this encounter the brave Callamote received his death blow; as he lay bleeding, he collected strength to exclaim "*A la*

gloire, mes enfans ! a la gloire—"To glory my boys, to glory." The rapidity of the Irish horse, the flight of the Danes, and the disorder of the French who had now lost their gallant leader, spread general alarm ; in this moment of confusion, Duke Schomberg apprehending danger, and seeing that the French Huguenots were exposed to the enemy without a leader, arose on the emergency, and hurrying forward even without his armour, dashed into the river, and rushing into the midst of the battle, headed the Huguenots, exclaiming "*Allons messieurs, voila, vos perscuteurs*"—"Come on gentlemen, behold your persecutors," pointing to the French Papists. Scarcely had these words been uttered when 15 or 16 of James's horse who were returning to their main body on the slaughter of their companions, attacked the Duke and inflicted two wounds on his head, which, however, were not mortal. The Huguenots at first conceived that the party of horse were friends, but now discovered their mistake, and immediately discharged a volley at them, by which the Duke was shot through the neck, and instantly expired. About the same time another misfortune happened ; the Rev. George Walker who so bravely defended Derry, and whose passion for military glory had hurried him unnecessarily into this engagement, received a wound in his belly which caused instant death. The Irish horse having rallied at the village were confronted by the united forces of the Dutch and Enniskilleners, who committed great havoc. The Dutch Guards having advanced from the bank up to the open field, were attacked with great force by the Irish infantry, with redoubled violence, but firmly retaining their ground, they obliged the foe to retire. A squadron of Irish horse were now sent to aid the repulsed infantry, but were repulsed by the Enniskilleners and French Protestants. After an uninterrupted fire of an hour, the consequent disorder on both sides, occasioned some respite, and the centre of the English army began to recover from their confusion. The Irish retreated towards Donore, where James stood all day during the entire engagement, surrounded by his guards, and here having drawn up in good order, after a slight respite, once more advanced.

King William during all these actions might be said in the soldier's phrase to be everywhere, and all was done according to his foresight and superior generalship ; and now came the minute when he rode forth to meet the victory that awaited him, accompanied by the Prince of Denmark ; his Majesty passed the river at the head of the Dutch, Danish, and English cavalry, at a ford within about a mile of Drogheda, but with some difficulty, for his horse having floundered in the mud, he was obliged to dismount and accept the assistance of his attendants. When the troops were over and put in order, the King drew his sword (though the wound he had received the day previous made the wielding of it uneasy,) and marched at their head towards the enemy, and boldly leading towards the Irish, though double their number, who were now advancing in good order. When these two bodies were within musket shot, the enemy discovered the King's horse moving towards them, at which they made a sudden halt and retreated to Donore. The English gave pursuit and overtook them at the village, when resuming courage they faced about and forced the horse to retire, although headed by the King, whereupon he rode up to the Enniskilleners, and asked them what they would do for him ; their chief officer telling them it was the King that was doing them the

honor to head them. At once they boldly advanced, headed by the King, and received the enemy's fire; a momentary mistake just then occurred, for the King wheeled to the left to head some Dutch troops; the Kniskilleners, in error, retired after him, but soon growing sensible of their wrong movement, went on again to the charge. Then was seen Schomberg's horse; all French Protestants behaving with undaunted resolution: another party rushed on, led by Lieutenant Colonel Gingle, through a narrow laneway, but were checked by the enemy; however, Sir Albert Cunningham's Dragoons came to his relief, and after a severe struggle for half an hour, the foe was repulsed with great loss.

Lieutenant General Hamilton, the chief in command of James's army observing the defeat of his infantry, resolved on a desperate effort, and placed himself at the head of the horse, but they retreated and he was taken prisoner; he was conducted to the King's presence, when his Majesty asked him, would the Irish continue the action, "Yes Sir" said Hamilton, "Upon my honor I believe they will," on his pronouncing the word "honor" the King cast a glance of scorn at him, and turning round significantly said, "*Your honor, your honor,*" referring to Hamilton's breach of parole in joining Tyconnell's party. He received no further rebuke for his treachery.*

Young Duke Schomberg on hearing of his father's death, chased the routed enemy for several miles beyond Duleek, inflicting great slaughter, and did not cease the pursuit until the Earl of Portland arrived with the King's express command that he should proceed no further.

Hamilton's assertion that the Irish would continue the action proved utterly groundless, for the enemy succumbed immediately after his arrest, as he was beloved by the Irish army, who looked up to him as their leading star in the conflict.

During the conflict, James remained all day aloof from the battle field on the hill of Donore, surrounded by a squadron of horse, but on being told of the disastrous issue of the fight, and being counselled to consult his safety, he followed the advice with alacrity, and precipitably fled to Dublin Castle, where he arrived that evening at nine, and soon made his retreat to France.

* Bishop Burnett gives us the following account of Hamilton's treachery:—King William shortly after he arrived in England, adopted a measure likely to assist the Protestants of Ireland; this was his sending Lieutenant General Richard Hamilton to Ireland, to prevail on the Earl of Tyconnell (with whom he had great influence) to resign the government of that kingdom, which had been given into his care by James. Hamilton was a Romanist, and at this time had in command some Irish regiments which Tyconnell had sent to England. He was a species of prisoner at large, and was considered a man of honor. Hamilton went on his mission, promising the King to induce Tyconnell to resign, or return if he was unsuccessful; but instead of fulfilling his promise, he remained with Tyconnell, and treacherously advised him to maintain his post and exert all his energies in upholding King James.

The loss on both sides in this battle does not appear to have been accurately ascertained, that of James was said to amount to 1,500, while King William lost not one-third of that number.

King William shared the dangers of the day with his brave troops, previous to the engagement, and during its continuance he proved himself a consummate General and an active Commander, and although often amidst the hottest fury of the fray he came out unscathed, as if invulnerable.

Thus was fought and won the GLORIOUS BATTLE OF THE BOYNE. It was beyond comparison the most memorable conflict fought in these kingdoms; whether we look to the Chiefs who fought, or what they fought for. Two Kings closely allied by ties of blood and marriage, contended in person for the sovereignty of three crowns, and upon the issue of their contest depended not only the fate of Protestantism in Great Britain and Ireland but religious freedom all over Europe. Both armies were excited to an almost frenzied zeal—one, a host of foreigners and serfs, impelled by religious rancour to smite down the *Heretic*, the other, a host of Freemen animated by the spirit of Liberty, to fight for their rights and the glorious Constitution of 1688.

MAYO.

Stanza 43, page 31.

The Rebels in Connaught were nearly all Papists, and their bond of Union was a religious tie; this was a mystical institution called "The Carmelites," invented by their priests, but in no way connected with the genuine Order of that name founded for Friars by Almericus, Bishop of Antioch, in 1112, at Mount Carmel in Syria. Its directors were low mendicant Friars, who gave to the Initiated "A Scapular," being a small square piece of brown cloth with I.H.S. inscribed on it in needlework, meaning Jesus Hominum Salvator, and having been blessed by the Priest, was by a string hung round the neck, and laid on the shoulder next the skin, hence its name. The dupe who wore it was told that its possession would secure him not only from personal outrage and injury, but from his spiritual enemy. They were made to believe that a Scapular could protect a house from fire, or if thrown into one on fire, it would extinguish the flames, while the holy Scapular would remain unscinged. To convince the ignorance and bigoted rebel peasant of the truth of these alleged miraculous virtues, the Scapulars were originally made of the Asbestos, unconsumable by fire, whose stoney yet yielding fibres wove into a substance resembling cloth, and being blessed by the Priest, were thrown into the fire, where to the wonder of the beholders, they remained unburnt, all which was ascribed to the blessing of the Priest. The thing being sold very cheap every rebel who could command a shilling was provided with one.

On the 23rd August, 1798 three French frigates under English colours entered Killala Bay, having on board 1,500 men, commanded by General Humbert; they landed, took possession of the Bishop of Killala's Palace, and kept him prisoner; they then clothed and armed the Rebels who thronged to them in great numbers. Humbert soon

found that he was not met by the co-operation he was promised ; no persons of distinction came to greet him, and of money there was not the least appearance. He proceeded to Castlebar, and on the 27th of August he there defeated the Royalists, not for want of courage or daring in our troops, but he out-generalled the British Commanders, whom he seemed to hold in no very good opinion, for subsequently when he met defeat in return, he was heard to say, "I met many Generals in Ireland, but the only General I met after all was Colonel Vereker." During their occupation of Castlebar, nine days, the French behaved with great moderation, screening the poor Protestants from the cruelties of the low and sanguinary rebels, who were regarded by their Gáulic allies as senseless savages ; low as the peasantry were in moral degradation, the very few gentry who appeared to support the Invaders were even lower, all with two or three exceptions had lost any respectable position they might have once held, from drunkenness, poverty, or dishonorable conduct.

The following instance of bravery is given by Musgrave :—"The French approached the new Gaol, (Castlebar) to break it open, it was guarded by a Highland Frazer Sentinel whom his friends had desired to retreat with them, but he heroically refused to quit his post, which was elevated with some steps leading to it, he charged and fired five times successively, and killed a Frenchman at every shot, but before he could charge a sixth time, they rushed on him, beat out his brains and threw him down the steps with the sentry box on his body."

Humbert soon found his position becoming embarrassing and dangerous ; his success at Castlebar induced no corresponding insurrectionary movements, and no reinforcements arriving from France, after mature reflection, he boldly determined to march northward in the direction of Sligo, and accordingly he decamped on the 4th of September. At Collooney he had a skirmish with a detachment of the Royal Army which had unsuccessfully opposed him, but it is said that this very opposition, although abortive, caused him to alter his plan, and change his course for the County of Leitrim by Drumahaire towards Manorhamilton. During four days of retreat he was continually harrassed, till at length he was overtaken within half-a-mile of Ballinamuck, where the army of the *Grande Nation*, surrendered to Lord Roden and Colonel Crawford. The French, in the bitterness of their defeat gave vent to the most exasperated feelings against their despicable allies the United Irishmen, whom they loaded with deep execrations for having deceived and disappointed them by inviting them to a fruitless expedition.

MEATH.

Stanza 44, page 31.

On the 26th May, 1798, the Rebels from the counties of Meath and Dublin, after committing a series of robberies and other outrageous acts, fixed their camp on the Hill of Tara, there being no military force in their vicinity to check them, except a few corps of Yeomanry, quite insufficient to attack them as they were 4,000 strong ; however, they were not allowed to remain long in their new selected quarters.

Captain Preston, (afterwards raised to the peerage as Lord Tara, for his gallant conduct on this occasion), who commanded the Navan Yeomanry, having been joined by Lord Fingal with a troop of Yeomanry Cavalry and 210 men of the Reay Fencibles, marched boldly to the foot of the Hill, whose summit was crowded with an immense number of the Insurgents. "As soon as the Rebels perceived them (as Musgrave relates), they put their hats on the tops of their pikes, sent forth some dreadful yells, and began to jump, and put themselves in singular attitudes, as if bidding defiance to their adversaries. The Infantry approached steadily, reserving their fire until within 50 yards of the Rebels, who made three desperate onsets—but at length being completely routed, fled in all directions, leaving about 400 in killed and wounded."

SLIGO.

Stanza 47, page 32.

Following the example of the Nobility and Gentry of Ulster, the County Sligo formed a Protective Association in 1689, under the command of Lord Kingston, and Captain Chidley Coote, which, (according to Harris) had a longer continuance, and was conducted with more military skill than the North Eastern Associations. They maintained several frontier garrisons, one of which was at Markree Castle, the seat of Captain Cooper, the ancestor of Edward Joshua Cooper, deceased, for many years M. P. for the County Sligo, and for many years Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Sligo.

TIPPERARY.

Stanza 50, page 33.

The Rev. Laurence Sterne was born at Clonmel in 1713. He was of English descent but a native of Ireland, being born at Clonmel. He was a writer of great genius, full of wit and humour, pathos and sentiment. He had a deep knowledge of the human heart, its faults, foibles, virtues and sympathies, which he admirably portrays in "Tristram Shandy" and "The Sentimental Journey;" he died in London in 1768, in the 55th year of his age, and was buried in the churchyard of St. George's, Hanover Square, where a monument was erected to his memory, but not until long after Garrick had written the following lines :—

Shall pride a heap of sculptured marble raise
Some worthless unmourn'd titled fool to praise,
And shall we not by one poor gravestone learn,
Where Genius, Wit, and Humour sleep with Sterne.

TYRONE.

Stanza 51, page 33.

Standing prominently on each side of the Morne are two mountains, one called "Bessy Bell," and the other "Mary Gray." The name of

the former is supposed to be derived from Baal, whose Pagan worshippers performed their religious rites called Baase on its summit, hence the expression Baase Baal, which has been corrupted into "Bessy Bell." The origin of the other, "Mary Gray" is doubtful. Perhaps the first verse of a well known song by Allan Ramsay may have, by affinity, suggested the second name.

Oh! Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,
They were twa bonny lasses,
They bigged a bower on yon burn bræ,
And theek'd it oer wi rushes.

WEXFORD.

Stanza 55, page 35.

For the atrocities committed by the Papists in '98, see Musgrave's and Maxwell's Histories of the Rebellion.

WICKLOW.

Stanza 59, page 36.

Shillelagh was for the excellence of its oak the most celebrated wood in Ireland, so highly prized was Irish Oak that it was exported to various parts of the Continent, and it is said that the King of Leinster sent to William Rufus the oak with which the roof of Westminster Hall was built.

Carnew Castle the residence of John Tandy Boyce, Esq., was battered and left in a most ruined condition by Cromwell's army, from a rocky eminence above the Town, still bearing the name of the Protector, when the great Republican and Regicide was on his march from Dublin to Wexford.

On the 2nd July, 1798, the Rebels under the command of Garrett Byrne, proceeded from Kilcavan to Ballyraheene Hill, in the direction of Carnew; they were pursued by the Royal Forces, including the Coolatin Yeomanry, commanded by Captain Chamney, in all about 120 men. They endeavoured to gain the Hill, which was high and steep, before the Rebels, but in vain. However, although the enemy was most advantageously posted on the eminence and behind hedges, and in great force, the Yeomanry with a valour and impetuosity amounting to rashness, attacked them for three quarters of an hour, but at length had to retreat to avoid being surrounded. Captain Chamney and his nephew Captain Nixon and 17 privates were killed, and many wounded. A marble monument to the memory of Captain Chamney, commemorative of this event was erected in Carnew Church, by the Earl of Fitzwilliam.

The same energy which animated the Protestants of Wicklow in '98, the same manly virtues of loyalty and bravery which supported them in the deadly breach, have descended to their stalworth sons. These

descendants of brave men evinced in 1836 the same desire to uphold the Protestant Institution of the country, as was shewn by their fathers in '98. That the Orangemen were in great force in 1836, when the Grand Lodge was dissolved will be seen from the following extract shewing the strength of a few of the Lodges then meeting :—

No. of Lodge.	District.	Master.	No. of Members
801	Shillelagh.	Henry Morton.	91
860	Ovoca.	Thos. Mills King.	164
862	Newtownmountkennedy.	Earl of Rathdown.	140
902	Talbotstown.	John Parr.	77
942	Ovoca.	William Sherwood.	75
945	Ovoca.	Isaac A. Eccles.	163
1020	Newtownmountkennedy.	Richard Hudson.	271
1163	Talbotstown.	Rev. H. H. J. Westby.	122
1666	Shillelagh.	Abraham A. Nickson.	105
1739	Shillelagh.	Richard Bookey.	91

The tribute of admiration offered to the memory of Moore is in the 62nd Stanza referable generally to his transcendent genius as the first and sweetest of our lyrical Poets, who was, to use Lord Byron's complimentary language :—"The Poet of all circles, and the idol of his own." But the spirit of animosity which pervades his political works, both prose and verse, against Protestantism and its Institutions, must ever meet the contempt of all who would be Conservators of Loyalty and Truth.

Yet Moore, although a strong Partizan was not one of Daniel O'Connell's dupes. He was a man of too independant and discriminating a mind amidst his party to be led away by the Ignis Fatuus of the fertile, flashing, but illusory schemes of the "Liberator." A proof of this trait in Moore's character is to be found in the 2nd vol. of Lord Russell's Memoirs of Moore, page 73. In 1815 Moore paid a visit to Dublin, at which time O'Connell was gaining the ascendancy in the Catholic Board, and the Demagogues by whom he was surrounded acknowledged him as the centre of a circle every day enlarging and becoming more influential. The Marchioness Dowager of Donegal was the early friend and patron of Moore, and although utterly opposed to him in politics—her ladyship being a high Conservative; she admired him for his poetical talents, and regarded him for his private worth. In her solicitude for his welfare she feared that the enthusiasm of his spirit might be led away by the glaze of Irish Liberalism; she therefore wrote to Moore cautioning him lest he should commit himself with the treulent party then assuming a colossal attitude in the country. Moore's answer to the Marchioness as extracted by Lord Russell is as follows :—

Dublin, Monday, April 10th, 1815.

"Your letter deserved a much speedier answer, both to thank you for the very kind anxiety you have expressed about me, and to set your heart at rest upon the subject of them. If there is anything in the world that I have been detesting and despising more than another for this long time past, it has been these very Dublin politicians, whom you so fear I should associate with. I do not think a good cause was ever ruined by a more bigoted, brawling and disgusting set of demagogues; *and though it be the religion of my fathers* I must say that much of this vile vulgar spirit is to be traced to that *wretched faith* which is again polluting Europe with Jesuitism and Inquisitions, *and which of all the humbugs that ever stultified mankind is the most narrow and mischievous*—so much for the danger of my joining Messrs. O'Connell, O'Donnell, &c."

This letter—on the publication of the Memoirs—was received by the admirers of Moore's seditious and popish writings with astonishment and execration. They thought it impossible that the author of "Captain Rock," and "The Adventures of a Gentleman in search of a Religion" could have thus written so degradingly of their faith. The letter came out rather malapropos in another way, for just then a subscription was collecting to raise a Statue to the memory of the Poet, but the perusal of this phillipic against Popery checked the liberality of of the quondam admirers of the author of (as Moore himself called it), the Rebel Song "Oh! where's the Slave so lowly." The consequence of this unseasonable exposure of Moore's true sentiments about Popery, was, that the amount received for erecting the Statue fell very far short of the sum hoped to be realised. With this deficient fund (about £1800) was erected in College Street, Dublin, what is called Moore's Monument, a thing inappropriate in design, unfaithful in representation, and an insignificant memorial of him who bore the title of "The Bard of Erin."

Baltinglass.—Antiquarians suppose that this name is derived from Baal, Fin-glass, which means "The pure fire of Baal," and to have been one of the principal places where the Druids erected altars to that Pagan Deity.

FLORENCE COURT.

Stanza 66, page 33.

Around King William's flag were seen.—The names here set forth are only a very few of the brave men who flocked to King William's Standard, but those selected were the ancestors of noble and eminent Orangemen.

The first Orange Lodge was formed on the field of the battle of the Diamond, fought on Monday, 21st September, 1795. The County Armagh claims the paternity of the Institution, which extended widely and rapidly through the North, and previous to the year 1797 several County Grand Lodges were formed, but the awful forebodings of the times, darkened with the approaching storm of conflicting animosities, and which in '98 overwhelmed the country, warned the Protestants of the necessity of a closer Union, and more perfect organization of their strength, which they hoped would be, and eventually was, the protecting shield of their Faith and Liberties in the sanguinary and turbulent times which ensued. To perfect the discipline of the order and organize its strength, the Grand Lodge of Ireland was called into existence in the City of Dublin, on the 4th of April, 1798, when Thomas Verner, then

Grand Master for the Counties of Dublin, Fermanagh, Londonderry, and Tyrone was appointed the first Grand Master.

The following list of the first County Grand Masters of 1798-9, and also of those in office in 1836, (when the Grand Lodge was dissolved) may be acceptable:—

County.	Grand Master.	Date.		
Antrim.	William Atkinson, M.D.	—	1799	—
"	J. Watson, (Commodore)	—	—	1836
Armagh.	William Blacker.	1798	—	1836
Carlow.	Lieut. Colonel Rochfort.	1798	—	—
"	Joseph Fishborne.	—	—	1836
Cavan.	James H. Cottingham.	1798	—	—
"	Richard P. Bell.	—	—	1836
Cork Co.	William Longfield.	—	1799	—
"	Robert Hedges Eyre.	—	—	1836
Cork City.	Dr. Harding.	—	1799	—
"	Henry Brooke.	—	1799	—
Donegal.	Sir Edward Hayes, Bart.	—	—	1836
"	Earl of Annesley.	—	1799	—
Down.	Nichs. Delacherois Cromelin.	—	—	1836
Dublin Co.	Hon. Major Molesworth.	1798	—	—
"	Earl of Rathdown.	—	—	1836
Dublin City.	Thomas Verner.	1798	—	—
"	John J. Butler.	—	—	1836
Fermanagh.	Thomas Verner.	1798	—	—
"	Earl of Enniskillen.	—	—	1836
Kildare.	Samuel Montgomery.	—	1799	—
King's County.	Guy Atkinson.	—	—	1836
Leitrim.	William Perry.	1798	—	1836
Limerick.	Ralph Hill.	—	—	1836
Londonderry.	Thomas Verner.	1798	—	—
"	Rev. John Graham.	—	—	1836
Longford.	Sir Thos. Fetherstone, Bart.	—	1799	—
"	William L. Galbraith.	—	—	1836
Louth.	The Earl of Roden.	—	—	1836
Meath.	Hon. Randal Plunket.	—	—	1836
Monaghan.	Alexander Kerr.	—	1799	—
"	A. H. Montgomery.	—	—	1836
Queen's Co.	Chidley Coote.	—	—	1836
Roscommon.	Henry Fry.	—	—	1836
Sligo.	John Workman	—	1799	—
"	Edward Joshua Cooper.	—	—	1836
Tipperary.	Simon Langley.	1798	—	—
"	William P. Barker.	—	—	1836
Tyrone.	Thomas Verner.	1798	—	—
Trin. Col. Dublin	Edward Spencer, Dix.	—	—	1836
Waterford.	Sir Richard Musgrave, Bart.	1798	—	—
"	Thomas Harris.	—	—	1836
Westmeath.	William Webb, junr.	—	1799	—
"	Colonel G. S. Rochfort.	—	—	1836
Wexford.	The Right Hon. Geo. Ogle.	—	1799	—
"	R. W. Phaire.	—	—	1836
Wicklow.	Rev. Richard Powell.	—	1799	—
"	William Jones Westby.	—	—	1836

The Grand Lodge of Ireland soon became after its formation, to be the nucleus of the rank, talent, and loyalty of the country, and the concentration of such influences gave gigantic strength to the Orange Order, embracing as it did within the wide circle of its fraternity, men of all grades, from the peer to the peasant: thus it became the pride and protection of those who could declare in the language of the Royal Psalmist, "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for the brethren to dwell together in unity."

For nearly 40 years—from 1798 to 1836 the Grand Lodge continued to exercise its immense powers through the Press, on the platform, at the hustings, in the senate, and on the battle field, in upholding the crown of England, and the pure doctrines of Protestantism.

Ever obedient to the Law, and to the Chief Magistrate of the Law, the Sovereign of these Realms, the Grand Lodge received with dutiful submission, but deep regret, the desire of King William the IV. that the Orange Institution should be dissolved. The vital importance of "Dissolution" requiring the deepest consideration, a special meeting of the Grand Lodge was held in Dublin, when on the 14th April, 1836, after three days discussion, the resolution to dissolve *the Grand Lodge of Ireland* was passed, and it then ceased to exist.

To the honor of the Grand Lodge, let it be recorded that at no period was its strength, utility, or influence more apparent than when, bowing to the wishes of the King, it retired from the high position it had long held in the Institutions of the country. But let it be observed that the resolution adopted only dissolved the Grand Lodge, *not the Institution*. It, surrounded by those reminiscences which shed lustre over its history, merely retired, abiding its time again to stand forth the Champion of Protestantism, the enemy of Popery and the Avenger of Rebellion. Still (always and for ever) emblazoning on its banner the glorious "Orange," that watchword of the free and independent Loyalist.

If "titles set a gloss upon a name" our *name* was, when the Grand Lodge ceased, highly adorned with these embellishments, as the following list of the names of some of the Grand Officers at the time of the dissolution in 1836 will show:—

GRAND MASTER

Field Marshall His Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, K.G., &c.

PRELATE :

The Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Salisbury.

DEPUTY GRAND MASTERS :

The Right Honorable the Earl of Enniskillen.

Robert Hedges Eyre, Esq.

Colonel William Verner, M.P.

The Right Honorable Lord Cole, M.P.

The Right Honorable Lord Langford.

The Right Honorable Viscount Mandeville, M.P.

The Right Honorable the Earl of Roden.
 The Right Honorable the Earl of Rathdown.
 The Right Honorable Viscount Castlemaine.
 The Right Honorable Lord Farnham.
 The Most Noble the Marquis of Ely.
 The Most Noble the Marquis of Thomond.
 The Right Honorable Viscount Powerscourt.
 The Honorable Randal E. Plunkett.

*"Thomond whose blood from Irish Monarch's springs,
 And Farnham's royal line from British Kings."*

Stanza 78, page 42.

The Marquisate of Thomond is now extinct, but the lineage still survives in Lucius O'Brien, the present Lord Inchiquin.

That this very ancient family is descended from Brian Boru, we have the authority of Sir Bernard Burke, Ulster King of Arms. In his work on the extinct peerage, we find the following passage giving the lineage of the Thomond family :—"It has been" says O'Donoghue in his historical memoir of the O'Brien's—"The fortune of the race of O'Brien, to form an exception to those instances on which families once occupying a *regal* status, have after their declension sunk into obscurity. A reader of Irish History will find the names of the O'Brien's so often mentioned in the pages of its annals, that he cannot hesitate to conclude that, whether as Kings of the whole Island, or later of the southern half, or again, after the arrival of the Anglo-Norman, ruling their restricted principality of Thomond with independant authority, as asserted by Sir John Davis, of them and others the descendants of Brian Boru they have written their names in indelible characters in the history of their country. And notwithstanding the various changes which the state of society for so many ages have undergone, and the downfall of the ancient families of the country, we find that the descendants of O'Brien of the tributes still holding their own, while we may search in vain even among some of the royal houses on the continent of Europe for a line of greater antiquity, or one whose descent is more clearly traced thro' the historic records of their country," (O'Donoghue).

According to Sir Bernard Burke, Connor O'Brien—who on the authority of O'Donoghue was descended from Brian Boru—was inaugurated King, and Prince of Thomond in 1528—he died in 1540 and according to Brehon law, his brother Morrogh O'Brien was elected the O'Brien and Prince of Thomond. In 1543 he surrendered his royalty to Henry the VIII., who then created him Earl of Thomond and Baron of Inchiquin—from him descended these two noble branches. The earldom was elevated to a marquisate, 30th December, 1800, in the person of Murrogh O'Brien, who, in 1808 was succeeded by his nephew William, second Marquis, the Nobleman mentioned in the Poem; he was a Deputy Grand Master of the Orange Institution: dying without issue male, the title passed to his brother James, III. Marquis, who having died childless, the marquisate and earldom became extinct, but the Baronage of Inchiquin survived to Sir Lucius O'Brien, eldest brother

of the well-known William Smith O'Brien, of Ballingarry Cabbage Garden notoriety.

The noble house of Farnham is descended from the Rev. Robert Maxwell, who was second son of Sir John Maxwell, Knight of Calderwood in Scotland. He was sent over to Ireland in the latter end of Queen Elizabeth's reign by order of James VI. of Scotland, afterwards I. of England, in order to secure an interest for his Majesty here.

The title of Baron of Farnham was granted 6th May, 1736.

Sir Bernard Burke says in his "Peerage" that Lord Farnham claims descent from King Henry VII., through the noble families of Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, Grey, Duke of Suffolk, Seymour, Duke of Somerset, Boyle, Earl of Cork and Burlington Boyle, Earl of Shannon, and Butler, Earl of Carrick.



ORANGE MELODIES.



1 **The Royal Rose of England.**

AIR—"The Admiral."

The Royal Rose of England, the flower of Albion's
Queen,
The type of many a gallant deed, on land and on the
main ;
For merry England's blushing Rose, in rich imperial
hue,
Flash'd forth the sword at Agincourt, Trafalgar,
Waterloo ;
Like England's maid all beautiful appears the flow'ry
gem,
Like England's youth prepared for foes appears its
thorny stem ;
Thus Beauty's charms and Valor's worth in its fair
form is seen,
The Royal Rose of England, the flower of Albion's
Queen.

The Royal Rose of England, with all her fragrant
sighs,
Like England's own immortal fame, her perfume
never dies,
Like England's fame oh ! dearly bought, by many a
martyr'd saint,
All pure appears her virgin tint, unsullied, free from
taint ;
And when the soften'd dews of eve bespangle all her
leaves,
They're like the tears by Albion shed for poor un-
happy slaves,

Thus emblem'd in our blushing flower, Old England's
worth is seen,
The Royal Rose of England, the flower of Albion's
Queen.

The Royal Rose of England, our motto, and our type,
To fight for it our swords are true, our hearts for
battle ripe;
We'll take the bright example left when Orangemen
did join,
And fought for England, Truth, and Faith upon the
banks of Boyne.
Oh ! who would not stand man to man, the faulchion
bravely draw,
When sounds the war-cry gallantly, " Old England
and Nassau,"
And proudly on our Banner bear, o'er land and o'er
the main,
" The Royal Rose of England, the flower of Albion's
Queen !"

2 Who can tell, who can tell, where's the Land of the Free.

AIR—" To the West, to the West."

Who can tell, who can tell, where's the Land of the
Free?
Oh ! where lies that bright land, by mountain or sea ?
It is not where autocrats haughtily stride,
It is not where Emperors rule in their pride,
It is not where Kings are scarce under control;
It is not where Popery chains down the soul,

Nor yet, where Republican Slave lashes fall,*
That Hydra with sway more imperious than all.

Then where is, then where is this Land of the Free?—
It is where Britannia sits thron'd in the sea,
Where the valleys are blooming, the uplands are
bright,

Where the crown has its limits, the subject his right,
Where freedom triumphant attunes her bold lyre,
Where her altars blaze up with the holiest fire,
Where Nelson and Wellington gloriously rest
The Neptune and Mars of the Land of the West.

And the blood of true men bought this Land of the
Free,

In that Isle where the Boyne rolls along to the sea,
And Aughrim, and Derry and Oldbridge attest
That the Land of the Free is the Isle of the West,
Where the Papist was check'd and the Rebel smote
down

Who dared to assault England's Altar and Crown,
Where Rome was laid low in her arrogant pride,
Where triumph'd the faith for which Latimer died.

Have we not, have we not, recollections which cast
A hope o'er the future, a pride o'er the past?
Can we not look down upon bigot and slave,
And point to King William and Walker the brave;
And oh! when the festival hour shines out,
When wine cup and starlight shed lustre about
My bumper shall sparkle, my toast it shall be
"To William, the Boyne, and the Land of the Free."

* This was written before the late civil war between the
Northern and Southern *disunited* States of America.

3 The Trumpet of Glory.

AIR—"Will Watch."

The trumpet of glory has often victorious
Sung out the bold anthem, the chevaliers' song,
In praise of old England—old England the glorious—
Whose sons, like her bold waves, to freedom be-
long.

Emblazon'd on history's page is the story
Of spirits, as bold as the world ever saw ;
But none shone more bright in our annals of glory,
Than Wellington, Nelson, and Orange Nassau.

Old England had long ruled as Queen of the Ocean,
Her sons were all freemen, all Europe were slaves,
When infidel France, and proud Spain took a notion,
They'd conquer Britannia who rules o'er the waves.
Combin'd came their fleets—but they fled from the
lightning

Of Nelson, our Neptune, our bright ocean star,
Who fell, while around him was victory bright'ning,
For Nelson and England at famed Trafalgar !

Napoleon le Grand—ere his fortunes were darkling—
How glorious his upshot, his downfall, how quick ;
He rose like a rocket, all fiery and sparkling ;
He fell all as shabby, and dark as the stick.
He fought and he conquer'd—but England, oh, never,
For Wellington did his Imperials subdue ;
On the shield of Britannia emblazoned for ever—
In a halo of glory shall beam Waterloo !

I am proud of these battles—but, oh, I am prouder
Of one that was fought for my altar—my home ;
In its praise shall my song, and my plaudit be louder,

On my song floats my soul, as the wave bears the
foam.
For faith and for freedom, on earth and in heaven,
Did true men in fervor and piety join,
When the chains of the Papist were gloriously riven
By William of Orange, victorious at Boyne!

4 **The Throne and the Altar.**

AIR—"The Burial of Sir John Moore."

Round our fair British isles leap the surge and the
wave,
To guard us kind heaven decreed them,
Controll'd by no power which nought can enslave,
Like the waves, we're the true sons of Freedom.
Here dark superstition cannot cast her stings,
Nor show forth her faggot or halter,
But the spirit of freedom sheds light from her wings,
Surrounding the Throne and the Altar.

For famed Magna Charta our nobles have bled—
The shackles of slavery tearing ;
And in glory unfading they pass'd to the dead,
The temple of liberty rearing.
And there sits enthron'd Victoria our Queen,
No power on earth dare assault her ;
For wisdom and valour for ever have been
Surrounding the Throne and the Altar.

For our Protestant Faith to the axe were consigned
The martyrs, all virtuous and hoary,
And in blood their pure spirits to heaven resigned,
For the crowns which they now wear in glory.
Contempt on the sword that could slumber in rust—

Shame, shame on the heart that could falter ;
Flash forth, *if ye needs must*, ye swords of the just,
Surrounding the Throne and the Altar.

5 **Britannia's Wreath.**

AIR—"When Vulcan forged."

Britannia's high imperial brow !
What glories round her shine,
More bright than all the diamond glow
Of rich Golconda's mine ;
But so much light to soften down,
The goddess Flora wove a crown
Of flowers for England's majesty—
Britannia ! Sovereign of the Sea !

The goddess wove the chaplet fair
Of many a blooming flower ;
These gems of spring whose parents were
The sunbeam and the shower.
And there she blended all with smiles—
The emblems of the British Isles,
And types of England's chivalry,
Britannia ! Sovereign of the Sea !

With laurel leaf the crown she weaves,
Of Waterloo bespoke ;
And Trafalgar gave oaken leaves—
The leaf of British oak.
And there was England's blushing rose,
And Scotia's thistle, arm'd for foes ;
And Erin's shamrock twined for thee,
Britannia ! Sovereign of the Sea !

Then Loyalty with wings of light,
 One flowret fair would join ;
 It was the Orange Lilly bright—
 The Lilly of the Boyne.
 Britannia saw its golden hue,
 And hail'd the flower of old "True Blue"—
 The emblem of true loyalty,
 Britannia ! Sovereign of the Sea !

Long may she wear the golden crown,
 Encircled with that wreath ;
 May Glory shed her lustre down,
 May Faith its incense breathe.
 Come, Brother Orangemen, stand up,
 And fill the sparkling festive cup,
 And give this toast with three times three—
 "Britannia ! Sovereign of the Sea !"

6 To William's Name sound trumpet praise

AIR—"Rule Britannia."

To William's name sound trumpet praise,
 Who check'd dark Popery's vulture wing,
 To him your tuneful voices raise,
 And thus your Orange anthem sing—
 "Hail ! glorious, pious, immortal memory
 Of Great King William, who set us free."

The Nation lay in gloom and woes,
 For Popery shed its with'ring blight,
 Till Nassau's star for us arose,
 And gave the land to Freedom's light.
 Hail ! glorious, &c.

Ye valiant sons of martial sires,
 Who fought when rebel foes did join,
 Sing, while their deeds your bosom fires,
 Glory to him who won the Boyne.
 Hail! glorious, &c.

His lofty mind with wisdom stor'd,
 Illum'd the councils of the just;
 His chivalry, his flashing sword,
 Dash'd down the Papist to the dust.
 Hail! glorious, &c.

7

Hail to Great William.

AIR—"The Bay of Biscay."

Arise, and join in chorus,
 Ye sons of old True Blue,
 Great William's spirit o'er us,
 Protects the chosen few.
 He broke the Papist's chain,
 Nor let one link remain.

Matchless was he,
 Who set us free,
 Hail to Great William with three times three.

At Boyne's victorious water,
 Ye sons of old True Blue,
 Whose waves ran red with slaughter,
 And balls like hailstones flew.
 He beat the tyrant James,
 And checked rebellion's flames.
 Matchless was he, &c.

At Aughrim's plains, so famous,
 Ye sons of old True Blue,
 He beat the paltroon, *Shamus*,
 And all his Papist crew ;
 He laid them in the dust,
 For God was with the just.
 Matchless was he, &c.

At Londonderry's towers,
 Ye sons of old True Blue,
 Besieged by fiendish powers,
 No succour was in view ;
 But aid came up at last,
 The boom was broke and past.
 Matchless was he, &c.

Our Orange tree he planted,
 Ye sons of old True Blue,
 True hearts round it have panted,
 For it rains heavenly dew ;
 For it our father's blood,
 Was shed on field and flood.
 Matchless was he, &c.

8 The Landing at Torbay.

AIR—"Jeannette and Jeanott."

It was when England's glorious sun in sixteen eighty-
 eight,
 Was overcast with treason's cloud, and Popery stood
 elate,
 That up arose her Protestants, the peasant and the
 peer,

And vowed the chain of perjured James they would
not deign to wear ;
They sought them out a prudent chief to guide their
ardent zeal,
To lead them on, that victory might bless their
flashing steel,
And who so fit to guide that host in all its bright
array,
As William, Prince of Orange ere he landed at Torbay.

Then up arose the mighty chief and left his native
shore,
And rode upon the stormy waves our freedom to
restore ;
Upon his flag was blazon'd forth high fluttering o'er
the main,
That our religion and our laws he ever would
maintain ;
'Twas then in gallant style he stood upon the vessel's
prow,
With victory on his flashing sword and wisdom on
his brow,
And tens of thousands greeted him upon his natal day,
When he our glorious Orange chief first landed at
Torbay.

Come brethren of the orange bond, a bond ne'r to
be riven,
When e're we give great William's name, a bumper
must be given,
For if you'd fire a feu-de-joie, to him who victory
won ;
Come prime and load, and see you give a good charge
to your gun ;

The eloquence of bumpers full, there's nothing can
surpass,
There's nought expresses kindred souls, like friend-
ship's social glass,
And thus we give our song and toast with three
times three, huzza,
The memory of King William and his landing at
Torbay.

9

I've oft been asked.

AIR—"The Battle and the Breeze."

I've oft been asked by curious men,
Whose spleen I well could scan,
To give a reason why and when
I am an Orangeman ;
And as from such folks e'er to shrink,
It never was my plan,
I give them reasons, fair, I think,
Why I'm an Orangeman.

When Luther's lightnings crushed the Pope,
A shrine he did erect,
And holy men of grace and hope
Its temple did perfect.
And as *our Order*, link by link,
With Protestants began,
That is a reason, fair, I think,
Why I'm an Orangeman.

When William's cannon roar'd aloud—
Its lightnings winged by fate,
Then rose our Constitution proud,
In Sixteen-eighty-eight ;

For it, upon destruction's brink,
Our sires led on the van,
And that's a reason, fair, I think,
Why I'm an Orangeman.

To guard that Faith, which, like the sun,
Is not of this world's light;
To guard that Constitution won
At Boyne's immortal fight;
To purify from Popery's sink,
To check rebellion's clan;
All these are reasons, fair, I think,
Why I'm an Orangeman.

To meet such hearts as here unite,
While joyous minutes pass,
And hail the hour whose festal light,
Now sparkles in our glass;
To them to fill, and fill and drink,
Tho' life were but a span,
That is a reason, fair, I think,
Why I'm an Orangeman.

10

John Wickliffe,

(1377.)

AIR—"Scots wha hae."

Ere the light of Luther rose,
Like the sun when morning glows,
To dispel the clouds of those
Whom the truth would mar;
Bold did Wickliffe's spirit come—

Loud exposed unhallow'd Rome,
Beaming o'er its fated dome—
The Reformation's Star !

Begging Friars—Monkish crew—
Popish pride, and avarice too ;
Bigotry that round it threw,
Priestcraft, wide and far ;
Superstition's sinful rite—
Foul as witchcraft's gloomy night ;
All by Wickliffe brought to light—
The Reformation Star !

Men look'd up— began to hope,
When his tongue took fearless scope ;
“ Antichrist,” he called the Pope,
In his idol car.
Mitred Pontiff ! Sceptred King !
All the ills their hate could bring
Could not check his daring wing—
The Reformation Star !

Oh let us in very sooth—
Gray-hair'd sire, stalworth youth—
Men who know the blessed truth—
Won through fire and war ;
Sons of William, nobly rise !
Look above ! Your guidance lies—
Wickliffe !—in the radiant skies—
The Reformation Star !

MARTIN LUTHER.

11 When Martin Luther stood alone.

AIR—"The Harp that once."

When Martin Luther stood alone,
Unawed by Leo's frown,
He shook dark Superstition's throne,
And dashed its Idol down.
Then Freedom, like the dawning East,
When breaks the clouds of night,
In pure Religion's snowy vest,
Arose on wings of light.

When Popery, with Monkish guile,
That dark and gloomy Gnome,
Had doom'd that fair Britannia's Isle
Should be the slave of Rome,
Then Freedom sought the battle field,
Array'd for Faith and Light,
And arm'd with holy spear and shield,
Arose on wings of light.

Yes, Freemen fought by Boyne's red wave,
Where William's lightning flew;
Yes, Freedom smiled upon the brave,
And bless'd the swords they drew;
And when we fill the goblets brim,
In memory of that fight,
Then Freedom sings her glorious hymn,
And soars on wings of light.

12

Philip Melancthon.

(1755.)

AIR -- "Rousseau's Dream."

When arose the Reformation—
When its light did first appear—
What a glorious constellation
Brightened up the hemisphere.
Zealous men were seen to cluster—
Filled with truth, and faith, and love;
Stars on earth which drew their lustre
From the fount of light above.

Luther was the sun resplendent
Of this galaxy of light,
And around him were attendant
Many a shining satellite.
And amidst the troop of spirits,
In whom deeply were imbued
All the virtues man inherits—
Mild Melancthon brightly stood.

Oh! he was so kind a mortal—
Full of gentlest sympathies—
Soul more pure to heaven's portal
Never sought the glorious skies.
Learning's lamp his mind enlighten'd,
Candour kept him free from art;
Truth his soul with wisdom brighten'd,
Piety refined his heart.

Here below all would be darkling,
Were we left without the light
Which illumed this spirit sparkling—
Guiding us through error's night.

Like his heart—all pious, loving—
Be our hearts in unity;
To the world for ever proving
Orangemen's fraternity.

13

Hugh Latimer.

(1855.)

ARR—"Farewell to the mountain."

Behold! oh terrific! they've led to the stake
Their victim, whose courage no torture could shake;
All pious, unshrinking, he looks to the skies:
For Truth—for the Gospel—Hugh Latimer dies!

All true and prophetic, to Ridley he cried—
Ere the fire enwrapt them while chain'd side by side;
"Oh! this day in England," he cried with a shout,
"We've lighted a candle that ne'er shall go out."

Behold! oh behold him!—the Champion of Faith—
Bathe his hands in the fire, and look fearless on death,
And piously cried out, while flames round him roll,
"O Father of Heaven! receive, oh, my soul!"

Oh joyous, oh joyous—the spirit's released—
All heaven lies open—the anguish has ceased;
And a crown and a glory did Latimer win—
For the blood of the martyrs had wash'd away sin.

Oh let us, oh let us, for faith and for right,
Like Latimer, put on the "armour of light;"
'Tis the spirit of valour—'tis the spirit of prayer—
'Tis the shield of the Christian—oppose him who dare.

14

John Knox.

AIR—"Auld lang syne."

Dark clouds of error spreading wide
 Had hid the Light Divine,
 And Rome, in idol pomp and pride,
 Profaned the Altar's shrine ;
 But from afar, these ills to mar,
 And check their Monkish guile,
 Arose John Knox, a glorious Star—
 The Star of Scotia's Isle !

An instrument of Providence
 To advocate the Truth,
 With soul as warm, and zeal intense,
 In age as ardent youth ;
 All ills to brave—a galley slave,
 A prisoner, an exile,
 Was he who lash'd each Popish knave—
 The Star of Scotia's Isle !

Like Luther, bold and eloquent,
 Like Calvin, holy, pure,
 Like William, all his spirit went,
 Man's freedom to secure.
 Oh let us then, true Orangemen,
 Deserve all good men's smile,
 Like him who fear'd not thousands ten—
 The Star of Scotia's Isle !

15

John Wesley.

(1703.)

AIR—"The heart bowed down—"

There is a pure and holy light,
 A light of peace and love,

Its beams are tinged with softened light,
From glory's fount above ;
It guides the man through woe or weal—
Life's changes to endure,
It fills with hope, it fills with zeal,
"The upright heart and pure."

On life's dark sea, man's fragile bark,
By passion's whirlwind driven,
Were lost without some star to mark
Its course to peace and heaven.
But o'er the waste has many a star
Its guiding lustre thrown ;
And bright amongst the brightest far,
John Wesley's spirit shone.

To watch and kneel, to pray and praise,
To supplicate for grace,
To win the heart by soothing ways
Into the paths of peace ;
To lend the soul a spirit's wing,
And teach it thus to ask,
"Oh ! death, oh ! death, where is thy sting !"
Was Wesley's holy task.

To bless these Isles there did arise
Two men of fame and worth :
Wesley won freedom in the skies,
William won it on earth.
Oh ! let us then through peace, through strife,
With zeal and pious awe,
Follow John Wesley's holy life,
The valour of Nassau.

16 When Adam from the earth arose.

AIR—"Oh, Pilot 'tis a fearful night"

When Adam from the earth arose,
And burst its dark control.
And warmed with celestial fire.
"Became a living soul."
With golden harps did angels hymn
The heavenly decree—
"No clouds of error e'er shall dim
The mind—it shall be free!"

As ages swept like waves along
The ocean tide of time,
False creeds arose, and priestly craft,
And bigotry, and crime;
But none e'er used such artful means
As monkish Popery
To bind in adamantine chains,
The mind, which should be free.

But Reason's lightnings rent in twain,
Proud superstition's dome;
And Luther dashed into the dust,
The triple-crown of Rome.
The martyr's faith, the patriot's zeal,
The hero's chivalry,
Cried out through flashing fire and steel—
"The mind—it shall be free!"

And never did in human heart
Such aspirations pant,
More bright and true than that which fired

The Irish Protestant.
 Oh ! glorious Derry, Aughrim, Boyne,
 There Orange victory
 Stood shouting over monkish cowl—
 “ The mind—it shall be free !”

17

Ye Sons of Nassau.

AIR—“ Come cheer up my lads 'tis to glory we steer”

Sung at the Banquet given to the Honorable John Hillyard Cameron, Esq., Q.C., Grand Master of British North America, on the 4th February, 1861, at Reynold's Hotel, Upper Sackville Street, Dublin.

Ye sons of Nassau, of the old fatherland,
 Of sires whom William at Boyne did command ;
 Up, up, energetic and show to the world
 That the old Orange Flag shall be ever unfurl'd,
 Arise in a phalanx of ten thousands ten,
 Loyal and steady,
 Yet ever ready,
 To stand by your colours again and again.

Lo ! the spirit of Freedom which glows in each breast,
 Sheds light from her wing o'er the land of the west,
 O'er the mighty Atlantic her lightnings have blazed,
 On Canada's green fields her altars are raised,
 Where the bold and freeborn in town and in glen,
 Are true men, steady,
 Wide awake, ready
 To stand by their colours again and again.

CONTEMPT on the courtier, the sycophant slave,
 Who try'd to dishonour the loyal and brave,
 Who would tutor his Prince upon true men to frown,

Whose fathers had bled in defence of his Crown.
But TORONTO and KINGSTON told Newcastle then
That they were steady,
Aye up and ready,
To stand by their colours again and again.

Our brother Canadians have sent us their Chief.
May his moments of stay be as bright as they're brief;
Brave Scotia we greet with her tartan so bright,
For a son of CLAN CAMERON smiles here to-night,
With Pibroch and Claymore these blue bonnet-
men,
Martial and steady,
Ever are ready,
To stand by their colours again and again.

Come fill us a bumper of sparkling Champagne,
And drink to our guest who has come o'er the main,
May his life flow on smooth like a bright sunny wave,
And decline come on calm like a midsummer eve,
To the cause that he champions, and Canada's men,
Orangemen steady,
Wide awake, ready,
Give three times hurra, and again and again.

18

The Pilgrim.

AIR—"The Ivy Green"

A pilgrim once on a journey went,
The way was mysterious and dark,
No shelter of house, or tree, or tent,
No star the course to mark;
But toil was beguiled, by dreams of a child,

Whispered soft in his ear,
And a power and spell around him fell—
'Twas awful, but 'twas not fear :
Darkly, shadowy, all around,
The pilgrim travelled the mystic ground.

And the whisper told, how in power and gold,
He who once was a slave did move ,
How anger slept, and affection wept,
In pure fraternal love !
And the whisper told how a dying breath
Sought out its last home—the tomb ;
And around him hung the signs of death,
In silence and in gloom.
Darkly, &c.

And the whisper again came close to his ear—
Mount Horeb was the theme ;
When, lo ! o'er his dark path did appear
The flash of a brilliant flame.
And a fiery serpent crossed his path,
And a limb was withered in pain ;
But it seemed the power subdued its wrath,
For the limb was whole again.
Darkly, &c.

And often he climbed the mountains height,
In darkness and toil went he,
'Till at length he saw a vision bright,
Rise out of the dark blue sea.
Then a whirlwind rose and dashed him about,
Which filled his soul with dread ;
And the elements roared a thundering shout,
As he lay like one that was dead.
Darkly, &c.

But he quaff'd new life from a mystic cup,
 Never made by human hand ;
 And invisible beings bore him up
 In a' chariot through the land.
 Then a flood of light burst on his sight,
 And symbols and signs he found, .
 Which none e'er knew, but a Pilgrim true,
 Who travelled the mystic ground ;
 Brightly glowed the Israel lights,
 Bright were the ranks of the mystic knights.

Let the festive glass glow full and bright,
 And this the toast be given—
 Here's to the chosen true Black Knight,
 Of three, five, seven, eleven !
 Who drank of the cup when faint for breath,
 Who rode the whirlwind's blast ;
 Who passed amid thunder, as if to death,
 But who saw the glory at last
 Hail then, hail then,
 Hail to Israel's golden lights,
 Hail to the Orange true Black Knights.

19 I Travelled once a pleasant Road.

ARR—"Auld Lang Syne"

I travelled once a pleasant road,
 Where *Orange* lillies grew,
 And o'er a rugged hill I strode,
 With *purple* heather blue.
 Then up a mountain *black* I went
 In darkness, 'twas my lot,
 Yet brightly saw from the descent,
 But I wont tell you what.

Then hail the bright and solemn rite,
Of our mysterious seven,
And hail the knight, who saw the light,
Of mystical eleven.

Yet ere I reached the mountain top,
I travel'd round and round,
And tho' I was supported up,
I sank upon the ground;
Then hands unseen refreshment brought,
That cup can't be forgot;
And words of wisdom I was taught,
But I wont tell you what
Then hail, &c.

'Midst fiery snakes and thunder shocks,
I passed the desert sand,
Until I reached the rugged rocks,
Then met a friendly hand,
And types of death were round me thrown,
Expressive of our lot,
And Mystic lights I then was shown,
But I wont tell you what.
Then hail, &c.

If you would wish to be advanc'd,
If you wish to rise,
If you would have your work enhanced,
If you'd wish to be wise,
If you would see the Israel light,
If you would make your vow,
Come and be made a true Black Knight,
And then I'll tell you how.
Then hail, &c.

20

The Zodiac.

AIR—"Burns' Farewell"

Lo! where the azure arch expands,
Where Sol the gates of light unbars,
Astronomy's high temple stands,
Amidst the ever glowing stars ;
And he who would approach the shrine,
Must know each planet, trace its track ;
He must know each celestial *sign*,
He must know all the *Zodiac*.

And at the porch stands sentinel,
A prudent sage in thoughtful mood,
Who *tiles* the door, and will repel
The *vulgar* fool who would intrude.
For some have studied falling stars,
And meteors lost in vapours black ;
Oh! they are false astronomers,
They never knew the *Zodiac*.

A youth approached, and entrance sought,
The sage bid him the stars define ;
But he, the science ne'er was taught,
He knew no name, or *word*, or *sign*.
"Away, thou false one," cried the sage,
"Thou'rt one of that ignoble pack
Who never read the mystic page,
Who never knew the *Zodiac*."

Another youth knock'd at the gate,
Who took his lessons from the wise ;
He knew why lesser stars await
On greater glories of the skies.
"Come in, come in," the guardian cries,
"True men like you should not stand back ;
Thou'lt ne'er *betray* the mysteries,
You love too well the *Zodiac*."

I'll give a toast, and I prefer
My native glass to foreign wine;
"Here's to the true astronomer
Who knows the *system* and the *sign*;
Whom I have tried, and found him just,
Who'd sooner suffer on the rack,
Ere he'd betray his *mystic trust*,
The man who knows the *Zodiac*!"

21 One night when sunk in slumber.

AIR—"I'd mourn the hopes that leave me."

One night when sunk in slumber,
And silence and midnight spread,
That spell which doth encumber
The senses, like one that's dead,
A vision, strange and darkling,
Came vivid through my ardent brain;
But, oh! its close, how sparkling!
For ever shall its light remain.

Methought I stood in darkness,
A deep silence round about,
All void, all blank, all markless—
My soul filled with fear and doubt;
When, lo! a gentle spirit
Flew to my ear and whisper'd thus:
"Come! and you shall inherit
The light that's reserved for us."

Then with arrangements various,
He robed me in curious dress;
All silent, dark, mysterious,
No word did his lips express.
We pass'd into a portal,
Where stood a guardian armed bright,
Who spoke of man that's mortal,
Who never had seen the light.

More strange became the vision,
My bosom felt the point of death ;
With suffering, yet decision,
I flew o'er deserts faint for breath.
I *felt* the *hand* of trial,
I lay as if amongst the dead ;
I found the fiery vial
Of ordeal poured on my head.

Away, away, I hurried,
The spirit bearing up my flight ;
In deserts now was buried,
Now often leap'd a fearful height,
'Midst clash, and stamp, and thunder ;
At length I found a resting place,
And said, with fear and wonder,
" My prayer, my vow," then all was peace.

Oh ! glorious was my dream then,
Away, away, the darkness flew ;
Around me light did beam then,
And dear friends, the chosen few.
Like starry architecture,
The types and lights were shown to me,
And then a pious lecture
Explained all their mystery.

Hail ! hail ! thou Purple Order,
That tests the true in heart and soul,
I'll praise it through earth's border,
From equator unto the pole.
Come, purple wine, no other
Should grace a purple meeting thus ;
Be this our toast, dear brother,
" Here's all who *felt* and *feel* like us."

22

Behold the Cup.**THREE, FIVE, SEVEN, ELEVEN.****AIR—**“The Battle and the Breeze.”

Behold the cup of festal rite,
Come fill it up with wine,
Present it to the chosen knight,
At friendship's hallow'd shrine.
'The soul of song now mounting up
On wings of gleaming light,
Will hover o'er the festive cup,
To hail the chosen knight.
Then fill to him,
Unto the brim,
Who three great lights did see,
Who knows the wisdom that is taught
By ancient number Three !

Let Wealth her golden coffers fill,
Or bounteous aid impart ;
Yet all the kinder feelings chill
When avarice grasps the heart.
I care not for the wealthy fool—
Let splendour lead the van ;
Give me, it is a golden rule—
A generous, humble man.
Then fill to him,
Unto the brim,
Who proudly did arrive,
To know the wisdom that is taught
By mystic number Five !

Let Learning pilot through the dark,
And shed her light about ;
Yet oft she guides the fragile bark
O'er seas of impious doubt.

I prize the man, whose highest lore
In holy writ I trace—
Who walks where virtue points before—
Through "all her paths of peace."
Then fill to him,
Unto the brim,
Who ignorance hath riven ;
Who knows the wisdom that is taught
By learned number Seven !
Let high philosophy go preach,
And trace effect to cause,
And all their metaphysics teach,
And lay down social laws.
But all the maxims that they know,
In one heart here unite—
The heart that can forgive a foe,
And love a brother knight.
Then fill to him,
Unto the brim,
For unto him is given,
To know the wisdom that is taught
By glorious Eleven !
Fraternal spirit ! here thou art—
Methinks I see thee pass ;
Thou animatest up my heart,
Thou flutterest o'er my glass.
Thy soothing spells around me swim,
While soul to soul unite ;
And thus they whisper, " fill to him—
To him the chosen knight !"
Then fill to him,
Unto the brim,
May life to its declining,
Flow like a stream in summer's beam—
All flowery, smooth, and shining.

23 Ye sons of the Patriarch Joseph.

AIR—"The Red, White, and Blue"

Ye sons of the Patriarch Joseph,
Ye knights of the sable and mark,
Oh ! guard with an eye reverential,
The mysteries that dwell in the ark ;
There are types for the initiated,
There are emblems of beautiful hue,
And thus is my breast decorated
With Black, and with Orange and Blue.

Ye sons of the Patriarch Joseph,
When unto the ark you ascend,
Three steps will assist your progression,
On five points your love will depend.
The dove with the branch elevated
The hopes of the chosen and few,
For these is my breast decorated
With Black, and with Orange and Blue.

Ye sons of the Patriarch Joseph,
We're promised a rainbow of light,
And o'er us there beameth a halo,
A Royal Arch, purple and bright.
In wisdom and truth elevated,
Our order stands forth to the view,
Therefore is my breast decorated
With Black, and with Orange and Blue.

24 'The Royal Irish Blackbird.

AIR—"Pow, wow, wow"

Mankind is like the feathered tribe, for some fly high
and some low.
Some rattle out their lively song, and some sing
small and so so ;

The midnight rakes turn day to night, like Owls in
cave or grotto,
Teetotallers are Ducks and Drakes, for water is their
motto.

Chorus—Sing boys, sing, all about the merry birds,
Sing boys, sing.

King William was a noble bird, a Royal soaring
Eagle ;

King James became a Vulture foul, and lost his
plumage regal ;

George Walker was a Pelican, who fed his young
when sore pressed ;

But Lundy was a dirty bird, who would befoul his
own nest.

Sing boys, sing, &c.

Great Wellington, old England's Bird, he was a
fighting gamecock ;

Smith O'Brien was a chicken-hearted, *cabbage garden*
shy-cock ;

Great Garibaldi, Freedom's chief, bold as a Hawk
in wars rank ;

And there's the Pope, with scarlet stockings, why he
is but a redshank,

Sing boys, sing, &c.

Great Nelson, when Napoleon man's liberties would
fetter all,

With England's lightning's swept the seas, and rose
a stormy Petrel ;

O'Connell did his thousands dupe, did fob the rent,
and fail to them,

What was he but a Mocking Bird, when promising
“ *Rapale* ” to them ?

Sing boys, sing, &c.

There's Sir John Gray, the Vartry Knight, so
quacking and loquacious ;
 He's like unto a Turkey Cock, pugnacious and
 audacious ;
 Ex-Mayor M'Swiney, Peacock like, his vanity can't
 smother,
 Gets drunk, flings off his Golden Chain *to praise his*
old Grandmother.

Sing boys, sing, &c.

Paul Cullen, that ill-omen'd bird, has something of
 the Raven,
 Like it, he is insatiate, our Church lands he is
 craving ;
 The Raven is a bird of prey, eats little ducklings,
 little chicks,
 And Paul voracious, Raven like, would gobble up
 the heretics.

Sing boys, sing, &c.

There's Mr. Pim of "thee's and thou's," and Papists
 quite the stump, man,
 Sprung from the nest of William Penn, King James's
 smooth corrupt man ;
 This meal-man with his corn mills, if 'gainst our church
 he'll dare to speak,
 We'll tread upon his corns, "oh ! Pim your're but a
 corn creak."

Sing, boys sing, &c.

Mob orators' like Parrots prate ; bank clerks they
 are Goldfinches ;
 And some like stealthy Magpies, nibble, stealing by
 sly inches ;
 Some men like Game Cocks, fighting birds, and of
 their battles boasted ;
 While some prefer a simple Goose, especially when
 roasted.

Sing boys, sing, &c.

But as for me, one of the few, the chosen few of Gideon,
I love the *Orange* paroquet, the *Purple* glossy Pigeon ;
And there's another bird I love, and take me on my
true word,

I love him for his sable wing, the *Royal Irish*
Blackbird.

Sing boys, sing, all about our Blackbird, &c.

Come all ye songsters, fill your glass, in praises of
our bird sing,

And drink contempt on all these men, who'd clip his
glossy *black* wing,

And this my toast, my pride, my boast, my sentiment
and true word,

Here's glory to his sable wing, my ROYAL IRISH
BLACKBIRD. Sing boys, sing, &c.

25 Ye Protestant Boys, ye Sons of Nassau.

AIR—"Protestant Boys."

Ye Protestant boys, ye sons of Nassau,

While thus ye partake festivity's joys,

Come, join in the chorus, and shout an hurra !

And sing in the praise of the Protestant boys.

The sword may sleep,

But watch we'll keep,

And baffle the tricks which the Papist employs ;

United for ever,

No power can sever

The links which connect the Protestant boys.

In the Pulpit they stood, and faith gave them strength,

And truth they upheld with eloquent fire ;

From Luther, who pull'd down Pope Leo the Tenth,

To Gregg, who defeated Father Maguire.

Like gold that shines

In deep, dark mines,

So truth appears brighter when freed from alloys,
 United for ever,
 No power can sever .
The links which connect the Protestant boys.

Like clusters of stars in the firmament set,
 In the senate they've stood with wisdom and zeal ;
And the fire that beamed around Eldon and Pitt,
 Enniskillen inflames for the Protestant weal.
 Around the throne,
 Like truth they've shone,
In circles of light which no error destroys ;
 United for ever,
 No power can sever
The links which connect the Protestant boys.

Their flag they've unfurl'd as lords of the main,
 When Elizabeth sent brave Drake o'er the waves ;
And Nelson, immortal, who taught France and Spain,
 That Protestant boys should ne'er be slaves.
 Along the deep
 Their lightnings sweep,
And hushed is the Papist, his vapour and noise ;
 United for ever,
 No power can sever
The links which connect the Protestant boys.

Victorious they've stood on the red field of fight,
 With Marlboro' and Wellington's conq'ring sword ;
But the Champion of champions for freedom and right,
 Was that Protestant boy, King William the Third ;
 At Aughrim's plains
 He broke our chains ;
At Boyne roared his cannon with loud *feu de jois*,
 United for ever,
 No power can sever
The links which connect the Protestant boys.

26

Ye Orangemen of Ireland.

AIR—"Ye Gentlemen of England who live at home at ease."

Ye Orangemen of Ireland,
Who guard our ancient rights,
Whose fathers bore Old England's flag
Amidst a thousand fights;
Uphold the glorious name they've left,
These chief and veterans hoar,
And be true
To the hue
Which your Orange fathers wore,
When they hailed the trumpets' brazen blast,
And thundering cannons roar!
There is no need their deeds to tell,
To ask the poet's theme,
For history's immortal page
Has chronicled their fame,
And yet 'tis sweet in lyric verse,
To tell it o'er and o'er,
While the muse
Shall infuse
A fire through every pore,
Like to the trumpets' brazen blast,
And thundering cannons roar!
It was in sixteen-eighty-eight,
For violated laws;
For trampled rights, for holy faith,
For outraged freedom's cause;
Uprose the Protestants to arms,
And called from Holland's shore,
That great chief,
Whose relief,
Our Papal bondage tore,
When blew the trumpets' brazen blast,
And thundering cannons roar.

Then coward James fled off to France—
But mischief did not lag ;
For soon in Ireland he thought
To plant his perjured flag.
He came, he came with marshal chiefs,
And men in thousands more ;
And his brand,
O'er the land
Did desolation pour ;
Then blew the trumpets' brazen blast,
And thundering cannons roar !

Oh ! then the spirit of our sires,
At Hillsborough did unite ;
The valiant Enniskilleners
Rushed eager to the fight.
At Aughrim, Limerick, Cork, Athlone,
Their battle-shout did soar,
And the fire
Of their ire,
Its lightning flash did pour ;
When blew the trumpets' brazen blast,
And thundering guns did roar !

At Derry's walls its martyrs braved
Pale famine and red slaughter ;
And Orangemen fought, bled, and won
At Boyne's ensanguined water.
And thus from castle, tower, and town,
From valley, hill, and shore,
The true
Sons of blue
Drove the Papist foe before ;
When blew the trumpets' brazen blast,
And thundering cannons roar !

27

Keep Rebellion down.

AIR—"Cruiskeen Lawn."

It is a pleasant thing
To hear a brother sing
Of glorious deeds of Orangemen's renown ;
The song our bosom fires,
To emulate our sires,
Who fought to keep rebellion down, down, down,
Who fought to keep rebellion down.

Oh ! valiant stood these men,
On mountain and in glen,
Through fire, flood, and famine's horrid frown ;
The Holy Light of Truth
Led on both sage and youth,
Who fought to keep rebellion down, down, down,
Who fought to keep rebellion down.

For when the rebel band
With blood-track stained the land,
And would pollute the Altar and the Crown,
Our sires did unite,
Like a phalanx flashing light,
And fought to keep rebellion down, down, down,
And fought to keep rebellion down.

In Sixteen-eighty-eight,
Impelled by bigot hate,
Which all the force of conscience could not drown,
King James broke faith and trust ;
But, oh ! he roused the just
To rise and keep rebellion down, down, down,
To rise and keep rebellion down.

With superstition drunk
Came Papist, Lord, and Monk,
Their troops like locusts o'er the land were strown ;
But, oh ! a flame was lit,
Which blasted Jesuit,
And dashed their foul rebellion down, down, down,
And dashed their foul rebellion down.

Be witness Aughrim's field,
Enniskillen's ample shield,
And Derry's bold unconquerable town ;
And Limerick, and Athlone,
All, all have proudly shewn
The fire which kept rebellion down, down, down,
The fire which kept rebellion down.

Then dreadful "Ninety-eight,"
Made fierce by Popish hate,
And infidel, republican, and clown ;
But the maxims of Tom Paine
Fled like mists across the main, [down,
From those who fought to keep rebellion down, down,
From those who fought to keep rebellion down.

Be witness Tara's hill,
Where blood ran like a rill ;
Be witness Enniscorthy's blazing town ;
And Ross's dread onslaught,
Where Orange Yeomen fought,
And bled to keep rebellion down, down, down ,
And bled to keep rebellion down.

In "Eighteen-hundred-three,"
When Emmett's phantasie
Thought Dublin Castle would be all his own ;

But his visionary view
 Was dispell'd like morning dew [down,
 From the light that rose to keep rebellion down, down,
 From the light that rose to keep rebellion down.

Then shabby "Forty-eight"—
 "Young Ireland," and its prate,
 Whose cowardice has Ballingarry shewn;
 O'Brien, Mitchell, Meagher,
 A silly trio were, [down,
 Against the men who kept rebellion down, down,
 Against the men who kept rebellion down.

Yet they dared on Aughrim's day
 "Forty-nine," at Dollysbræ,
 Upon our Orange banner for to frown;
 But they fled before the fires
 Of the sons of Orange sires,
 Who fought to keep rebellion down, down, down,
 Who fought to keep rebellion down.

We shall venture life and limb,
 We have spirits ne'er shall dim,
 We have noble hearts for Altar and for Crown.
 For freedom and for faith,
 We'll stand unto the death,
 And fight to keep rebellion down, down, down,
 And fight to keep rebellion down.

28 The Orange Yeomanry of '98.

AIR—"Paddies Evermore."

I'm an humble Orangeman, my father he was one—
 The mantle which the sire wore has fallen to the son;
 He ranked with those who quelled their foes—the
 foes of Church and State,
 The gallant Orange Yeomanry who fought in Ninety-
 eight!

The light which led their spirits on o'er battle-field
did shine,
Each breast was freedom's temple pure, each heart
was freedom's shrine ;
As sinks the day in glorious ray, some sunk—and
bright their fate—
The gallant Orange Yeomanry who fought in Ninety-
eight !

Behold the Orange peasant, or the Orange artizan ;
Go view his home, observe his ways—you'll find it
is his plan,
Through woe or weal with godly zeal, true men to
imitate—
The gallant Orange Yeomanry who fought in Ninety-
eight !

To guard the Faith which Luther preached—the
rights which William won,
The Orangeman relies upon his bible and his gun ;
He prays for peace—yet war will face, should rebels
congregate—
Like them, the Orange Yeomanry who fought in
Ninety-eight !

“ Who fears to speak of '98? ”—this was the silly note
Of one who was afraid to put his name to what he
wrote ;
He was afraid—they're all afraid—they know we'll
gag their prate,
As did the Orange Yeomanry who fought in Ninety-
eight !

In peace, like watchful silent stars, can Orangemen
remain,
In war their energies are like, the surges of the main ;

Or like the mountain torrents rush, that never knows
retreat,
Would be their onset, like to them who fought in
Ninety-eight !

A toast, brave boys—" God save the Queen"—come
raise the sparkling glass—
For England's Church, and England's Throne, we'll
stand in danger's pass ;
And drink to every Orangeman who'd smile, though
death await,
As did the Orange Yeomanry who fought in Ninety-
eight !

29 The Champions of Protestantism.

AIR—" The fine old English gentleman."

When Leo filled the papal chair, enthron'd above
mankind,
When grand processions charm'd the sense, when
Monks enslav'd the mind ;
When sinners bought indulgences for crimes, from
impious Rome,
And Priests heap'd up the shining gold to build Saint
Peter's dome,
And holy faith and simple rite had none to plead
their Cause.

Then up arose a learned Monk, with indignation
fraught,
Beneath his dark Augustine cowl flash'd forth the
light of thought ;
And Martin Luther's eloquence on foul corruption
burst—
Its lightnings shatter'd Popery and laid it in the dust ;
He was the Prince of Protestants—first Champion
of the Cause.

Then o'er our British isles arose the Reformation's star,
Whose light the Priests of bloody Mary did their
best to mar ;

But, oh, the faith which truth bestows no tyranny
could shake,

And Cranmer, Ridley, Latimer, for it died at the stake;
Oh ! they were martyr Protestants—pure Champions
of the Cause.

Then glorious Queen Elizabeth wore England's
diadem,

With Protestant ascendancy in it the brightest gem ;
She bore the sceptre of the land—the trident of the
main,

And scattered o'er the stormy seas the Armada of
Spain ;

She was a royal Protestant, and Champion of the
Cause.

Then came the leader of our host, of glorious memory,
Who led the Irish Protestants to fight and victory ;
And pious Walker, soldier priest, the guard of Derry's
gate,

Who, at the Battle of the Boyne met with a bloody
fate ;

Oh ! they were valiant Protestants—bold Champions
of the Cause.

Oh ! may these Stars of intellect—of virtue, vaolur,
truth,

Cheer up the aged Orangeman, and guide the ardent
youth ;

And with this pious sentiment I'll consecrate my glass
And toast their mem'ries who put down the Jesuit
and the mass—

“ The glorious band of Protestants—true Champions
of the Cause.

30 Our Glorious Institution.

AIR—"Maggie Lauder"

Let Victory sound the soldier's fame,
And raise the trophy column ;
Let learning's bright and honor'd name
Illuminate the volume.

Let poets breath immortal song—
The muse their fancy firing ;
Let patriots rise a glorious throng—
To freedom's shrine aspiring.

While heroes, bards and sages, thus
Are prized, and praised in story ;
Say what achievement is for us—
On which to build our glory ?
Oh yes, we point, with hearts *elate*,
To light that's no illusion—
The Star of "Sixteen eighty-eight"—
Our glorious Institution !

The obelisk, the pyramid,
Built by some proud projector,
Were raised to show what great men did—
They live in architecture ;
But, oh ! our temples far more great,
Built by freemen's communion ;
Our pyramid of "Eighty-eight"—
Our glorious Institution !

To raise this temple of our rights,
Their aid our sires lent it ;
For it they fought a hundred fights—
Their blood the walls cemented.
Great Orange William, sent by fate,
Shed valor's bright effusion,
To win the pride of "Eighty-eight"—
Our glorious Institution

Come, fill the cup of victory,
 "Ye Orange Institution,"
 And drink with plaudits three times three
 Unto our hearts communion.
 May ever upon rebels wait—
 Defeat, disgrace, confusion;
 And all who love not "Eighty-eight"—
 Our glorious Institution!

31 Oh ! let us ne'er forget, men.

AIR—"John Anderson my Joe."

Oh ! let us ne'er forget, men, the struggles of the past,
 Or let disgraceful apathy your energies o'er cast;
 Remember him who stood for truth, triumphant and
 alone—

The hero sent by Providence to guard Britannia's
 Throne.

Yes, he was sent by Providence to work the will divine;
 As Sampson from the womb was sent to smite the
 Philistine;

As Gideon smote the Midianites, so William's might
 was shewn,

The hero sent by Providence to guard Britannia's
 Throne.

Yes, he was pre-ordained for this, and thus invincible
 For death and all its thousand shafts around him
 pointless fell;

He braved thro' sickness, raging seas, and fields with
 carnage strown—

The hero sent by Providence to guard Britannia's
 Throne.

And gallantly and piously his mission he achieved,
And all the rights of Protestants he gloriously retrieved,
His task been o'er, his soul took wing, and up to
heaven flown,
The hero sent by Providence to guard Britannia's
Throne.

Then let us ne'er forget, men, the struggles of the past,
When William and his gallant men struck tyranny
aghast ;
Are ye their sons ?—if so, unite—be William's cause
your own,
The hero sent by Providence to guard Britannia's
Throne.

32 Hail to the brave and mighty dead.

AIR—"When Vulcan forged."

Hail to the brave and mighty dead—
The hero and the sage—
Whose glorious deeds shall lustre shed
To many a future age.
And loud the trumpet-voice of fame,
The valiant actions shall proclaim,
Of many a true and faithful band,
Who fought and bled for Orange land.

When Jesuits did lord it o'er
Those rights not made for them ;
When bigot James tyrannic wore
Old England's diadem ;
Oh ! then, there beam'd across the sea
A star of hope—of chivalry ;
Great William came, and gave command—
He fought, and won for Orange land.

Pious and true then Walker came—
And unto him was given—
To fire the heart with freedom's flame,
And guide the soul to heaven ;
And men who revered Virtue's name
Follow'd in Walker's path of fame ;
But, oh ! at Boyne's immortal strand,
He lost his life for Orange land.

Schomberg the Great, in battle strife,
Oft won the victor crown,
Now offered his veteran life,
To pull a tyrant down ;
And star-like his career was cast—
All light—all glorious to the last ;
And he who often battle plann'd,
In battle fell for Orange land.

Oh ! let us hail as leading stars,
These mighty-minded men,
And emulate their deeds, their scars—
No matter where or when.
In Heaven's light we'll tread the earth—
Marshall'd for Altar, Throne and Hearth ;
Midst cannons' roar and flashing brand—
To die ! to die ! for Orange land !

33 The Orangeman's Dirge.

AIR—"The Mistletoe bough."

They buried him deep in his cold dark bed,
They whisper'd a prayer o'er the coffin'd dead,
And they dropped a tear for departed worth,
Ere they left him to sleep with his mother earth ;

And they saw the red worm all rank and full,
 Come out from his feast in a mouldering skull ;
 And they shudder'd to see so foul a stain
 In the temple of thought—the human brain.
 Oh death's withering wing !
 Oh death's withering wing !

No more, no more, shall that clay-cold breast,
 With the Orange and Purple Sash be dress'd ;
 No more, no more, shall he breathe the song,
 Or the shout of his heart in the toast prolong.
 He's gone ! o'er his Lodge there is gloom and dearth.
 He's gone ! desolation is round his hearth,
 Like mist of the morning, like river foam,
 He's is gone, and for ever from friend and home.
 Oh death's withering wing !
 Oh death's withering wing !

But, oh, not thus ; his immortal soul—
 Ethereal, and free from the graves control—
 Midst troops of angels on brilliant wings,
 To the spirit that made it, it upward springs.
 Hark ! sounds seraphic proclaim its flight
 To the fountain of everlasting light ;
 And joyous and glorious the cherubim,
 Their heavenly chorus thus doth hymn—
 “ Oh death, where is thy sting !
 Oh grave thy victory !”

34 The Orange Emigrant's Lament.

AIR—“ The pretty girl milking her cow.”

“ Colleen dhas chrutha na mho.”

’Tis a sad thing to part thus for ever,
 My brethren, my dear Orangemen ;
 ’Tis a sad thing that thus we should sever—
 Oh ne’er to commingle again.

Like the bird, when her young ones are taken ;
Like the captive who sighs to be free ;
Like the maid by her false one forsaken,
I part at thus parting with ye.

They tell me I go to a nation,
Where I'll meet Orange brothers sincere,
Who glow with as strong a pulsation,
As beats in the hearts we have here.
But I'll tread not the fair land that bore me,
Where our sires for freedom did join ;
Oh ! give me the land of their glory—
Londonderry, and Aughrim, and Boyne !

Though oceans of foam waft me thither ;
Though year after year may depart ;
Yet distance or time shall not wither
The feelings enshrined in my heart.
Though the soul of the exile be sinking,
Though memory madden the brain ;
Yet day after day he'll be thinking
Of those he'll ne'er gaze on again.

But, oh, when at rest on my pillow,
And fancy is roving and free,
My spirit shall fly o'er the billow,
On the wings of a dream unto ye ;
I shall see heart and cup o'erflowing
With pleasure, while some brother sings ;
And my spirit shall fly back all glowing,
With the light of your smiles on her wings.

Oh ! farewell my brothers for ever—
Ye Orange, and purple, and black ;
Our path-way of life now must sever,
Yet hope may illumine the track.

Like the bird, when her young ones are taken ;
Like the captive who sighs to be free ;
Like the maid by her false one forsaken,
I pine at thus parting with ye !

35**Schomberg.**

(1690.)

AIR—"Partant pour la Syrie."

Glory illumes with holy light,
The memory of the brave ;
And laurel leaves, fresh, green, and bright,
Adorn the hero's grave.
But none more nobly fell in fight,
Or Freedom's sword did wave,
Than William's true and gallant knight—
Schomberg, the bold and brave !

Europe beheld his bright career
In gallant chivalry,
And victory blessed his martial sphere
With immortality.
But, oh ! at Boyne, for ever famed,
He fell beside the wave,
While glory's trumpet blast proclaimed—
Schomberg, the bold and brave !

Sons of the Royal Schomberg, ye
Who take that noble name,
Show in the spirit of the free,
Ye honor Schomberg's fame.
Then fill the wine-cup sparkling bright,
Drink—nor one sweet drop leave—
Unto the name of freedom's knight—
Schomberg, the bold and brave !

36 Hail to Schomberg's martial name.

(1757.)

AIR—"Rob Roy MacGregor, O!"

Hail to Schomberg's martial name ;
Schomberg for ever, O !

Shall we cease to sing his fame,
Oh, never, never, O !

Flanders tells his history,
France beheld his chivalry—
Champion of the bold and free ;
Schomberg for ever, O !

On the battle-field, oh, then,
Schomberg for ever, O !
Fired the souls of ardent men
To bold endeavour, O !

Wise was he, though not austere ;
But when trumpets sounded clear,
Then he blazed in glory's sphere,
Schomberg for ever, O !

On the verdant banks of Boyne,
Schomberg for ever, O !
Fought where rebel bands did join,
True men to sever, O !

Boyne, whose fight our foes regret,
Where two kings in battle met,
There that star in glory set—
Schomberg for ever, O !

Sons of Schomberg fill to him,
Schomberg for ever, O !
Let it bubble to the brim,
Like some rich river, O !

See upon our banners bright,
In characters of golden light,
Is his name, that gallant knight,
Schomberg for ever, O !

37

George Walker.

(989.)

AIR—"Jeannette and Jeannott—"

My soul is filled with zeal, and my heart swells high
with pride,
When memory calls the spirits up of valiant men
who died;
Who died for all the golden links which bind us
down to earth—
Our holy faith; our liberties; the land that gave us
birth!
And when imagination brings them up at dead of
night,
A hero troop they sweep along in their immortal
light;
O! then methinks I see a shade before my vision
glide,
The spirit of George Walker, of Derry's walls the
pride!
When Derry's martyrs wasted pale, when famine
sapp'd their blood—
As Moses stood amidst the plague, this great and
good man stood;
When Derry's walls were girt with foes, all succour
to retard,
He stood like him who raised the sword of Gideon
and the Lord.
And when our glorious William led his men to
victory,
Our soldier-priest was seen beside the banner of the
free;
And as he preached for God and truth, and fought
for law and right,
For them he met a glorious death at Boyne's im-
mortal fight.

We oft have tasted sparkling cups which love and
friendship fill,
And toasted joys and sentiments which all our
bosoms thrill ;
But o'er the cup before us now a holier light is shed,
The pure libation pour'd to the memory of the dead.
Oh ! raise in solemn silence the bumper to your lips,
To him whose fame and piety no others could eclipse ;
And this our charter-toast shall be—drunk standing
side by side —
“ The memory of George Walker, of Derry's walls
the pride ! ”

38

The Twelfth of July.

AIR—“ Protestant Boys.”

It ne'er shall be said that the Twelfth of July,
All sunny and blooming, unhonor'd shall pass ;
In its bright celebration shall Orangemen vie,
While blue is in heaven ; or verdure on grass.
The arm that broke
The tyrant yoke
Of Popedom, and serfdom, can still be raised high ;
And the sword that's now sheathed,
With laurel is wreathed,
Of trophies and glories of Twelfth of July.
See history's muse takes her “ pencil of light,”
And Orange achievements her pages adorn ;
At AUGHRIM, St. Ruth was smote down in the fight,
And DERRY cried out “ No SURRENDER,” in scorn ;
With flashing brand,
A small true band
Of brave ENNISKILLEN made thousands to fly ;
And a right Royal blow,
At BOYNE laid them low,
With trophies and glories of Twelfth of July.

Who conquer'd King James, and pulled Popery down?
Who saved this great nation from ruin's abyss?
Who saved for old Hanover, Great Britain's Crown?
Why, Irish Protestant courage did this!
And, in return,
We meet the spurn
Of those whom we succour'd, when danger was nigh;
And ministers venal,
With statutes all penal,
Would crush out the glories of Twelfth of July.

But Brothers, cheer up, for the cloud will pass on
Yet the dark hour of trial must certainly come,
When the Throne, and the Altar, again must be won,
Then fly to the roll of the Orangeman's drum;
But till that day,
Both watch and pray,
Be peaceful, be prayerful, your powder keep dry,
And show you've a banner,
For Ridley, and Cranmer,
And one for the glories of Twelfth of July.

Then how shall we honour the Twelfth of July,
Its bright anniversaries how celebrate?
At morning, in church send our praises on high,
For freedom achieved under William the Great;
And then at night,
When stars shine bright,
Fill, fill us a bumper, while temperance stands by;
Then sons of the free,
Sing out three times three,
The triumphs and glories of Twelfth of July.

39 The Battle of the Boyne.

(597.)

AIR—"The Days we went a gipsying"

King William and his merry men came up to Old-
bridge town,
And made the glorious First July a day of great
renown ;
Beside the Boyne he pitched his tent, which made
his men rejoice,
Their kettle-drums and brazen trumpets answering
to his voice ;
O'er every heart his spirit shed an animating glow,
The day they fought at Oldbridge town a long while
ago.

Then up arose a mighty host, led on by old King
James,
A glittering field of gleaming steel they brought to
aid their schemes ;
The Irish Horse brave Sarsfield led, the Irish Foot
O'Neill,
And Rosen led the troops of France, all chivalry
and zeal ;
But, oh ! they wanted that within which sanctifies a
blow,
The day they fought in Oldbridge town a long time
ago.

Then, then, they met, contending foes—a fierce tu-
multuous throng,
The cannons roar'd, sword flash'd to sword, and man
drove man along ;
Like ocean waves when tempest-toss'd, and storms
their fury wage—

The tide of battle swept along impetuous in its rage
But victory bless'd the Protestants to crush the
Papist foe,
The day they fought at Oldbridge town a long time
ago.

Then come, ye sons of Oldbridge Lodge, a bumper
fill to tell,
How much ye prize the memory of men who fought
so well ;
Who fought and bled, and nobly died, their father-
land to save
From hooded monk, from subtle priest, from sycophantic slave ;
And to the glorious First July another glass shall
flow,
To the day they fought at Oldbridge town a long
time ago.

41 **The Battle of Aughrim.**

AIR—"The Admiral."

I SING, I sing exultingly, for Aughrim is my theme,
And fancy paints the battle-field, as in a vivid dream ;
The marshall'd hosts in flashing steel, with war and
vengeance rife,
Like thunder-clouds with lightning charged, for
elemental strife.
Horsemen and foot, red, blue, and green, in bristling
steel came on,
Like sparkling foam of summer waves, quick glancing
in the sun ;
And tramp and stamp, and rolling drum, and trumpet
sounding high,
Announced the fight at Aughrim, fought the Twelfth
day of July !

With five and twenty thousand men Saint Ruth came
boastingly—
His rebel standard blazon'd with the Harp and *Fleur-de-lis* ;
From rank to rank he rode along, with animating
shout,
To fight for Popish James, and put King William's
men to rout ;
The Priests proclaim'd, " the man who falls will die
a holy martyr—
Up! fight for Mother Church, and give the heretic
no quarter."
Thus Priest and Chief, with artful speech, did every
effort try,
To kindle rage at Aughrim's field, that Twelfth day
of July !

Our troops were eighteen thousand men by General
Ginckle led ;
Old England's flag—Saint George's cross—was
fluttering overhead ;
Their hearts with holy freedom fired, their brows
with victory glowing,
And Derry, Boyne, and stout Athlone, were laurel
leaves bestowing.
One mind, one soul, one deep intent, pervaded all
the host,
To sweep the foe, as stormy surges sweep along the
coast ;
Or as the eagle on its prey comes rushing from the
sky,
They rushed to Aughrim's combat field, that Twelfth
day of July !

The fight comes on, Saint Ruth prevails—his troops
he animates,

And swears he'll drive the heretics, aye, up to
Dublin gates ;
But, oh ! a ball, by justice wing'd, to vindicate the
Truth—
As he rode down Kilcomodan, laid low the brave
Saint Ruth.
Then came the rout ! Our troops rush'd on ; the foe
fled pale, aghast,
Like autumn's leaves in myriads driven before
November's blast.
Seven thousand men they left behind, in death to
close the eye,
While victory bless'd King William's men the
Twelfth day of July !

42 The Siege of Derry.

SONG FOR "THE 'PRENTICE BOYS."

AIR— "The Slave," (I had a dream a happy dream.)

A maiden pined by Derry's walls,
Where want did life destroy,
Her lover rushed to shut the gates,
A gallant 'Prentice Boy ;
Her last death sigh was breathed to him,
"Weep not my early grave,
Live free, or like a freeman die,
Not live a Popish slave."

A young wife wept by Derry's walls,
Her babe was dead and gone,
His father now was all she loved,
Beneath the blessed sun,
He stood upon the rampart high,
She cried to him "Oh brave !
Stand to your gun, or nobly fall,
Not live a Popish slave."

A widow drooped by Derry's walls,
Her hair was grey with grief,
Her only boy had left her side,
To aid the town's relief ;
She prayed his sword like Gideon's
In victory might wave,
Or like a freeman fight and fall,
Not live a Popish slave.

Bright is the hero's path to fame,
With victory smiling down,
When beauty points the glorious path,
And wreathes the laurel crown ;
Oh ! her fair bosom, shrine of love,
Where soft emotion heaves,
Shall nurture freedom's rosy boys,
Not suckle Popish slaves.

43 The Gates of Londonderry.

AIR—"The Death of Nelson."

On Derry's walls once stood a gallant few,
Whom famine, war, disease, could not subdue ;
Long raged the seige, and as each bold defender,
Gave up the ghost, he sighed forth "No Surrender."

'Twas when the wintry blast
Its chilly horrors cast,
In gloomy dark December ;
Then came with vaunting boast,
King James and all his host,
Crying "Derry ! now Surrender !"
But vain were all their Popish arts,
The gates were shut by gallant hearts,
Who shouted "We dont fear ye."

CHORUS—Then hail to them who linked their fates,
The 'Prentice boys who shut the gates—
The gates of Londonderry!

Now lightnings flash around,
And quick the balls rebound
Above the embattl'd wall;
Red war, with fiery breath,
Cast pestilence and death,
And gallant men did fall.
But vain was all their cannons' flash,
For Popish James could never dash
These hearts with high hopes cheery.
Then hail to them, &c.

Though famine's wolfish tooth
Prey'd on both age and youth;
Though spectre-like they walk'd,
Serene they look'd the while;
Though gastly was the smile,
Which James's fury mock'd;
Though war and hunger fill'd the grave,
Their hopes were still that God would save
Those hearts now sad and dreary.
Then hail to them, &c.

At length when death had spread
His black wings o'er their head,
With war, and want, and toil;
Now hope their minds employ,
The gallant ship Mountjoy,
Comes bounding up the Foyle,
With swelling sail and towering mast;
The boom is broke, the dangers past,
And now brave hearts are merry.
Then hail to them, &c.

44 The Battle of the Diamond.

(1819.)

AIR—"The brave old Oak."

A song to the field, the well-fought field,
At the Battle of the Diamond won;
 When the sword in its might,
 For Protestant right,
Flash'd forth in the evening sun.
 The glorious West,
 With its red clouds blest,
Shone out on the deed then done;
 But the mountain heath
 Was the scene of death,
At the Battle of the Diamond won.

CHORUS—Then hurra, then hurra—
 Give the toast with *eclat*—
Let the bumper in melody flow:
 "Here's the victory won,
 At the set of sun,
At the Battle of the Diamond, O!"

It was in the year of Ninety-five—
September the Twenty-first,
 There rush'd from the hills,
 With shouts and with yells,
The Defenders to do their worst.
 But there to oppose,
 Stood Protestant foes,
Who scattered the murderous crew;
 And ere sun set,
 The green grass was wet—
But not with the evening dew.
 Then hurra, &c.

From this noble fight our Lodge takes its name,
The "Diamond Lodge"—our pride ;
And the ardent desires
Which glow'd in our sires,
In us their sons abide.
And should rebels again
Be seen on the plain,
The Orangeman's fire they'd shun ;
For "The Diamond" will cast
That fire to the last,
Which the Battle of the Diamond won !
Then hurra, &c.

45 **The Achievments of Enniskillen.**

The Battle of Newtown Butler.

AIR—"The Arethusa."

It was in Sixteen eighty-nine,
Three rebel armies did combine
To quench the fire on Freedom's shrine,
Which blazed in Enniskillen.
The Duke of Berwick led the North ;
Mount Cashel led the Southern forth ;
And Sarsfield's best
Came from the West—
Twelve thousand men they all came on ;
But they fled, like mists at the rising sun,
From the men of Enniskillen !
Up rose a host of heroes then,
To combat Sarsfield's Connaught men—
Like stag-hounds rushing up a glen,
Came on brave Enniskillen !
Five thousand Sarsfield led along ;
One thousand only we were strong ;
But the fire of the just
Laid them low in the dust—

But they fell like grass at the sweep of the scythe,
While bigot slaves on the ground did writhe
 Beneath brave Enniskillen !

Then Berwick's gallant cavalry
Rode proudly up to Cornecree ;
But there a new Thermopyle.

 Was that pass of Enniskillen ;
For there a few brave sons of truth—
The hardy sire, and fiery youth,
 As firm as a rock,

 To the tempest shock,
They stood their ground 'gainst a thousand horse,
Till Berwick fled as he could not force
 The pass of Enniskillen !

But, oh, the crowning fight of all,
At Newtown Butler did befall.

Whose death smoke like a funeral pall,
 Wrapt the foes of Enniskillen ;

Their pride and boast, bedeck'd in red—
Lord Clare's dragoons, all fell or fled.

 But, oh ! pell mell,
 How the sword did tell,
When scattered Munster strewed the plain,
And Lord Monnt Cashel bore the chain
 Of gallant Enniskillen !

Thus freedom's sons broke the control—
The papal chain—that would have stole
Its fetters round the immortal soul ;

 Oh valiant Enniskillen !
Oh may its bright example fire
The son to emulate the sire ;

 And now fill the glass,
 This toast, let it pass—

“ May victory bless the Orange brand,
When raised for faith, and fatherland ”—
 Like glorious Enniskillen !

46 The Glorious 1st July.

CHARTER SONG OF THE RUBY ORANGE LODGE, 1619.

AIR—"Shout, Shout, ye Loyal Britons."

To the Glorious First July
 Let us raise the song on high,
 And sing the triumphs of that famous day;
 When William's chivalry,
 Led on to victory,

And perjured James defeated, ran away.
 Shout, shout, the song of Triumph,
 All in the Hero's chorus join;
 And with banners bright unfurled,
 We'll sing before the world,
 The ever glorious Battle of the Boyne.

Through all the Universe,
 This song we will rehearse,

Through all our blooming loyal British Isles,
 On Australia's fields of gold,
 In Canada the bold,

Who laugh to scorn the Fenian's puny wiles.
 Shout, shout, &c.

Oh! ever shall this song,
 In the Ruby Lodge prolong,
 Its animating spirit-stirring strain;
 As the Ruby, rich and bright,
 That glows with crimson light,
 Shall the hearts of Sixteen-nineteen truer remain.
 Shout, shout, &c.

47 The Glorious Trumpet-Song of Fame.
 (1612.)

AIR—"Partant pour la Syrie."

The glorious trumpet-song of Fame,
 Proclaims what men have done,

Who bled, and died, and gain'd a name,
 When Derry's walls were won.
 At Aughrim's plain, there fought the free,
 At Boyne near William's glen,
 And who shewed forth their chivalry,
 The Enniskillen men.

Be witness History's truthful pen,
 Be witness Lisnaskea ;
 Before a few brave Orangemen,
 Seven thousand had to flee ;
 And Sarsfield fled, and Berwick too,
 Clare's yellow horse ; and then
 To whom was all this victory due ?
 The Enniskillen men !

Oh ! we are proud that we have sprung,
 From such unconquer'd sires ;
 When their achievements we hear sung,
 Their fire each bosom fires ;
 Come Sixteen-twelve, the triumph share ;
 Each loyal Denizen,
 Drink to the name your banners bear,
 The " Enniskillen " men.

48

The Triple Toast.

" AUGHRIM, BOYNE, and DERRY."

AIR—"The Battle and the Breeze."

A bumper fill, the nectar pass,
 Ye true fraternal host,
 For who would offer half a glass,
 To greet our triple toast ;
 Be it in native mountain dew,
 Champagne, or Port, or Sherry,
 Stand to your gun each old true blue,
 Here's AUGHRIM, BOYNE and DERRY !
 CHORUS—Be it in native, &c.

Come wave on high your Purple flag,
 On AUGHRIM's plains displayed,
 Where fell St. Ruth, though great his brag,*
 Where Popery fled dismayed,
 Where freedom's Eagle up did spring,
 To Heaven's azure dome,
 Where prostrate lay with broken wing,
 The Vulture bird of Rome.

CHORUS—Be it in native, &c.

Up, up, your Orange Standard raise,
 In memory of the BOYNE,
 Where Hero's hailed the cannons blaze,
 Where Kings in strife did join;
 Where James for Rome rushed to the fight,
 But vanquished fled for ever,
 Where William fought and won for RIGHT,
 At Boyne's immortal River.

CHORUS—Be it in native, &c.

Unfurl your Crimson Banner, Boys,
 On Derry's lofty tower;
 Let trumpets sound, fire feu de jois,
 Commemorate the hour;
 When valiantly your Hero Youth,
 Beat James, that base offender,
 And standing up for Heaven and Truth,
 They shouted, "NO SURRENDER!"

CHORUS—Be it in native, &c.

* On the battle-field of Aughrim, 12th July, 1691, St. Ruth exclaimed boastingly "that he would now beat the English Army to the Gates of Dublin;" shortly after he was killed by a cannon ball, and the Protestants won the day.

49

Old True Blue.

(599.)

AIR—"Auld Lang Syne."

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot,"
Sings many a good man true,
And when he ties our Orange knot,
We say he is "True Blue."
And he who stands before the world,
Unaw'd by faction's crew,
With Freedom's glorious flag unfurled,
We hail him as "TRUE BLUE."
Let love entwine round five-nine-nine,
Bright Orange, purple hue,
And wave our flag o'er Freedom's shrine,
Its motto "Old *True Blue*."

WILLIAM our warrior and our pride ;
SCHOMBERG, veteran, brave ;
WALKER, who perjured James defied,
And would not be his slave ;
LUTHER, the dauntless Prince of Truth ;
WESLEY, who did infuse
A pious zeal in age and youth,
All these were great "TRUE BLUES."
Let love, &c.

And thus it is, as we're true men,
And sons of men of fame,
Who fought and won, on hill in glen,
We're "True Blue" for our name ;
Around the board then standing up,
This sentiment deliver,
And with it grace the festive cup,
Here's "Old True Blue" for ever.
Let love, &c.

50 We'll bear the Palm Boys where ere we go.

AIR—"The Groves of Blarney."

No need have we, boys,
To let men see, boys,
Our souls are free, boys
 With truth impearled ;
Ours is the banner
Which Luther, Cranmer
In glorious manner
 To light unfurled.
Sage, soldier, martyr,
Above all barter,
Won us our charter,
 Laid Popery low ;
Then for that reason,
And foes to treason,
We'll bear the palm boys where ere we go !

Ours is the merit
Of that bold spirit
Which we inherit
 From hearts of oak ;
Who, like a phalanx,
Ne'er flew to the rear ranks,
But broke with war clanks
 The tyrant's yoke !
Who quelled with rigour,
Flashed sword with vigour,
Quick pulled the trigger,
 And smote the foe ;
Then for that reason,
And foes to treason,
We'll bear the palm boys where ere we go !

Brave men whose thunder
 Made James knock under,
 When "No Surrender"
 Sung Derry's boys;
 At Aughrim brightening,
 The fury heightening,
 At Boyne, their lightning
 Flash'd feu-de-jois.
 Sons of such sires, then,
 Come Orange true men,
 From hill and deep glen,
 Hearts all a glow;
 Then for that reason,
 And foes to treason,
 We'll bear the palm boys where ere we go!

51 March, March, Northern Merry Men.

INSCRIBED TO THE CHIEFTAIN OF BALLYKILBEG.

AIR—"Blue bonnets over the border."

March, march, Northern merry men,
 Come to old Downshire, where there's no defaulter,
 March, as your Sires, through William's glen.

March'd with a martial step to the Boyne Water.

To the shrill fife ye come,

To the roll of the drum,

Chieftains of Orangeland marching before ye,

While aloft waving bright,

In the sun's golden light,

Flutters the banner of OLD ORANGE GLORY!

March, march, Northern merry men,

Come to old Downshire, where there's no
 defaulter,

March, as your Sires, through William's glen,

March'd with a martial step to the Boyne
 Water.

March, march, like gallant men ye go,
 Muster'd from right and left, centre and border ;
 March, march, while on your bosoms glow
 The Orange and Purple sash of your lov'd Order.
 Proof as the granite rock
 Is to the lightnings shock,
 Firm you'd stand, although danger swept o'er ye,
 As in the olden fight,
 Battling for Truth and Right,
 Stood up your Sires for OLD ORANGE GLORY !
 March, march, Northern merry men, &c.

March, march, shoulder to shoulder, men,
 Yet not to battle steps on each defender,
 Though earth never saw bolder men,
 Led by their old talisman—No SURRENDER.
 Oh ! 'tis to celebrate
 Deeds of the good and great,
 Spangling the pages of Protestant story ;
 March then ye steady men,
 Peaceable, ready men,
 Follow the banner of OLD ORANGE GLORY.
 March, march, Northern merry men, &c.

52

Arise, arise.

(505.)

AIR—"The Battle of the Nile."

Arise, arise, come five-nought-five, arise
 And sing in the praises of men of gallant name,
 Arise, arise, come five-nought-five, arise,
 And join in the trumpet song of fame ;
 First, great Orange William, then Schomberg brave
 in Flanders,
 With Walker, Creighton, Herbert, and other brave
 Commanders,

Who at Aughrim, Derry, Boyne,
In Freedom's ranks did join,
Where Britain's flag of Liberty was gloriously
unfurl'd ;

Huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza, then
Orangemen will guard what William did by valour
gain,

Huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza,
For those who broke the soul enslaving chain.

At Aughrim, St. Ruth with Mass and Crucifix,
And priestly orations his forces did elate,
And swore he'd exterminate the Orange heretics,
Or drive them up to Dublin Castle gate,
But brave General Ginckle, with Herbert and with
Creighton,
Showed Popery that Orangemen could never yet be
beaten.

Who at Aughrim, Derry, Boyne, &c.
The brave Colonel Herbert at Aughrim fought and
died,

But the great house of Pembroke perpetuates
his fame,
And old-five-nought five with honest Orange pride,
Have chosen the Pembroke for their name ;
Thus Herbert survives in Pembroke's noble scion,
And true to the name, we'll support the British Lion,
As at Aughrim, Derry, Boyne,

Our Sires in rank did join,
Where Britain's flag of Liberty was gloriously
unfurl'd ;

Huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza, then
Orangemen will guard what William did by valour
gain,

Huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza,
For those who broke the soul enslaving chain.

53

Noble Eldon.

(800.)

AIR— "A health, To the King, God bless him"

When good George the Third ruled this once happy
land,

Our Tyler who watched all alarm,
He stood with the bold sword of Truth in his hand,
The bright shield of Faith on his arm ;
And lights of the mind then encircled the throne,
Like stars in their orbits impelled on ;
But, oh ! there were none more resplendently shone
Than our Protestant Star, Noble ELDON.

O'er the red field of slaughter dashed William the
Great,

The war God of youth and of sire,
And Eldon stood up in the war of debate,
And poured forth his eloquent fire ;
When priests and their minions sway'd turncoat Peel,
And expediency cried, it was well done ;
Who still kept the chain on their Jesuit heel ?
Our Protestant Star, Noble ELDON.

Ye sons of the Eldon, be proud of your name,
Ye sons of the gallant " Eight hundred,"
Oh ! let your applause when you honor his fame,
In bright purple fire be thundered,
My heart's to the full, and my glass to the brim,
For honors to be ever dwelt on ;
To William the Third sing the Orangeman's hymn,
And our Protestant Star, Noble ELDON.

54.

King William's Day.

GLEE FOR THE 4TH NOVEMBER.

AIR—"The Chough and Crow."

The glorious day of Aughrim's field—
That day of chivalry—

We'll ne'er forget, when helm and shield
Were bless'd with victory !
Like wildfire flash'd our engines then
Red havoc spread dismay ;
Up, rouse ye then, my merry Orangemen,
It is King William's day !

To blast the torch of Liberty,
Which our brave fathers fired,
False James—the slave of bigotry—
With Papist foes conspired.
But history's page tells where and when
We made them run away ;
Up, rouse ye then, my merry Orangemen,
It is King William's day !

Another Boyne may have its fray,
Another Aughrim rise ;
Another noble Derry may
Shew where its martyr lies.
And should such scenes blaze forth again—
Stand close upon that day ;
Up, rouse ye then, my merry Orangemen,
It is King William's day !

55 **The Trumpet of the Free.**

DUET.

AIR—"The Minute Gun at Sea."

RECITATIVE.

Let him who Nassau's deeds revere,
Rejoice his song of praise to hear,
What promised bliss is this I hear ;
The soul to fire, the heart to cheer.

DUET.

When in the gloom of Popish guile,
Oppression darkened Britain's Isle,
Through James's perjury ;
Old England's banner prostrate lay,
And mute her merry roundelay,
The Trumpet of the Free.

Quick as a soaring eagle flew,
Nassau to aid the gallant few—
The Protestants to save ;
His lightning flash'd o'er Aughrim's plains,
At Derry broke the tyrant's chains,
Where Walker led the brave.

But, oh ! what rapture fill'd each breast,
When glory beam'd on Great William's crest ;
At Boyne he broke the monkish spell,
Where James had fled, where Popery fell ;
Then was heard once more,
On hill, plain, and shore,
The Trumpet of the Free !

56

In Despot Lands.

(1679.)

AIR—"The flag that braved a thousand years."

In despot lands the golden throne,
And bigot altars shine ;
But England's radiant crown alone
Is placed on Freedom's shrine.
And in that glorious diadem,
A jewel is inlaid,
And none more prized that precious gem,
Than Royal Adelaide.

That gem is Orange principle,
By Adelaide confess'd ;
And truth could ne'er more purely dwell,
Than shrined in woman's breast.
Then round the fair, true hearts combine,
Protect each lovely maid,
Ye sons of Sixteen-seventy-nine,
The Royal Adelaide.

57

A Halo of Glory.

(1640.)

AIR—"A health, To the King, God bless him."
A halo of glory, the type of his vow,
To stand up for Protestant right,
Encircled the helmet that glowed on his brow,
When William rushed on to the fight ;
The fire of his soul, his bright sword did evince,
Flashing forth for Truth, Freedom, and Justice,
And his mantle of royalty fell on our Prince,
Our Royal Prince, Ernest Augustus.

Yes, nobly that mantle on him did alight,
And its rich Orange hue did unfold,
While the star of Nassau on his breast sparkled
bright,
Emblazoned with jewels and gold ;
This royal disciple of royal Nassau,
With brotherly faith did entrust us—
Then Royal Grand Master, we hailed with eclat,
Our Royal Prince, Ernest Augustus.

Come, fill Sixteen-forty, your glass to the brim,
Now the moonlight of Friendship appears ;
In its sky of deep azure, no star should be dim,
But forget that this life has its tears ;

Let us brighten the rites of our festival board,
 Where great spirits look down amongst us ;
 Here's to the memory of William the Third,
 And our Royal Prince, Ernest Augustus.

58 When our Sires all ardent.
 (1708.)

AIR—"Harry Bluff."

When our sires all ardent pour'd on to the field,
 With banner, and plumage, and falchion, and shield,
 With the patriot's zeal, the warrior's deep vow,
 And the blood of the heart rushing up to the brow ;
 And the Knights clad in steel, with their plumes
 waving high,
 Like the foam on the surge when the tempest is nigh ;
 To the trumpet's shrill blast, all regardless of life,
 For glorious old England they rush'd to the strife,
 Shouting out, shouting out " No Surrender !"

When Henry the Fifth led his Knights of the lance,
 And swordsmen and archers, to conquest in France ;
 When Marlborough in Flanders our standard unfurl'd,
 And Blenheim his glory proclaimed to the world ;
 When Nelson, our sea-god, our bright ocean star,
 Fought, dying triumphant at famed Trafalgar ;
 When Wellington conquered at Waterloo's field ;
 All, all bore this motto on banner and shield,
 Shouting out, shouting out " No Surrender !"

But nowhere with more fire was that war cry e'er
 given
 As at home, when our sires for freedom were driven
 To the field where their arms with conquest was blest,
 As Aughrim, and Limerick, and Boyne can attest ;
 And Derry, whose martyrs could smile at their fates
 Though want in their mansions, the foe at their gates ;

'Midst the flash of the cannon, and whizzing of balls,
Placed their flag of defiance high up on their walls,
Shouting out, shouting out "No Surrender!"

Ye sons of King William, our glorious defender,
Ye sons of that old Orange lodge, "No Surrender,"
Fill a glass, fill a glass to that magical word,
Which unfurled the banner, unsheathed the sword;
Like armour impervious, like sevenfold shield,
It clothed the warrior on rampart and field;
Let it be the war cry of each Orangeman,
When shoulder to shoulder you lead in the van,
Shouting out, shouting out "No Surrender!"

59 Behold within the Rainbow bright.

(1738.)

AIR—"The Glasses sparkle."

Behold within the rainbow bright,
Our colours plain to view,
An arch of variegated light
Traced upon heavenly blue;
In golden Orange 'tis arrayed—
King William's glorious hue;
And purple light,
Its tints unite,
It is the old "True Blue."

Green is the earth, we o'er it march,
And tread it under foot;
Blue is the sky, the azure arch,
Where stars their lustre shoot.
Some stars are sapphire, some are red,
Some gold, some silver too,
But brighter far
The purple star,
It is the old "True Blue."

When to the Boyne great William led,
 The Papists to subdue ;
 His British Grenadiers were red.
 His Dutch Guards they were blue.
 And red and blue if thus you blend,
 They make a purple hue,
 No foe can dash
 The purple sash—
 It is the old "True Blue."

Ye "Cumberland True Blues," our theme
 Must in a bumper pass,
 And o'er our cup breathe William's name,
 Do honor to the glass.
 Our name is typed in heaven's own light,
 Where stars their lustre strew ;
 Be this our toast,
 Our pride, our boast—
 "The Cumberland True Blue."

60

King James II.

AIR—"Nae luck about the house."

King James the *Second* was the *first*
 To *second* Popish sway,
 And as his thoughts inclined to *Rome*,
 He had to *roam* away.
 He thought to fell our British oak—
 Cut off its branches thick ;
 So as he meant our *stick* to *cut*,
 We made him *cut* his *stick*.
 Tol de rol, de rol, de rol, &c.

He was a genuine Jesuit—
 A *foul* bird at the best ;
 So being *foul*, it was not *fair*

He should *befoul* the nest.
He seem'd to stand from isle to isle—
An impudent colossus ;
And as he bowed unto the *cross*,
Of course we gave him *crosses*.
Tol de rol, &c.

He seized our Bishops—but his threats
Their virtue never shook ;
He for their croziers *fishing* was—
He got them—*with a hook*.
So after many a scurvy trick—
The Irish *seas* he cross'd—
He could not get the Bishops' *Sees*,
So on the *seas* was toss'd
Tol de rol, &c.

Tyrconnell, as Lord *Lieutenant*,
Left tenantless the land ;
He swore he'd *cow* King William's *horse*,
And take his *foot* in *hand*.
The tyrant made poor *Ireland*
The very *land of ire* ;
The Jesuit kept it in a *fry*,
Because he was a *friar*.
Tol de rol, &c.

And thus were loyal Protestants
Bereft of house and home,
Because they would not bow unto
The Juggernaut of Rome.
The star of truth seem'd overcast,
Was soon in brightness shewn ;
Its lightnings flash'd round bigot James,
And hurl'd him from the throne.
Tol de rol, &c.

How glorious at Derry's siege
They made his balls recoil,
He *found* that he was *lost* and *foiled*
Upon the river *Foyle*.
Great *Walker* walk'd into his schemes—
This *tester* put to *test* ;
And James the *Second* was the *first*
To come off *second* best.

Tol de rol, &c.

'Twas on the *Royal Bank* of Boyne
He thought some *change* to draw ;
His note *dishonor'd*—he was found
A *bankrupt* man of straw.
His heroes to *the shades* were sent
To *sup*—not quit at ease ;
Says he, " I do not like such *fare*—
Indeed 'tis not the *cheese*."

Tol de rol, &c.

At Aughrim's plains the Protestants
Did Popery repress ;
'Twas there the foe lost brave Saint *Ruth*,
Which made them quite *ruthless*.
James saw at length it was no go—
Such queer chaps to be *troubling* ;
So off to *Dublin* Castle went,
And there his cares were *doubling*.

Tol de rol, &c.

I'll have a bowl with James's face
Depicted in the cup ;
We'll fill and empty—who would leave
That tyrant king a drop ?
For Rome he would a-*mass* his power—
But mark what came to pass :
The bigot lost three golden crowns,
For that vain thing—a *mass* !

Tol de rol, &c.

And as for him, the punning wight,
 Who now would make the fun stir,
 Should danger come to *stir upon*,
 He'll not be a *mere punster*.
 Come trumpet, drum—he'll ne'er be found
 A sneaking, halting marcher ;
 'Midst merry soldiers, laughing, arch—
 He'll be a *little Archer*.

Tol de rol, &c.

61

I'm asked to Sing.

PUNS EXTRAORDINARY.

AIR—"Nae luck about the house."

I'm asked to sing, then glasses fill,
 And we will make the fun stir ;
 My *muse*, though sometimes *musings*, will
Amuse you as a punster.
 My verse may be enliven'd with
 Some wit, to banish stupor,
 I'll give some bars, though not a smith,
 Some staves, though not a cooper.

(SPOKEN)—A punster is in the estimation of the hypercritical, a star of the least magnitude in the heaven of Witticism ; and one of these Cynics went so far as to say that he who makes a pun might pick a pocket. However, I am undeterred by this fastidiousness, and am emulous to follow, with all humility, in the lively path of that Prince of Punsters, Dean Swift. Pleasant turns of thought promote Harmony, and if I give you a bar of music, you will say I'm no bar to harmony ; I should regret being called to the bar of your displeasure, I'd rather stand at the bar of the Royal Hotel.

Then fill the glass,
And round we'll pass,
Our song of victory ;
And toast and sing
About our King,
Of Glorious Memory.

King James at Derry show'd his arts,
His cards were in the dumps ;
For Walker held the ace of *Hearts*,
And *Hearts that day were trumps*.
The honest game James tried to warp,
A Jesuitic carper ;
So Walker play'd the game called *sharp*,
As Jemmy proved a *sharpener*.

(SPOKEN).—In his game of "Beggar my Neighbour" King James had a great run of *Knaves*, the greatest of whom was Lunny, the *Knave of Spades*, who thought to dig a *grave* for the Apprentice Boys of Derry. James was a great *shuffler*, but at his last shuffle, he had to *cut* and run, for on the appearance in the River Foyle of the *Mountjoy*, when *joy mounted* up in the valiant hearts of the men of Derry, James *found* he was *lost*, and *foiled* on the River Foyle, and *feeling* that the Protestants used swords, not *foils*, he thought it best to retire, especially when George Walker said, be off, your name is "*Walker*."

Then fill the glass, &c.

Saint Ruth, that gamecock *crow'd* his *crow*,
And clapt his wings for war,
At Aughrim, but we *barr'd* him so,
He found it a *crowbar*.
Great Ginckle fought, and won the pass,

The Bog of Uracrea ;
He bogg'd St. Ruth in the *morass*,
Which show'd *more ass* was he.

(SPOKEN)—Early in the morning before the Battle, the Priest said Mass in the Camp, when they made the Popish soldiers take an oath to give no quarters to the "Heretics," and *ruthless* Saint *Ruth* swore he would drive them to the Gates of *Dublin* ; but soon he found his cares were *doubling*, as a cannon ball *doubled* him up, and his vanquished army, with Sarsfield at their head, gave Ginckle the *double* by flying off in disorder.

Then fill the glass, &c.

But oh ! at Boyne, a glory burst,
Which beamed on William's crest ;
Where James the *second* would be *first*,
But came off *second* best.
There Eagle-like he'd *soar* in pride,
But *sore* in pride he fell ;
For *William's* balls did *tell* so well,
He prov'd a *William Tell*.

(SPOKEN)—We find a likeness between William Tell and William Nassau. Gessler, the Austrian tyrant, set the Emperor's cap upon a pole in the town of Altorf, in Switzerland, ordering the people to bow to it ; this William Tell refused to do, and flew to arms in defence of his country's freedom. James the Second, another tyrant, set up Popery in these kingdoms, and called upon the people to bow down to its idolatry, but William of Nassau arose, the Champion of Protestant Freedom, and at the glorious Battle of the Boyne, smote down Romanism for ever. James, thought he would be the Pope's

Major Domo; but William's victory proved the *Major* to be very much in the *minor*, who like a crafty *miner*, thought to undermine the Constitution; but his failure proved him to be but a man of very *minor* importance. They say he was a man of *metal*; it was base *metal*, as proved by his base coin. Then they say he was *valiant*; but it was not very *valiant* of him to stand aloof all day, from the battle, on the hill of *Donore*, until he found he was *done o'er*, when he fled to Dublin. But William rushed courageously into the tumult of the fray, and gained the day unscathed, although a cannon ball tore away part of his *boot*; not so unfortunate James, who fled *bootless*, after having put his *foot* in the matter.

Then fill the glass, &c.

62 I really must give my protest.

AIR.—“I never says nothing to nobody.”

I really must give my protest

Against toasting, huzzas, songs, choruses,
Double X, punch, laughter, and jest,
Such things must bring discredit over us.

But give me the new moral few,

Who never attempt to get *so and so*,
Despising the convivial crew,

So a teetotal *move* must be all the go.

When *all closed*, for fear of a cough,

I'm bid to go home and not to do ill sir;
So I put on my hat and walk off,
And go home to my wife and drink gruel sir.
So frigid my manner—my face—

She says I'm an iceberg from head to toe,
And for that night I'm quite in disgrace,
And a teetotal *move* is not then the go.

But some have a sneaking regard [cheer
 For the sweet nights they've echo'd each other's
 And think it is really too hard, [dear.
 That young men must walk home to their mothers
 Oh! sweet 'tis this evening to crown,
 With full hearts, and full bumpers all aglow;
 But indeed those things must be put down,
 For a teetotal *move* must be all the go.

Yet often when *business is closed*,
 I'm forced to go off on the sly, of course,
 To a tavern, where oft I'm opposed,
 And with Papists I mix, by the bye, of course.
 Perhaps a rash word may be said,
 Which provokes from the Papist a heavy blow;
 I've no brother to stand to my aid,
 Yet a teetotal *move* must be all the go.

Extremes are all bad. 'tis confess'd—
 Teetotals are chalk'd heavy on that score;
 And a middle course surely is best,
 To take a kind glass, or one bumper more.
 But I must hide the devil in the dark,
Leave my own, and drink deep in a place I know
 Far away from the sons of the "Mark,"
 As a teetotal *move* must be all the go.

63

A Royal Salute.

AIR—"A Pilgrim blight and jolly."

Give me but a friend and a glass, boys,
 And I'll tell you what 'tis to be gay;
 I really must think him an ass, boys,
 Who'd shrink from this table away.
 Give me but an honest gay fellow,
 Who's plesanter when he gets mellow,
 With a royal salute and huzza, boys,
 A royal salute and huzza!

When Popery's chains did binds us,
 King William set us free ;
 When monkery tricks would blinds us,
 The Protestant said " I must see ;"
 To Pope, King James, and Pretender,
 Our sires cried out, " No Surrender !"
 With a royal salute, &c.

For the Crown, and the Cause, we have won, boys,
 Achievements which none can surpass ;
 For the Crown I will stand to my gun, boys,
 To the Cause I now fill up my glass.
 The Queen has my loyal subjection,
 My brothers' my heart's true affection,
 With a royal salute, &c.

Then fill up your sparkling glasses,
But let us be temperate too,
 And pity those teetotal asses,
 Whom all social joys would subdue.
 And this be our toast ere we sever—
 May the Orange Cause flourish for ever !
 With a royal salute, &c.

64 The Orange and Purple for ever.

AIR—" A bumper of Burgundy."

If ever our hearts felt the social delight,
 Which brotherly ties shed around,
 Oh ! may it more warmly cheer us to night,
 Be love with festivity crowned ;
 While each heart and each cup,
 Is with pleasure filled up,
 Be mirth each kind brother's endeavour ;
 And o'er the gay glass,
 Let this sentiment pass,
 Here's the Orange and Purple for ever !

Here social we sit at our annual feast,
Great William's the sun of our centre,
And the circle we form by loyalty's traced,
Into it no Papist dare enter ;
And such sparkles of wit,
In the brain shall be lit,
To night that for we'll need never ;
Then o'er the gay glass, &c.

Oh ! sweet to enjoy such an hour as this,
As the spring in the desert refreshing ;
And the Orangeman tells forth how heartfelt his bliss
With one, two, three, four, in succession ;
And firm as a rock,
We're proof to each shock,
Though disloyalty's waves try to sever ;
Then o'er the glass, &c.

65 While round the Festive Cup.

AIR—"The British Grenadiers."

While round the festive cup, boys,
We scatter friendship's flowers,
I fill a bumper up, boys,
And hail these smiling hours ;
Sweet is the spell we've here, boys,
And bright its golden chain,
And that I think's a reason fair,
To take my glass again.

And when our charter toast, boys—
"The glorious memory,"
The watchword of our host, boys,
The motto of the free ;
When given from the chair, boys,
In loud exulting strain,
I think that is a reason fair,
To take my glass again.

And when you give with "fire" boys —
The fame which Derry won ;
Where fought the bleeding sire, boys,
Where fought the famish'd son.
The men whom death could dare, boys,
Their freedom to obtain,
I think that is a reason fair,
To take my glass again.

But when you toast the strife, boys,
Of Aughrim's battle field,
Where life was bought with life, boys,
Before brave men would yield.
That victory so rare, boys,
Fought on old Aughrim's plain,
Gives me, I think, a reason fair,
To take my glass again.

And when you give the "Boyne," boys,
The crowning fight of all ;
Where royal foes did join, boys,
To conquer, or to fall.
His flag, Nassau did rere, boys,
And fame did him sustain,
And that I think's a reason fair,
To take my glass again.

The sweetest hours I pass, boys,
I brightly pass with you ;
My heart is like my glass, boys,
'Tis full, and warm, and true.
Now here's my toast sincere, boys—
"Success to Orangemen ;"
And that I think's a reason fair,
To take my glass again.

66 How pleasant in Lodge.

AIR—"One bumper at parting." (Irish melody).

How pleasant in Lodge thus to munster
Where sympathies closely entwine,
Where glasses, like stars in a cluster,
Shine out in the red light of wine.
The heart is a sensitive flower,
Its blossoms if you would bring out,
It must glow in the sunshine and shower,
Which laughter and wine shed about.

CHORUS—A bumper! let's hail the emotion,
Whose spirit in laughter hath birth,
'Tis the pole-star of life's troubled ocean
That leads to the haven of mirth.

A bumper to beauty's soft graces,
To blue eyes and ringlets of jet;
The zone which her bosom embraces
Is clasp'd with an Orange Rosette.
O'er the bright ruby wave we are quaffing,—
What visions of bliss will arise,
While fair faces, rosy and laughing,
Speak passion with languishing eyes.
A bumper, &c.

A bumper to friendship fraternal,
Enshrin'd in the Orangeman's breast,
Like an evergreen, blooming and vernal,
Like diamond, it stands every test.
As true as the ship to the rudder—
With shoulder to shoulder we stand;
Then fill up to each belov'd brother,
And give him heart, pocket, and hand.
A bumper, &c.

One more : 'tis the last highest brimmer—
 Like sunset, more bright at the close ;
 Oh ! ever till life's latest glimmer,
 We'll hail the proud toast as it glows.
 Come, shew out your Orangeman's fervor—
 In royal salute let us join ;
 Here's the memory of him, our preserver—
 King William, who conquer'd at Boyne !

A bumper ! let's hail the emotion,
 Whose spirit in laughter hath birth,
 'Tis the pole-star of life's troubled ocean
 That leads to the haven of mirth.

67 He who wears a Loyal Orange sash.

AIR—"Cigars and Cogniac."

He who wears a loyal Orange sash,
 Often may hear a rebel brag and flash,
 But what of that.
 If they speak big to fraternize with France,
 Then let him smile, and say with nonchalance,
 "All round my hat,"
 And he will sing with love and zeal, and duty
 "God save the Queen," old England's Royal Beauty,
 Sing of the Boyne, when James was driven back—
 Hurra, hurra, where great Nassau at night did bivouac.

When King James laid siege to Derry town,
 He thought they'd sing small, when he sung *Derry*
down,

Rather absurd—
 But Derry's boys repulsed the base offender,
 And roaring Meg kept roaring "No Surrender,"
 That changed his word.
 Off, off I go said he, it is my duty,

Walker made me walk away, bootless without booty ;
Sing then, the day when James was driven back—
Hurra, hurra, when on the walls the "Boys" did
bivouac.

Fill the glass, our charter toast be crown'd
"The glorious memory," with it rattle round—

Twenty-one guns.

Hail to Great William, with three times three,
Join in the chorus, with fervor and glee—

Great William's sons,

And we will sing with love and zeal, and duty,
"God save the Queen," old England's Royal Beauty,
And with fire of Orange, Purple, Black,
Hurra, hurra, hurra, hurra, at night we'll bivouac.

68 When spirits gay are soaring.

AIR—"Lucy Long."

When spirits gay are soaring
On pleasure's rosy wing ;
When ruby flasks are pouring,
When merry fellows sing.
When stars in twilight glimmer,
When friendship's eup we share—
Oh then the brightest brimmer
We fill to woman fair.

CHORUS—Then fill your sparkling glasses
To bright eyes, black and blue ;
And toast those lovely lasses
Who love the Orange hue.

Our Cause shall have a bumper,
And one to William's name ;
To sturdy Boyne a thumper,
And one to Derry's fame ;

And one unto our brothers—
True men, devoid of guile ;
But sweeter than all others,
We fill to beauty's smile.
Then fill your sparkling glasses, &c.

When life looks lone and dreary,
She smiles, and all is bright ;
When time's swift wing grows weary,
Her glance renews his flight.
On life's sea to the rover
She is his guiding star ;
But when he's half seas over,
Oh ! then she's brighter far.
Then fill your sparkling glasses, &c.

For her the famed in story
Sought war and ocean's foam—
Her glance led on to glory,
Her smile has brighten'd home.
When war her banners furl,
And crowns the victors wear,
Oh ! bloomless is the laurel,
If love's roses are not there.
Then fill your sparkling glasses, &c.

Astronomy ! Some greet her,
And watch her starry skies ;
Oh, trust me, 'tis much sweeter
To watch sweet woman's eyes.
Our heart can't give compliance
To learning—prudish miss ;
Give some the bliss of science—
Oh ! give us that of bliss.
Then fill your sparkling glasses, &c.

As the rose is in the bower,
The fount in desert ways,
The star in twilight hour,
The Isle in stormy seas ;
Thus, thus, is charming woman—
More bright than Indian pearls ;
Dear to the heart of true men—
So “ here’s the lovely girls !”
Then fill your sparkling glasses, &c.

69

One Summer’s Eve.

AIR—“ Youghal Harbour.”

One summer eve, when bloom’d the heather,
At Delgany, that charming spot,
A youthful party sat together—
The world and all its cares forgot.
They cluster’d in a rosy bower,
And saw the waves ride bright along,
When sweetly in that soft still hour,
A young man sung an Orange song.

And there smiled many a pretty girl—
All free from pride and city art ;
There many dark and glossy curl
Entangled many a youthful heart.
But there was one fair charming creature—
Sweet Mary—innocent and young—
With soul and beauty in each feature,
Who listened to that Orange song.

The sun now sank beneath the billow,
The stars from twilight peeping crept ;
And soft as childhood on its pillow,
The sea beneath the moonbeams slept.
The strand was bright as land of fairy—
“ A walk by moonlight can’t be wrong”—
Then forth he led sweet bashful Mary,
The youth who sung the Orange song.

Oh ! summer moon—oh ! placid ocean !
What witchery o'er the heart ye steal—
The pure, extatic, soft emotion—
Which only youthful hearts can feel.
Sweet as the soft Æolian lyre,
When Zephyr breathes its chords along,
He breath'd to her his soul's desire—
The youth who sung the Orange song.
In love or war we never falter—
Persuasion's on our sword and tongue ;
And Mary whisper'd at the altar,
“ You won me with that Orange song !”
Come, fill, boys, fill—were I an earl
I'd give this toast, my peers among—
“ My blessing on the lovely girl
Who loves to hear an Orange song !”

70 The Orange Maid of Sligo.

AIR—“Lass o' Gowrie.

Ben Burben's wild and lofty height
With evening's setting sun was bright,
That shed a flood of golden light,
Across the Bay of Sligo.
Above the town, spread out Lough Gill,
And Hazlewood, and Belvior's hill ;
And Tubbernaltha's glistening rill,
Adorn'd the Lake of Sligo.
A bonnie bark with glancing oar,
And swelling sail was seen before
The waves to bound, that sought the shore,
Which graced the Lake of Sligo ;
And at the prow there sat a girl,
With rosy lip and glossy curl ;
With simple beauty, like a pearl,
The Orange Maid of Sligo.

As glancing o'er the vessel's side,
She saw upon the waters glide
An Orange Lilly's golden pride,
 Float on the Lake of Sligo.
"Oh haste, oh haste, and save that flower,
I prize it more than rose or bower ;
Though friends may sneer, though foes may lower,
 Upon the Lake of Sligo."

An Orange Youth bent o'er the prow,
He caught the flower, and with a vow,
He placed it on her placid brow—
 The Orange Maid of Sligo.
He looked into her glowing eyes,
There read love's tender sympathies,
And breathed his soul in ardent sighs,
 Unto the Maid of Sligo.

And soon she was his bonny bride ;
And oft he thought with joy and pride,
Upon that summer evening's tide,
 Upon the Lake of Sligo.
Come all True Blues, now fill the glass—
A brighter toast could never pass ;
Come, here's unto the lovely lass—
 The Orange Maid of Sligo.

71 The Young Orange Bride.

Air—"Fill a cup, fill a cup, to the bright land we live in."

Come, lay by the harp, though its bold tones inspire
The deeds which the manly approve,
And touch for a moment the soft breathing lyre,
Whose silver notes whisper of love ;
Let the theme be dear woman, whose glance can
 control

Our vaunting, ambition, and pride ;
Let the spirit of harmony breathe from the soul—
A stanza ! to beauty, the young Orange Bride.

Weave a wreath for her brow of the balmiest flowers
That ever the summer shone on,
Whose odours were bathed in the softest of showers,
Whose tints are all rich with the sun.
In the rose we've her blushes—her virtue and truth
In our bright Orange Lilly preside ;
Then place on the brow of such softness and youth,
A chaplet ! to beauty, the young Orange Bride.

Fill the cup—unto beauty we pour the libation—
But even if nectar we'd sip—
It never could rival her eyes' fascination,
Or rival her roseate lip.
Fill it up—let the cup to its measure be true—
And our spirits shall float on its tide ;
Fill to her that could love but an Orange True Blue,
A bumper ! to beauty, the young Orange Bride.

72 Nine cheers for the Orangeman's Love,

AIR—“Nine cheers for the girls that we love.”

Fill, fill the wine cup to beauty and youth,
'Tis a toast worth ambrosial dew,
And drink to the daughter of Protestant truth,
The maid of the Orange and Blue ;
A wreath her fair brow doth encircle,
And gracefully there are combined,
Love's roses with beauty's soft myrtle,
And bright Orange Lillies entwin'd

Then the toast, then the toast, be dear woman,
Let the breasts of the True Blues approve,

Then the toast, then the toast, be dear woman,
And nine cheers for the Orangeman's Love.
Hip, hip, hip, hip, hurra,
Hip, hip, hip, hip, hurra,
And nine cheers for the Orangeman's Love.

In her smile there is hope, in her step there is life,
In her laugh there is young joy and mirth ;
In her heart is true love, and her sweet lip is rife
With the richest of joys upon earth.
And should danger assail her brave lover,
She'd watch him through fire and through flood,
And stand, although death round should hover,
As the women of Derry once stood.

Then the toast, &c.

73**The Orange Rosette.**

AIR—"My own Blue Bell."

My beautiful maid who all others eclipse,
Said "yes," when I asked her to grace our soiree ;
Oh dearer to me that sweet word from her lips,
Than the first summer-rose is unto the young bee.
And I told her "true spirits beyond all compare,
For love and for loyalty there would be met ;"
And she whisper'd bewitching, my beautiful fair,
'You must wear on that evening an Orange Rosette.'

Her own gentle fingers the ornament made,
Where Orange and Purple their tints did impart ;
And I whisper'd, as with it my breast she array'd,
"You've given a Rosette, but you've stolen a heart."
Her reply was a glance, and an innocent smile,
Oh ! it was not the smile of a laughing coquette,
And I gazed on her beautiful lips all the while
That she pinn'd on my bosom the Orange Rosette.

Away then we flew to the festival hall,
Decorated with banners, and lustres, and flowers,
And bright eyes, and wine cups, and wit flashing, all
Shed light on the wings of the gay laughing hours,
And the Orangeman's song, and the rapturous dance
Of beauty and youth I shall never forget ;
But, oh, above all, was the smile and the glance
Of my beautiful maid of the Orange Rosette.

74 A Maiden had three lovers.

AIR.—“ Lucy Long.”

A maiden had three lovers—
Enthasiastic beaus ;
When three their mind discovers,
’Tis rather hard to choose,
Her brow with beauty glowing,
A wreath of roses grac’d,
An Orange sash was flowing,
Around her charming waist,
Her eyes, depend upon it,
So black, bewitching, bright,
Would fascinate Mahomet,
To worship at their light.

To one, who was a Papist,
She turn’d up her nose ;
She held his love the cheapest
Of any of her beaus.
She said “ ’twere deep transgression
To haunt corruption’s glens ;
You’d bring me to confession,
And filthy Peter Dens,”

Oh ! what a charming girl,
In what a pouting fit,
Her pretty lip did curl,
And scorn the Jesuit.

Her second sighing lover—
 A Protestant—did sue ;
 In him she did discover
Some sparks of what was true ;
 But said “ for Whig, for Tory,
 Unsteady you have been ;
 So changeable your story,
 I fear your judgment's *green.*”
 Though maidens oft change color,
 From pale to rosy hue,
 They hate a changing lover,
 Now yellow, green or blue.

But, oh ! her favor'd suitor
 In Orange sash arrayed,
 With grace he did salute her,
 And soft the words he said.
 She found him no pretender,
 She read his brow, and there
 Was written “ No Surrender ;”
 That motto won the fair.

Come fill, for beauty pleading—
 Let ruby glasses flash ;
 Here's to the charming maiden,
 Who loves the Orange sash !

75

List to my whisper.

AIR.—“ Kathleen mavourneen.”

List to my whisper my beautiful maiden,
 List to the vow of this passionate heart ;
 The ball-room's deserted, the starlight is fading,
 Then list to my whisper, alone and apart.
 Yet, oh ! it is needless to say I adore thee—
 Thou'st read the emotion so oft in my eyes [o'er me
 And the hopes and the fears which come tremulous
 You see in my glances, and hear in my sighs.

Doubt not I love thee, nor think I dissemble ;
 The Orange ordeal my faith it did prove—
 And the Spirit that's worthy to dwell in its temple,
 Will fervently kneel at the Altar of Love.
 My scarf is my emblem, my heart it expresses,
 The Orange its fervor, the Purple its truth; [cesses
 And my heart, where thou'rt shrined in its inmost re-
 I offer, sweet maid, to thy beauty and youth.

76

Soiree Melody.

AIR—"O ! 'tis Love." (c'est L'Amour), (Quadrille Measure.)

Hark ! begins
 The violins !
 Mirth and melody,
 Waltz, quadrille,
 And polka will
 Keep up our gay Soiree.
 Oh ! sweet it is, at Music's call,
 When Pleasure's sons advance,
 And through the gay and brilliant hall,
 Join in the mazy dance.
 Here polka gambols on apace,
 There's waltz in giddy twirl,
 And soft quadrille's enchanting grace,
 Set on by some sweet girl.

Hark ! hark ! begins
 The violins !
 Mirth and melody,
 Waltz, quadrille,
 And polka will
 Keep up our gay Soiree.

Hush !—the song
 Now breathes along,
 And tales of love rehearse ;

And sighs will steal
 From hearts that feel
 The passion of the verse.
 Oh, then a thousand sympathies
 From heart to heart are sent,
 And soft blue eyes, and bright black eyes,
 Became most eloquent.
 Let sages of their stars discuss,
 Cold, glimmering afar,
 The eye of beauty ! oh, for us
 It is our leading-star !

Hark, hark, &c.

Come, we will
 A bumper fill,
 To hail this festive night !
 Till all around
 Seem fairy ground—
 An arch of rainbow light !
 When angel shapes around us swim,
 When look they most divine ?
 Not in the light of lustres dim,
 But in the light of wine !
 And here no prude may fear gallant
 Romantic lover's leaps,
 For see, each graceful figurante
Takes very proper steps.

Hark, hark, &c.

77 The Orangeman's Cheer Boys, Cheer.

Song for November Anniversary.

AIR—"Cheer boys, cheer."

Cheer, boys, cheer, and join the festive chorus ;
 Good men and true, the melody prolong,
 Sons of Nassau ! see Beauty smiles before us,
 Lights up the soul, and animates the song.

Here we are met, and fervently remember,
 Heroes and deeds of everlasting fame;
 Here celebrate the honors of November,
 Praise unto William, and glory to his name!
 Cheer, boys, cheer, &c.

Cheer, boys, cheer, the birthday of our Leader;
 Cheer, boys, cheer, his landing at Torbay!
 Cheer, boys, cheer, the crush of Popish traitor,
 Gunpowder Faux, and all his dread array.
 Oh, but with life these sentiments can perish—
 Oh, let us shew the beauties that approve,
 How a true Nassau can sincerely cherish
 Truth for his brother—truth unto his love.
 Cheer, boys, cheer, &c.

Cheer, boys, cheer, and let us have a brimmer,
 Drink to the cause of Orangeism true.
 One bumper more, although the dawn may glimmer,
 Drink to bright eyes, boys, whether black or blue.
 Lo! Fancy now a chaplet is enwreathing—
 Bright orange lilies there their gold disclose;
 But, oh, the fairest amidst odours breathing,
 Gem of all flowers, is Beauty's blushing, rose!
 Cheer, boys, cheer, &c.

78

A Song to the Lark.

AIR—"The brave old oak."

A song to the lark, the merry, merry lark,
 He soars with a spirit's flight,
 Through the misty clouds
 That morning shrouds—
 He flies to the fountain of light;
 He's a true Orange bird—
 For when William the Third

Led his troops on the First of July,
The lark's merry song
Cheer'd the hero along,
With melody down from the sky.

CHORUS.

Then a song to the lark, the merry, merry lark,
Who loves in the blue air to swim;
He is the true bird
Of William the Third,
For he sung him an Orange hymn.

From his flutt'ring wings when the dew-drops he flings
They seem as they glance to earth
Like atoms of light,
In their downward flight,
Or sparkles of brilliant mirth;
As he soars into light
From the mists of the night,
He's a type of that soul unconfined,
Which burst through the cloud,
Which the bigot, the proud,
Would have cast o'er the Protestant mind.
Then a song, &c.

How sweet in the vale the soft nightingale
Breathes his song to the glowing stars;
Then the sentinel still
In camp on the hill
Thinks of home far away from the wars.
But the lark, oh, for me,
And his wild melody.
Piping high like a martial fife;
Its music doth come
To the soldiers' drum,
And quickens the springs of life.
Then a song, &c.

The eagle—great bird ! is rapacious and proud—
 Too aristocratic for me ;
 On his throne amidst rocks,
 Human grandeur he mocks,
 Wrapt up in his royalty.
 But, oh ! take my word,
 The lark is the bird,
 For true men wherever they be ;
 His home's the green earth—
 The land of our birth,
 And his song is the song of the free !
 Then a song, &c.

79

The Orange Drum.

AIR—"Braw John Hyland man (White Cockade)."
 Oh, the Orange drum !
 Oh, the Orange drum !
 When the music of its roll o'er my ear does come,
 And sounds up the glen,
 With true Orangemen,
 There's life and animation in the Orange drum.
 When the martial fife,
 With spirit rife,
 And bright Orange flags come floating on ;
 Oh, when that flag is spread,
 Rebellion hides its head,
 As mists will fly away from the rising sun.
 Oh, the Orange drum, &c.

How grand on the ear
 Sounds the trumpet clear,
 When military troops in the field appear ;
 And the trumpet blast
 Will an ardour cast
 O'er the hearts of true men whom our Queen revere.

Yet, give me the beat
 That ne'er knew retreat—
 The roll of our drum and the martial fife—
 That cheer'd our gallant sires,
 There ardent sons inspires,
 And led unto victory through blood and strife.
 Oh, the Orange drum, &c.

Come, the glass fill high—
 For I cannot see why—
 If my heart overflows that my cup should be dry ;
 For the glass should express
 The heart's excess,
 As the soul beams forth in the sparkling eye.
 I'll give a toast—
 Stand to your post—
 We'll sing its applause like bees that hum ;
 With bumpers flowing high,
 Shout, shout unto the sky,
 " Here's glory and success to the Orange drum !"
 Oh, the Orange drum, &c.

80 A Life in King William's Camp.

AIR—" A life on the Ocean wave."
 A life in King William's camp—
 A life with the bold and free ;
 With spirits no fear could damp—
 Oh ! that were the life for me.
 Like bees that crowding come
 To the hive when day is past,
 They march'd to the rolling drum,
 Or charged to the trumpet blast.
 CHORUS—A life in King William's camp—
 A life with the bold and free ;
 With spirits no fear could damp—
 Oh ! that were the life for me.

At morn, up with the dawn,
To the sound of the bugle clear;
At noon, on the verdant lawn,
Was spread the soldiers' fare.
At evening, ere the watch
Was set for night patrol,
They sung the merry catch,
And fill'd the flowing bowl.
A life, &c.

But, oh, when they heard the shout—
"To arms, to arms, to arms,"
What energies burst out—
Eager for war's alarms.
With Walker—for God and right—
Schomberg, of flashing steel,
And William, to lead the fight—
Oh! they were invincible!
A life, &c.

Thus whether he dwelt in tent,
Or rush'd to meet the foe,
The Protestant soldier went
With a light upon his brow;
With a heart that could accord,
Where love the bowl would crown,
And an arm to raise the sword
To strike a tyrant down!
A life, &c.

Ye sons of that hero band—
Whose spirit each soul inspires—
Oh, join both heart and hand
To emulate our sires.
Come fill the jovial glass—
Trim up the evening lamp—
"Here's their memory who did pass,
A life in King William's camp."
A life, &c.

81 Let the glass in bumpers pass.

AIR—"Fill the sparkling goblet high."

Let the glass in bumpers pass
 Round the table's border ;
 Fill to him,
 Unto the brim,
 Who's of the Purple Order.
 Stars in heaven, and cups on earth,
 Lend to night their lustre :
 Hail the hour, the hour of mirth,
 And round the table cluster.
 Let the song the joy prolong,
 Laughing, jesting, merry ;
 Or the verse
 May deeds rehearse
 Of glorious Boyne or Derry.
 Stars in heaven, &c.
 Let the toast, our charters boast,
 Speak our bold defiance ;
 William's name
 Let us proclaim,
 But, oh ! *not in silence* !
 Stars in heaven, &c.
 Glass and song, and glorious toast
 Aid our bold endeavour ;
 Shout from mountain unto coast—
 "Orangemen for ever !"
 Stars in heaven, &c.

82 When sinks the glorious setting sun.

AIR—"Dearest May."

When sinks the glorious setting sun,
 From his meridian height,
 And ends his course as it begun,
 In clouds of rosy light ;

When twilight soft, and evening's dew,
Their tranquil moments bring—
What then shall merry mortals do?
Why merry let them sing.
Oh! join the song,
Ye very merry throng,
As tinkling bells,
Sweet music tells,
Our chorus chimes along.

When rising up, the gentle moon,
All tranquilly appears,
And stars are said to give in tune,
The music of the spheres.
When o'er nights firmament of blue,
Their silver light they bring,
What then should merry mortals do?
Why merry let them sing.
Oh, join the song, &c.

And when the glorious sun is set,
And when the moon is up,
And when true-hearted men are met,
Around the festive cup—
If they've a sash of Orange hue,
With Purple bordering,
What then should Orange brothers do?
Why merry let them sing.
Oh, join the song, &c.

And they shall sing of victory,
An anti-Popish choir,
And toast the "Glorious Memory,"
With peals of Orange fire;
Because King William's bullets flew—
With trophies on their wing,
What then should Orange brothers do?
Why merry let them sing.
Oh, join the song, &c.

FINALE.

83 Now let us close the Night.

Air—"Rise Sons of William rise."

Now let us close the night—
Let the song be gay and light ;
Heart, hand, and voice unite,
 Bidding each farewell.

 See we trace
 Love and peace
In each happy smiling face ;
 On our brow
 Glow the vow
Of the Orange spell.

 Now let us close the night, &c.
Time's sands run sparkling—
Let us pearls for him string,
To deck his rapid wing,
 Ere he flies away.

 Friendship's bowers
 Offer flowers
Wreathed by the rosy hours ;
 Such a chain
 Might detain
Time awhile to stay.

 Now let us close the night, &c.
Gay hours fly too fast—
Many gay to-night have past—
But sweetest is the last,

 Bright-like coming day ;
 Ere he's fled,
 Light he's shed
From his little starry head ;
 Fairy Elve !

 His hours—Twelve—
Whispers, " come away !"

 Now let us close the night, &c.

NOTES ON SONGS.

6. *To William's Name sound trumpet praise.*—'The glorious, pious and immortal memory of the great and good King William III., who freed us, &c.' This, our charter toast, has ever been received with all the honors and enthusiasm due to the fame of our great deliverer, who freed us from popery and arbitrary power. It is, I conceive, a sentiment entitled to be responded to with feelings of pride for the past, zeal for the present, hope for the future; and I think, that the few who drink our charter toast in silence, are much mistaken in their view of the sentiment. If the words were merely 'the memory of King William,' there would be reason for giving a silent honor to the grave and melancholy announcement. But no; we give a sentiment which must, of necessity, light up the mind, and animate the soul—a sentiment which embodies the bright reminiscences of victories, whose lustre shed a 'glorious, pious, and immortal memory,' like a celestial halo around the name of the victor. There has ever been, is, and ever will be, a talismanic power in these words, too fervent, too beloved, too closely interwoven with our hearts' brightest hopes, and our hearts' fondest feelings, ever to be chilled or darkened by this fastidious and silly innovation of "solemn silence."

8. *The Landing at Torbay.*—The Protestants of these Kingdoms, driven by dire necessity sought the aid of the Prince of Orange, to break the fetters which Popery had flung around them. No one was so fit for this high mission as William, endowed with all the attributes which adorn a great captain, and, animated as he was by the tenderest sympathies for the persecuted Protestants of these islands. He was also looked to in another and a stronger light; he was heir presumptive to the Crown of England in a twofold right, first, as the husband of Mary, the eldest daughter of James, and again, as the grandson of Charles I., who was his wife's grandfather.

William having accepted the high position offered to him, sailed with a considerable force for England from Helvoet sluys, on the 20th October, 1666. The fleet consisted of seventy-seven sail, twenty-five fireships, and nearly four hundred transports, carrying 3600 horse, and 10,692 foot. The Prince was accompanied by several English, French, and Dutch Noblemen and Gentlemen, and between two and three hundred Protestant French Officers; Admiral Herbert, (a true blue English sailor) led the van. Vice-Admiral Evertzen conducted the rear, while the Prince was placed with the main body, carrying an English flag with this inscription: "*The Protestant religion and liberties of England I will maintain.*"

Shortly after the fleet was under sail, an adverse wind blew from the west, which increased to a storm at night, and its fury continuing for twelve hours, obliged some vessels to return to Helvoet sluis, and others to find refuge in neighbouring harbours. The intelligence of this check to William's advance, soon reached England with much exaggeration, and the joyful news that the Orange fleet had foundered at sea, set the Papists frantic with joy—King James appeared greatly elevated, and a French author (says Harris) writes thus upon the occasion—"I was present when King James received the news, at dinner, he used but one of his hands, holding the most welcome letter in the other." Among other things, he said to Monsieur Barillon, the French Ambassador. "At length the wind has declared itself a Papist," then resuming his usual gravity, he added, "you know that for these three days *I have caused the Holy Sacrament to go in procession.*" This circumstance strongly exhibits the weakness and bigotry of the man, relying as miraculous upon a circumstance, which a few days showed, was merely fortuitous

The weather continued stormy for eight days. However, having abated, and the scattered ships being collected, the fleet divided into three squadrons again put to sea. A red flag was hoisted for the English and Scotch; a white for the Princes' guards, and the troops of Brandenburg, and a blue for the Dutch and French. On the 2nd they steered for the English coast; on the 3rd they reached the North Forelands, and bore up for the channel. The 4th being Sunday, and auspicious, as the day of his birth and marriage, it was conjectured that the Prince would land at the Isle of Wight, Portsmouth, or some other place contiguous, but his Highness devoted that day to the service of God. On the 5th of November, (a day remarkable as the anniversary of the Gunpowder Popish Plot), the fleet passed Dartmouth, and entered the Haven of Torbay, where the Prince disembarked, and was received by the people of Devonshire with loud acclamation, here he sojourned for two or three days, and then he went to Exeter, which city he entered triumphantly. From thence commenced a glowing career in defence of Protestantism and right, which, ended on the downfall of Popery and wrong.

10. *Wickliffe*.—John Wickliffe, as the precursor of Martin Luther, was called "The star of the Reformation;" he was a bold, talented, and pious man. In 1324, he began that great work which Luther accomplished two centuries later. He commenced by exposing the system of Friar-begging; their mendicity became troublesome and audacious, and they even announced from the pulpit that Christ was a common beggar. Having been sent by Edward III. on a mission to Rome to expostulate against the exactions of the church, he had an opportunity of penetrating into the policy of Popery, and from thenceforward he never ceased to expose its foul corruptions. He boldly inveighed against the Pope, his usurpation, his infallibility, his pride, his avarice, and his tyranny. He was the first to term the Pope "Antichrist." He also loudly exposed the grandeur and voluptuousness of the Bishops; and contrasted their pomp with the simplicity of the primitive Bishops. His next courageous and daring step was to impeach the doctrine of transubstantiation; and his last great act was to give to the world our English translation of the Bible. As the advocate of truth, he was persecuted by the churchmen; as the fearless expositor of vice in high places, he was beloved by all good men. To avoid the vengeance of Urban VI., he retired into obscurity; and ere long was released from his enemies, having died, in 1384, of the palsy. His opinions spread wide after his death, his followers being called Lollards.

In 1401, a statute was passed against them; by it all Lollards who remained obstinate were handed over to the civil power, and burnt as heretics. Shortly after the commencement of this persecution, not less than thirty-six suffered martyrdom at Saint Giles' in London. They were hung upon gibbets, and faggots placed under them; as soon as they were suspended, fire was then set to the faggots, so that they were burnt while hanging. One of the victims was Sir Roger Archer, whom the fiends in human form distinguished from the rest of the sufferers; they stripped him stark naked, and executed him in that indecent manner.

11. *Luther*.—Germany seemed destined to be the destroyer of Roman power. It was the avenging arm of a barbarian chief, issuing from the forests of Germany, which crushed the power of pagan Rome. It was the outburst of the burning eloquence of an humble monk issuing from his cell at Wittenberg, which laid prostrate the power of popish Rome—the withering power of dark superstition—chaining down the energies of the immortal soul.

A papal bull having issued against him, he committed it to the flames in the presence of the members of the University of Wittenberg, for which daring act he was cited to appear at Worms, to answer for his doctrines. "The Mighty Hunter," as he called the Pope, demanded his victim; and on to Worms went emperor, prince, and peasant, all anxious to see the man who had dared to lift his voice against the Pope. "Do not go," said his friends, "I will go," said Luther, "if there were as many devils in Worms as there are tiles on its housetops." He set out on his journey, and on the morning of the 16th April, 1521, came in sight of Worms. On his journey he had composed a hymn, and set it to music; and when he beheld the tower of the ancient City, where the fate of the Reformation was to be decided, he rose up in his waggon, and sung the hymn; this celebrated song of divinity is sung by the Germans to this day.

The following is Carlyle's translation :—

A safe stronghold our God is still,
A trusty shield and weapon,
He'll keep us clear from all the ill
That hath us now o'ertaken.
The ancient prince of hell
Hath risen with purpose fell;
Strong mail of craft and power
He weaveth in this hour—
On earth is not his fellow.

With force of arms we nothing can—
Full soon were we down ridden :
But for us fights the proper man,
Whom God himself hath bidden.
Ask ye who is this same—
Christ Jesus is his name ;
The Lord Zebaoth's son,
He and no other one
Shall conquer in the battle.

And were this world all devils o'er,
 And watching to devour us,
 We lay it not to heart so sore,
 We know they can't o'erpower us.
 And let the prince of ill
 Look grim as e'er he will,
 He harms us not a whit—
 For why?—his doom is writ—
 A word shall quickly slay him.

God's word, for all their craft and force
 One moment will not linger,
 But spite of hell shall have its course—
 'Tis written by His finger.
 And though they take our life,
 Goods, houses, children, wife,
 Yet is their profit small—
 These things shall vanish all ;
 God's city it remaineth.

12. *Philip Melancthon*.—Philip Melancthon was born 16th February, 1497, at Brettau in Saxony, alike remarkable in early youth for studious habits, promising talents, literary attainments, and meekness of disposition. At the early age of about 20 he was appointed Greek professor at the University of Wittenberg, where Martin Luther was a doctor of divinity. An immediate and lasting friendship sprang up between these two great men, which only ceased with life. A singular coincidence occurred regarding them; Luther came into the world 14 years before Melancthon, and Melancthon remained on earth 14 years after Luther. He was the invaluable associate and confidant of the great Reformer, who was aided by his wise and temperate counsels, and great literary attainments. He forwarded the Reformation by his writings, his piety, the bland and winning sweetness of his disposition and manners, his charity and benevolence, his home being ever open to the poor, who were never sent away empty. To him was assigned the important task of framing the *Augsburgh Confession of Faith*, the materials for which were furnished by Luther. Possessed of such excellence of character and abilities of mind, great but unavailing efforts were made by the Papists to gain him over to their cause, and his name had obtained so much celebrity among the nations as a champion of Reform, that he was successively invited by Francis I. of France, and Henry VIII. of England, to visit their respective courts, but which he declined. The mildness of his disposition, and the soundness of his judgment, were often of great use in keeping down the often too ardent and fiery zeal of Martin Luther. His constitutional softness was by some accounted too yielding; yet in all doctrinal points he maintained the character of an enlightened and inflexible Protestant. The integrity of his principles, and the intrepidity of his mind, burst forth on every occasion; and his biographer relates, that when Cardinal Campeggis at last refused all toleration of the Protestant faith, he made this mild, but resolute reply:

"Well, then, we commend ourselves and our concerns to God; if He be for us who can be against us? We shall wait with patience whatever may happen to us. If it be necessary, we would (if such be the will of God) rather fight and die, than betray so many souls."

13. *Latimer*.—Hugh Latimer, Bishop of Worcester, suffered martyrdom along with Nicholas Ridley, Bishop of London, both being burned together on the 17th October, 1555, in the reign of bloody Queen Mary, at Oxford. He had been educated at Cambridge, and so zealous an advocate was he there for Romanism, that, in his oration on being made Bachelor of Divinity, he strongly censured Melancthon, the German Reformer, and friend of Martin Luther. But it pleased God that his heart should be changed, and that he should stand forth a holy champion for the glorious Reformation. We are told by Fox, that at the stake the venerable and pious Latimer stood fearless and erect; and that his garb bespoke his poverty, his dress being a long shroud, hanging down the whole length of his person. When a lighted faggot was laid at Ridley's feet, Latimer said, "Be of good cheer, Ridley. and play the man; we shall this day, by God's grace, light up such a candle in England as I trust will never be put out." When the faggots were ignited, he cried out, "Oh Father of Heaven, receive my soul;" embracing the flames, he bathed his hands in it, and soon his holy spirit was released.

14. *John Knox*.—The Scottish Reformer, was born in 1505, at Gifford, in east Lothian; and before 25, was ordained a popish priest. Constant reflection and close examination of the writings of Saints Jerome and Augustine, brought his mind to a deep reverence for, and a true knowledge of the Holy Bible. As a natural consequence, he became a Protestant, and openly avowed his principles in 1542. This bold step brought on his troubles; and it is stated that Cardinal Beaufort hired assassins to take his life. To escape the threatened danger, he fled to the castle of Saint Andrew, which having capitulated to a French armament. Knox was carried to France, and made a galley slave. Here, for 19 months, he suffered all the rigours and indignities which the Papists were accustomed to inflict upon heretics. He was liberated in 1549, and from thence until his death, 1572, his life was one unceasing course of action, full of piety, zeal, talent, boldness, and perseverance, in preaching and promulgating the doctrines of the Reformation in Scotland, England, and Switzerland. The young King Edward VI. patronized him, made him one of his chaplains, and offered him a bishoprick, which he declined from religious scruples. He was the friend and intimate of Calvin, with whom he passed some portion of his exile when he fled from the persecution of bloody Queen Mary. Under Mary Queen of Scots, he was surrounded by difficulties and dangers, having to combat all the wily arts and fierce threatenings of that bigoted, criminal, and unfortunate woman, whose crimes he openly and fearlessly denounced. To keep alive the spirit of Protestantism among the nobility, which all the fascinations of the Queen, and the power of the crown were used to frustrate, his pulpit oratory was powerful and unceasing in Edinburgh. The English Ambassador to the Court of Scotland thus writes of him to Lord Cecil:

"The voice of one man is able, in an hour, to put more life in us, than six hundred trumpets continually blustering in our ears."

After a long life of turmoil and danger, piety and firmness, he died at Edinburgh in the 67th year of his age, on the 24th November, 1572, and the eulogy pronounced over his body by Morton the Regent, when laid in the grave, was as true as it was remarkable:

"There lies he who never feared the face of man."

Warrant 1505, was permitted to be called the John Knox, 1505 being the year of his nativity.

15. *John Wesley*.—John Wesley was born in the (as it is called) Augustine age of Queen Anne; but, although the light of literature shed lustre on the period, dark clouds of moral degradation overshadowed the land. The profligacy of the reign of Charles II. had so widely diffused its taint, and had so deeply demoralized the public mind, that all the efforts of all good men availed but little to check wickedness, which Proteus like appeared in many and often alluring forms. It is true, that in the courts of the sovereigns who succeeded the Revolution, the satyr of licentiousness dare not appear; but still the demon reigned rampart amongst the people. Atheism and obscenity flowed from the press. The metaphysical blasphemies of Bolingbroke, and the lewd poetry of Rochester, were sought with more avidity than the divinity of Tillitson, the epic of Milton, or the lyrics of Waller. Drunkenness and adultery were fashionable vices. Religion and its ministers were turned into ridicule and sneers against holy things passed for wit and good breeding. The stage—that great organ of good or evil—true to “catch the manners living as they rise,” depicted on its public boards the lewd contaminations of private life: not to expose vices, but to encourage them. From the pen of the dramatist flowed the sparkling, but licentious wit of Congreve, and the gross and open dialogue of Cibber and Farquhar, spoken by beautiful impures, and applauded by rapturous audiences.

Amidst all this pollution, John Wesley was sent by the Giver of all Good to struggle against the sins of the nation. He was born on the 17th June, 1703, in the reign of Queen Anne, and died in that of George III., on the 2nd March, 1791, at the advanced age of 88, having lived under four sovereigns.

Glorious has been his career, and successfully did he accomplish his mission: distance of space, the peril of travel, inclemency of season, midnight watchings, toil, care, sickness—all the ills that flesh is heir to, were braved and surmounted by one sent by providence to shed abroad the light of the Gospel among a benighted and degraded people. It pleased the Divinity to grant him a long life to accomplish the end for which he was sent; and in the fulfilment of his office, he was seen in America, (Georgia,) Holland, Germany, Wales, Scotland, Ireland, and every part of England. Wherever he went, a blessing was experienced. The whole avocation of his long life was

Prayer all his business,
All his pleasure praise.

He was a true Church of England man. A clergyman once asked him in what points they differed from the Church of England? “I answered,” said he, “to the best of my knowledge, none. The doctrines we preach are doctrines of the Church of England; indeed the fundamental doctrines of the Church clearly laid down both in her prayers, articles, and homilies.”

In his latter missions, this pious and indefatigable man when he knew he had not long to live, and he saw the shadow of death slowly but steadily approaching, he usually concluded his address to the heads of society thus, "Love as brethren, fear God, and honor the King;" and then invariably added

"Oh that without a lingering groan,
I may the welcome word receive;
My body with my charge lay down,
And cease at once to work and live."

Warrant 1703 was permitted to be called the Wesley, as the reverend founder of Methodism was born in 1703.

17. *Ye Sons of Nassau*.--In the autumn of 1860, the Prince of Wales made his transatlantic voyage to North America, visiting the United States, (at New York)—as also Upper and Lower Canada. His Royal Highness was attended by the late Duke of Newcastle, then Colonial Secretary, under whose *pupilage* and *surveillance* he travelled. It was an unhappy circumstance that the Duke was called upon to accompany the Prince, for his Whig antecedents and Romanistic proclivities, rendered him but an indifferent mentor for our young Telemachus.

There were at that time, (1860) in the Canadas, 150,000 Orangemen; this large figure has considerably increased within the last nine years, and they are claimed almost exclusively by Upper Canada, the population of Lower Canada being principally composed of Papists, of French descent. The Protestants of Upper Canada entertaining sterling loyalty for their beloved Queen, were delighted to manifest that feeling to her son the Prince of Wales, and the 150,000 Orangemen enthusiastically participated in the noble excitement that prevailed.

For this purpose preparations were made on a large and splendid scale, for the Grand Master and the Brotherhood, to meet and give honor to the Prince, and in his person tender their fealty to the Queen. Lofty and magnificent arches were erected, and thousands of Orangemen (mostly congregated from very distant places,) appeared in the rich decorations of the several orders of the Institution, marshalled by their respective officers, with waving flags and banners, accompanied by martial music.

It had been previously intimated by the Duke that addresses would not be received from the Orangemen, but up to this time nothing was said as to their processions or the wearing their insignia—for as processions were not illegal in Canada, no impediment was anticipated, and the Orangemen hailed with joy an opportunity of giving expression to *their* true devotion to the crown of old England. A committee of reception having drawn up a programme for the intended reception of the Prince in Kingston, assigned a suitable position in it to the Orange procession, of which the country Lodges being informed, they at much expense and toil, gladly obeyed the invitation, arriving in large masses from distant parts, with all the paraphernalia of the Order; but as such a display would not accord with the Duke's anti-Protestant bias,

and he having been informed of the intended Orange demonstration, wrote a letter to Sir Edmond Head, which Sir Edmond sent with one from himself, to the Mayors of Kingston and Toronto, in which the Duke said he could not pass with the Prince under any Orange arch, nor should the Prince land at any place where the Orangemen appeared as a body, with flags or insignia of their Order; this intimation most injudicious and dictatorial, which, in the words of the Morning Herald, placed the Duke's "ispe dixit above the law of the land," calling upon the Orangemen to forego a *legal right* to assemble in the streets, and in their decorations present their humble duty to the son of their Queen, was what they would not, ought not, and did not accede to, and their obstinacy was firmer when told that one reason given by the Duke was that their Orange display "would be notoriously offensive to the members of another creed;" this language coming from the man who at one time said that he would not permit "any ovation in which the religious or political predilections of any party were made public," and yet who permitted the Prince at Quebec, to visit the Laval University, exclusively Popish, presided over by the Popish Archbishop; to receive graciously the whole Roman Catholic Bishops of Upper and Lower Canada," gorgeously attired in their purple robes, to pay a visit to the Convent of the Ursuline Nuns, and receive "a beautiful address, which was suitably replied to;" and to permit a Popish fraternity called the St. Patrick's Society, to take part in a procession at Montreal, displaying the party colour "Green," and decorated with the rebel emblem of the Irish Harp *without the crown*, determined the Orangemen of Kingston not to do what Orangemen were never incapable of doing, to disown their colours. This determination was highly offensive to the Ducal Mentor, who would not therefore permit his pupil to land at Kingston; but before the Kingston Brethren are condemned for want of subservient submission to this Dictator, let it be considered that thousands of them had congregated there on the invitation of the Committee of reception, to greet the Prince, some travelling from very distant places, without any previous intimation that they would not be received, for the prohibition came but two days previous to the time fixed for the Prince to land; and then to find, after toil, travel, anxiety, and expense, that if they did not tear down their splendid arches, furl their Orange banners, disrobe them of their Orange and Purple scarfs, remove all the bright insignia of their various orders, and appear only in the plain guise of humble civilians, the Prince would not land; these things they would not do. They stood not only on the loyalty but the *legality* of their stand, and recollecting the countenance shewn elsewhere to Popery in its most objectionable forms, and feeling their high hopes blasted, they were determined not to yield an inch, but refused to relinquish their Orange demonstration, in case the Prince should land, and although the Duke was told that there was to be no procession or address presented, and that all they required was that the Prince would land and see the people, without officially recognizing the Orange Institution, yet the Duke was inflexible, and the Prince turned his back on Kingston, because Protestantism would not submit to be put under the foot of Popery.

The same unwise course was pursued by the Duke during the royal progress through Canada. In the city of Toronto an Orange arch was erected in King Street, very tastefully got up, and decorated with a picture of King William on horseback, but because the Duke of Newcastle did not think it right that the heir to the Crown of England

should pass under the picture of one of the most illustrious Kings that ever wore that royal diadem, he took his Royal Highness down some back obscure street, in order to avoid coming within the vicinity of him of "glorious, pious, and immortal memory."

The unjust indignities thus reiterated fell deeply on the wounded pride of the Canadian Orangemen, and the sting of ingratitude was felt to rancour in the bosoms of the men, and the descendants of the men who chivalrously stood in the breach during the Canadian rebellion of 1837-38—immediately one universal feeling of remonstrance arose, and 150,000 Orangemen addressed Her Most Gracious Majesty, expressive of their devoted loyalty, complaining that as their Institution is under no legal disability in British North America, their claim to be recognized during the progress of the Prince of Wales, through Canada ought to have been admitted by the advisers of his Royal Highness.

This address was committed to the care of Brother the Honorable John Hillyard Cameron, Q.C., M.P.P., Grand Master of British North America, for presentation to the Queen. That Most Worshipful Officer hastened to Europe upon his important mission, and having arrived in London early in January, 1861, had the honor of attending the Royal Levee on the 14th of February, when he presented to Her Majesty the address of the Grand Lodge of the Orange Institution of British America. On the presentation he was announced as "the Grand Master of the Loyal Orange Association of British America," and the address was most graciously received.

Previous to the presentation, Mr. Cameron went to Ireland, and paid a visit to Orangeland, the Province of Ulster, here he was received with open arms and warm hearts. A great demonstration was made in compliment to the Honorable Brother, in the Victoria Hall, Belfast, on Wednesday Evening, 30th January, where a numerous band of the magnates of the Institution, besides an assemblage of about 2,000 of the brethren were presided over by Brother James C. Price, Esq., to give a hearty welcome to their distinguished visitor.

Having visited the metropolis also, Brother Cameron was saluted on the evening of the 5th of February, by the Dublin Orangemen, in the Round Room, Rotunda, which was filled on the occasion, although capable of containing 2,300 persons. Brother Stewart Blacker, Esq., D.G.M., G.L.I. took the chair, who as the representative of the Battle of the Diamond, greeted the representative of 150,000 Canadian Orangemen.

A Grand Banquet was given to Brother Cameron on the previous evening, (Monday, 4th February), in Reynold's Hotel, Upper Sackville Street, Dublin, at which upwards of 200 of the Brethren assembled, presided over by the Grand Master for Dublin. On this festive occasion, the song "Ye Sons of Nassau" was sung in honor of our distinguished guest.

25. *Ye Protestant boys, ye Sons of Nassau*.—The original name of the air known familiarly amongst us as "The Protestant boys" is Lillibullero. Doctor Percy says that "Lillibullero-ballin-a-la" were words of distinction used by the Irish Papists in their massacre of the Protestants in 1641. The air, which is one of great simplicity, would

in all probability, have met the fate of many others—lost in oblivion—were it not for the circumstance, that at this period (1688), some verses of wretched bad poetry; but a high satirical spirit, were produced by Lord Wharton, in ridicule of the administration of Lord Tyrconnell. The ballad became a favourite with the whole nation, a kind of mania seemed to have caught hold of all classes, for almost every one from the artizan to the peer, was whistling or singing it. It was greatly relished by the army who brought it over to Ireland. Sterne, in "Tristram Shandy," has most graphically drawn an old soldier who fought at the Boyne; and one peculiarity of the veteran was his trick of whistling "Lillibullero." When Gay wrote the Beggars' Opera, he selected the most popular airs as vehicles of his satire. One of his songs, "The ways of the Court so common are grown," was written to "Lillibullero." Doctor Burnet, in his account of his own times, in remarking on the great damage this silly ballad had done to the cause of King James, says "never perhaps had so slight a thing so great an effect." The following are the words of this old song:

Ho, broder Teague dost hear de decree,
 Lillibullero bullina-a-la,
 Dat we shall have a new deputie
 Lillibullero bullin-a-la.

Lero, lero, lillibullero, lero, lero, bullin-a-la,
 Lero, lero, lillibullero, lero, lero, bullin-a-la.

Ho! by Shaint Tyburn, it is the Talbote.
 Lilli, &c.
 And he will cut the Englishman's throat,
 Lilli, &c.

Dough, by my shoul, de English do praat,
 Lilli, &c.
 De law's on dare side, and Creish knows what—
 Lilli, &c.

But if dispense do come from the Pope,
 Lilli, &c.
 We'll hang Magna Charta and dem in a rope,
 Lilli, &c.

For the good Talbote is made a lord,
 Lilli, &c.
 And with brave lads is coming aboard,
 Lilli, &c.

Who all in France have taken a swear,
 Lilli, &c.
 Dat dey will have no Protestant heir,
 Lilli, &c.

Arrah! but why does he stay behind,
 Lilli, &c.
 Ho! by my shoul, 'tis a Protestant wind,
 Lilli, &c.

But see de Tyrconnell is now come ashore,
 Lilli, &c.
 And we shall have commissions gillore,
 Lilli, &c.

And he dat will not go to the mass,
 Lilli, &c.
 Shall be turn out and look like an ass,
 Lilli, &c.
 Now, now de heretics all go down,
 Lilli, &c.
 By Chrish and Shaint Patrick the natiop's our own.
 Lilli, &c.

This air has become obsolete in England; but it ever was and still is a great favourite with the Irish Protestants. We have made it our own, and it is now exclusively an Orange melody. So much was it prized by the early Orangemen, that the charter song of the Institution was written to it.

The House of Commons having, in 1835, appointed a committee to enquire into "the nature, character, extent, and tendency of Orange Lodges, Associations, or Societies in Ireland;" a great number of witnesses were examined. Lieutenant Colonel William Blacker was examined; and the following extract from his evidence will show how the Orangemen united their sentiments with this old and sturdy air:

Question 9108—"Are the Orangemen in the habit of singing uncharitable songs?"

A. "No; certainly not,"

Q. 9109—"Do you know this of your own knowledge?"

A. "I may say that I do know it of my own knowledge; for I know the song that was the original charter song of the Orange Association, contained some verses that were very much the reverse of uncharitable; and I know upon various occasions that I have heard those verses particularly applauded, seeming to meet the wishes and ideas of the hearers."

Q. 9110—"Can you give the song to the Committee?"

A. "Here is a copy of it."

ORIGINAL CHARTER SONG OF THE ORANGE INSTITUTION.

TUNE—"Lillibullero."

Tell me, my friends, why are we met here—
 Why thus assembled, ye Protestants boys?
 Do mirth and good humour, good liquor, and cheer,
 Call us to share in festivity's joys?
 Oh! no; 'tis the cause of King, Freedom, and Laws,
 That calls loyal Protestants now to unite;
 For Orange and Blue will be faithful and true—
 Our King to support, and sedition affright.
 Great spirit of William, from heaven look down,
 Wake in our hearts our forefathers' fire;
 Teach us to rival their deathless renown—
 From traitor or Frenchman ne'er to retire.
 Jacobin, Jacobite, against all to unite—
 Who dare to assail our Sovereign's Throne;
 For Orange and Blue will be faithful and true,
 And Protestant loyalty ever be known.

In that loyalty proud let us ever remain,
 Bound together by truth and religion's pure band;
 Nor honor's bright cause with foul bigotry stain,
 While in courage and justice supported we stand.
 So heaven shall smile on our Emerald Isle,
 And lead us to conquest again and again,
 While Papists shall prove our brotherly love,
 We hate them as masters, we love them as men.*

By the deeds of our fathers to glory inspired,
 Our Protestant heroes will combat the foe;
 Hearts with true honor and loyalty fired—
 Intrepid, undaunted, to battle we go.
 In Orange and Blue, still faithful and true,
 The soul-stirring music of glory we'll sing;
 The shades of the Boyne in the chorus shall join,
 And the welkin re-echo with "God save the King."

26. *Fe Orangemen of Ireland*.—The Earl of Tyrconnell having, in 1688, as Lord Lieutenant and Commander-in-Chief in Ireland, the lives and liberties of the Protestants at his disposal, was making immense efforts to raise and organize an army for their extermination. The troops were chiefly composed of hordes of wild, rapacious, and half savage men drawn from the mountains, woods, and bogs, or miserable villages, the abodes of squalid wretchedness. These men while they were rapparees, were well versed in the arts of theft and rapine; but being now soldiers, they carried on their knavery with some degree of authority, so that in a month or two, there was scarcely a Protestant in most counties (where the English were not upon their defence) but was spoiled and plundered.

The evils, both political and social, which were daily augmenting around the Protestants of Ireland, at length called forth the united energies of the loyalty of the North. They knew that their security depended on their numbers, and they, therefore, consulted in common, and appointed strong guards in several places; but they foresaw that these proceedings would incense the government, and draw down an army on them, when Tyrconnell could be ready with his new levies. They, therefore, entered into associations in the several counties, "for self-defence, and for securing the Protestant Religion, their lives, liberties, and properties, and the peace of the Kingdom, disturbed by Popish and illegal counsellors and their abettors." They chose commanders-in-chief for the counties of Down, Armagh, Monaghan, Derry, Donegal, and Tyrone. They also selected councils or committees for every county, and appointed a general council of union, at Hillsborough, for all the associated counties of Ulster. These councils chose the field officers, and applied themselves to such ministers as had the greatest influence on the people for raising of men. There being no public fund to defray expenses, several gentlemen who raised regiments, armed and maintained them at their own charge. The council of union sent an address to the Prince of Orange, on the 10th January, 1689, who gave a gracious answer of approbation, and granted commissions for the newly-raised regiments, and gave promises of large supplies of military stores, and 15,000 men.

* "This verse has ever been hailed with peculiar approbation in Orange meetings."—*Note on the song in the evidence.*

The union of Hillsborough did everything that could be performed under these peculiar and frowning circumstances. They proclaimed King William and Queen Mary; organized and distributed their forces; and Colonel Lundy, (the infamous Lundy) who, with Major Gustavus Hamilton, had the command of the counties of Derry, Donegal, and Tyrone, having given them an assurance of 3,000 men, they ordered Hillsborough to be supplied with all necessary provisions for an army. But their admirable efforts and their heroic intentions were frustrated by the treachery of Lundy, who failed to keep his word, shewing his alsehood on this and every other occasion where he promised to be true.

The union of Hillsborough was a bold, wise, and patriotic combination. It was the spring from whence flowed and spread abroad that full tide of truth, on whose wave was borne on high that spirit of love and loyalty, which has ever warmed and animated the hearts of the Orangemen of Ireland.

I doubt not, but this song (as some others in this collection) may be objected to for its length, and I do fear it may be felt unmerciful to inflict so long a ditty upon an audience.

The reader is referred to that first of naval odes, "Ye Mariners of England," by Campbell, from whom I have borrowed the construction of the stanza; and I freely confess that I was so fascinated with the musical and martial measure of his verse, that admiration—may have led me into prolixity.

28. *The Orange Yeomanry of '98.*—From 1795, remarkable for the Battle of the Diamond to 1798, memorable for the rebellion, disaffection, manifested in every species of crime, increased to a dreadful extent, insomuch that the small military force then in Ireland was found quite inadequate for the protection of life and property. This necessitated the Government to propose in 1796 the embodying of all loyal subjects as Yeomanry Corps, similar to those in England, and subject to the control of the Government. This proposal was heartily received in many parts of the kingdom.

This salutary measure met with much opposition from the United Irishmen, particularly in Dublin, where the Popish party were headed by the leading and active members of the Catholic Committee. Notwithstanding all the efforts made against the raising of the Yeomanry—an Institution which saved the kingdom from threatened destruction—the first demand for 27,000 men was immediately met, and in less than 6 months it rose to 37,000—and during the rebellion the Yeomanry force exceeded 5,000 men, who were all to be depended on as "good men and true;" for as very great disaffection appeared generally among the Popish Yeomen, the different corps were purged of such of them as were known to be disloyal.

The Yeomanry of the counties of Fermanagh, Tyrone, Derry, and Armagh, amounted (according to Musgrave) to 14,000 men, the most of whom were Orangemen; of these 5,000 were from Tyrone, 4,200 of whom were Orangemen. So effective and sterling was the Yeomanry force that General Knox who was in command at Dungannon reported in the summer of 1798, that he would rest the safety of the North on their fidelity and bravery.

All over the kingdom where ever they were embodied, they were eminently serviceable in extinguishing the rebellion; and reference is here made to Musgrave's history, which gives full details of their brave deeds, generally fighting against immense odds, and ending each conflict by beating the rebels.

31. *Oh! let us ne'er forget, men.*—See Note, p. 45 of Notes to Poem.

35 & 36. *Schomberg*, (1690.) *Hail to Schomberg's martial name.* Duke Schomberg was of noble, *not* royal descent. His father was Count Schomberg, and his mother was an Englishwoman, daughter of Lord Dudley. It is somewhat remarkable that the field of battle was destined to be the death-bed of the Schombergs. Many of the Duke's ancestors died gloriously in conflict; and it is a very singular coincidence, that father, son, and grandson, the Count Schomberg, the Duke, his son, and also the Duke's son, all died "with harness on their backs." Count Schomberg fell at the Battle of Prague, in Bohemia, in 1620; the Duke was killed at the Battle of the Boyne, on the 1st July, 1690; and his son, the second Duke, was mortally wounded at the Battle of Marsaglia, in Piedmont, on the 3rd November, 1693. The Duke was eighty-two when he fell at the Boyne; his remains are interred in St. Patrick's Cathedral, and there is a plaster of Paris cast of his head to be seen in Trinity College, Dublin: He was a man of great prudence, valor, and true Protestant principles. He had served in the armies of the father and grandfather of William III., and it is well known how he aided the King with his courage and his counsel. He at one period was engaged in the service of the King of France, and gained so high a reputation, that, next the Prince of Conde and Turenne, he was esteemed the best General of the day there. It was a remarkable circumstance in his achievements, that while thus fighting for Louis XV., in 1676, he was opposed to King William; then Prince of Orange, who at that time commanded the confederated army against France; and at Manestricht, he obliged his future friend and master to raise the siege of that place. In 1685, finding that the persecution and suppression of the reformed religion was begun in France, he quitted it, plainly shewing that wealth or distinction had no value in his eyes, compared with his love of liberty and Protestant truth.

At the Battle of the Boyne, after King William's troops had crossed the river, the Danes were giving way, and some of them repassed the river. The Duke seeing the disorder, and perceiving the French Protestants were left exposed without a leader, their Colonel, Caillémote, having been just then wounded and carried off the field, passed the river to head them himself, in such a hurry that his aide-de-camp could not persuade him to put on his armour. When he got to the battle side of the river, he encouraged the troops with this short but energetic address—"Allons Messieurs, *viola vos, persecuteurs.*" "*Come on, Gentlemen, see yonder your persecutors,*" pointing to the French Papists: Just then, about fifteen of King James's guards sweeping across the field to their main body, after the slaughter of their companions—and whom the French refugees allowed to pass, mistaking them for friends—fell furiously upon the Duke, giving him two wounds on the head, not mortal. The French Protestants now—but too late—saw their error, only to commit a greater by firing rashly on the enemy, and one of their balls took fatal effect where it was least intended, as the Duke was shot through the neck, and died instantly. His character is thus given by Harris:

"He was a man of great calmness, application, and conduct, and thought much better than he spoke; of true judgment, exact probity, and of an humble and obliging temper. He had a thorough experience of the world, knew men and things better than any man of his profession ever did, and was as great in council as at the head of an army. In his declining years his memory was very much impaired, but his judgment remained true and clear to the last. He was courteous, and yet had an air of grandeur that commanded respect."

37. *George Walker*.—The City of Derry being threatened with a siege, shut its gates on the 7th December, 1688. Captain James Hamilton arrived there on the 21st of March, 1689, with a commission from King William, appointing Colonel Lundy—who afterwards was found to be a traitor—governor of the City. Already his conduct had created suspicion, and his subsequent acts proved his villany. About the middle of April, King James's forces approached Strabane, and great efforts were made by several gentlemen to raise regiments, and watch and report the movements of the enemy. One of the first and most active was the Rev. George Walker, Rector of Donoughmore, County Tyrone, who, to aid and support the persecuted Protestants, raised a regiment principally at his own expense. On the approach of the Popish army at Strabane, he quickly informed Lundy of the coming danger, who treated the intelligence as a false alarm. Mr. Walker, in obedience to Lundy's orders, was stationed at a place called Longcauseway, but, in consequence of the advance of the enemy—the passes of the river Foyle having been left unguarded through the trickery and evasive conduct of Lundy—had to retreat for protection to Derry with his forces, the gates of which were shut against them by Lundy's orders, and they remained all that night outside the walls. Ultimately, Lundy, after several base attempts to surrender the town to King James, fled in disguise to Scotland, and the Rev. Mr. Walker and Major Baker were appointed governors.

Very little has been handed down to us of the conduct of Mr. Walker. He has left behind a work detailing the progress of the siege, which he called "a true account," of it; but his modesty prevented him saying much of himself. Yet the few actions on record of him shew plainly the excellence of his character, and how admirably calculated were his rare qualities suited to the eventful time and place which made them so conspicuous.

On the 21st of April, 1689, the siege commenced by a brisk cannonade from the enemy. The garrison sent out a force against the assailants, and here Walker's first heroic achievement took place. Early in the onset the troops of the besieged were forced back. Walker, seeing the disastrous consequences likely to result from his retreat, mounted a horse, and by his energetic example rallied the men, and relieved Colonel Murray, who was surrounded by the enemy. During all the misery of the protracted siege, Governor Walker did everything which wisdom and forethought could suggest; his prudence, courage, and piety were evinced upon all occasions, and both by precept and practice, he kept alive in the breasts of the famished inhabitants sentiments of resignation, valor, and virtue. Although misery and death stalked around, his never-ceasing cry was "no surrender;" and on the 30th of July, he called together his emaciated fellow-sufferers in the Cathedral, he

cheered their fainting hearts with the spirit of prayer and of prophecy; he told them "of what importance their perseverance was to the Protestant religion at that time," and he prophetically announced "that they need not doubt but that God would at last deliver them from the difficulties they were under." His prediction was verified; for in about an hour after his sermon, relief came to the starving citizens. So great was the confidence reposed in him, and so high the opinion entertained of his abilities on all important occasions, that he was unanimously chosen to present an address of thanks to King William and Queen Mary, for the assistance sent to the besieged City. He was most graciously received, and the King rewarded his eminent services by a present of £5,000.

When the siege was raised, Governor Walker, considering that it would be incompatible with his sacred profession to hold any prominent position as a military man, resigned the command of the regiment he had raised in favor of Captain White; but his spirit could not rest while danger was abroad; although not in military command, he was still active in keeping alive the energies of the persecuted Protestants.

King William landed at Carrickfergus on the 14th June, 1690, in the evening; he arrived at Belfast, and was met by Duke Schomberg and other eminent persons, one of the most distinguished of whom was Doctor Walker, who hastened to follow the banner of the champion of civil and religious liberty, to the King, to whom he presented an address in the name of the episcopal clergy; he was introduced by the Duke Schomberg. Alas! brave men, they knew not while they were thus standing in the sunshine of royalty, that in a few days they would be enveloped in the shadow of death, doomed to fall together at the memorable conflict of the Boyne. William and James were eager to meet, and decide their contest for the throne. They met—they fought—and William and liberty won the day. The brave Walker crossed the river with Schomberg, and very soon after the Duke was killed, Walker received a wound in the abdomen, of which he died instantly.

At that battle the King was attended by brave men and ardent patriots, but Walker was superior to them all; for to the zeal of bravery and patriotism which glowed in his heart was added the holy light of piety, whose benign influence like "a still small voice," chastened down the energies of the chief to the merciful precepts of the divine. As the soldier he could cheer men to the field of battle; as the priest he led them to religion "whose ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace."

39. *The Battle of the Boyne*.—See Note, p. 60 of Notes to Poem.

41. *The Battle of Aughrim*.—The Battle of Aughrim was the last field battle fought in the civil wars of the Revolution—it was the great decisive blow—nothing of note occurred afterwards. Galway surrendered, Limerick was besieged, and at length capitulated; but Aughrim was a true stand-up fight, where good generalship evinced military skill, and personal valour flashed forth with all the enthusiasm which fanaticism and bigotry on one side, and religious zeal and love

of freedom on the other could inspire. The Irish were commanded by Saint Ruth, a field marshal of France, and the English were led on by General Ginckle, created Earl of Athlone, for the laurels he won at that ever-memorable siege over the French commander. The English army was 18,000 strong; the enemy, composed of 20,000 foot, and 5,000 horse and dragoons—(a dragoon at that period was a kind of soldier that served indifferently on foot or horseback)—brought 25,000 men into the field, having the advantages of number and position. The battle was fought on Sunday, the 12th day of July, 1691. The English were early in the field, but owing to a dense fog which, like a funeral pall, hung over the fortunes of the day, no movement was made until towards noon. Just then the mist rising like a curtain, displayed the Irish army drawn up in two lines in front of their camp, which extended along the elevation of the hill of Kilcomoden, near the old castle of Aughrim. Saint Ruth, to encourage his men, ordered Mass, to be celebrated in all parts of the camp. The Priests, on a full assurance of a glorious victory, swore every man on the Sacrament not to forsake his colors, and to give the enemy no quarter; and the General by his harangues, animated his troops, and in his boasting, swore he would beat the English to the very gates of Dublin. From two until half-past four the armies were engaged in manœuvring and frequent skirmishing; but at five o'clock the fight commenced, the English laboring under great disadvantage in boggy, miry ground, where their horse could not act, and their infantry galled and swept down by tremendous volleys from the Irish, securely posted behind hedges and embankments. Victory at length declared for the English, having beaten the enemy, from all their positions and outgeneralled their General. In the fervor of his exultation at some temporary advantage, when Saint Ruth cried out that he would drive the heretics to the gates of Dublin, he was killed by a cannon ball as he rode down the hill of Kilcomoden; his troops got dismayed, fled in disorder, and were pursued until nightfall. The Papists lost in this great, glorious, and decisive battle 7,000 men, ammunition, tents, and baggage, 9 pieces of brass cannon, 11 standards, and 32 pair of colors, which were sent as a present to Queen Mary.

A medal was struck to commemorate this happy victory, representing King William in bust, crowned with laurel, and surrounded with his titles; on the reverse, a lion trampling upon a leopard and wounding a cock in his flight from him, with this motto around, "*sic uno ferit ungue duos*," i. e. "*thus he smites two by one blow*;" and at the bottom, "*Jacobo et Ludovico Hibernia pulsas at Aughrim*," i. e. "*James and Lewis driven out of Ireland at Aughrim*."

The Protestants lay upon their arms that night, and the next day rendered a public thanksgiving to Almighty God for this happy victory.

42. *The Siege of Derry*.—See Note, p. 58 of Notes to Poem.

44. *The Battle of the Diamond*.—For some years previous to 1798, the spirit of disloyalty to the crown, and hatred to the Protestant, evinced itself in open disaffection and midnight outrage, robbery, and assassination. In the years 1794 and 1795, a lawless and sanguinary confederacy was formed in the North, under the name of "*The Defenders*," a title very inapplicable, as it was composed of men blood-thirsty, bigoted, and aggressive. So wide-spread at length became

their villiany, that the Protestants formed themselves into a protective body for self-defence ; and the famous conflict, called the Battle of the Diamond, fought between the Protestants and defenders, in consequence of an eruption of the latter into a district of the County of Armagh, near Loughall, to oppose which, the Protestants assembled, which was the origin of the formation of the first Orange Lodge. In the middle of September, 1795, about the 16th. the defenders collected in the neighbourhood of the valley of the Diamond, for the avowed purpose of wreaking vengeance on the "bloody heretics." The Protestants met to oppose them, and kept them under control for some days, defeating them in several skirmishes. On Monday, the 21st September, it was agreed by the persuasion of a Protestant gentleman, aided by the influence of the parish priest, that the parties should separate peaceable; and under the assurance that hostilities had ceased, the Protestants departed towards the close of the day. They had not long retired, when a fresh body of defenders came to the valley of the Diamond, and began venting their fury on the house of a peaceable Protestant named Winters. Intelligence of this outrage was quickly conveyed to the loyalists, who were on their way home, who instantly returned to the scene of action, poured down upon the defenders who had mustered in the valley, routed the assailants, and the setting sun saw their triumph and forbearance.

Several accounts have been given of the Battle of the Diamond. Sir Richard Musgrave mentions it; an article appeared in the *University Magazine* on the subject, and Maxwell slightly alludes to it. But the best, because the most authentic account is that given by Lieutenant Colonel William Blacker on his examination before the Select Committee on Orange Lodges, on the 4th August, 1835. At the risk of being perhaps thought prolix, I cannot refrain from giving the evidence of this time-honored veteran, affording as it does a true history of the origin, and a faithful statement of the principles of our Institution.

"Question. Are you a member of the Orange society?"

"Answer. I am."

"Q. How long have you been so?"

"A. It wants about six weeks of 40 years."

"Q. You, of course, then are able to give the Committee some account of its origin?"

"A. I think I am."

"Q. Can you do so from hearsay, or from personal knowledge?"

"A. Both."

"Q. From whom have you chiefly acquired your information?"

"A. My principal information was derived from a very respectable old gentleman in the County Armagh, Captain Atkinson, of Crow Hill, who took a principal part in the transaction that led to the origin of the Orangemen, and also from several others of a lower rank in society, who were mixed up with these transactions."

"Q. Do you consider the information which you received from those persons to be authentic?"

"A. Perfectly so."

"Q. Will you state the amount of it?"

"A. The amount of the information which I received at different times was, that a large body of persons called Defenders, had made an eruption into a district of the County Armagh, near Loughall; and the Protestants of that district assembled to oppose their progress. I believe their principal intention was to disarm the district; the Protestants assembled to oppose them, and there came to their assistance Protestants from other districts of the County, particularly from the neighbourhood in which I reside."

"Q. What neighbourhood is that?"

"A. The neighbourhood of Portadown."

"Q. Is this information derived from others?"

"A. Yes; it is derived from the authentic sources above-mentioned."

"Q. Can you state the date of it?"

"A. Monday was the 21st, the great day, and I think it began about the Wednesday before, in September, 1795. The parties skirmished, if I may use the expression, for a day or two without much harm being done. Mr. Atkinson on one side, and the Priest of the parish on the other, did their best to reconcile matters, and thought they had succeeded, as the Defenders had engaged on their part to go away, and the Protestants to return to their homes. At that time, as I understand, a large body of Defenders not belonging to the County of Armagh, but assembled from Louth, Monaghan, and I believe Cavan and Tyrone, came down and were much disappointed at finding a truce of this kind made, and were determined not to go home without something to repay them for the trouble of their march. In consequence they made an attack upon the house of a man named Winters, at a place called "The Diamond;" it is a meeting of cross roads where there are only three or four houses; word was brought to the Protestants, who were on their return home, of what had taken place; they returned to the spot, attacked the Defenders, and killed a number of them."

"Q. Were you yourself at all mixed up with the transactions of the Diamond?"

"A. I was."

"Q. To what extent?"

"A. I was a very young lad at the time: it so happened that my father was making some alterations in his house, which occasioned a quantity of lead to be removed from the roof; a carpenter's apprentice and myself took possession of a considerable quantity of this lead, ran it into bullets, and had it conveyed to the persons of my neighbourhood that were going to fight the Battle of the Diamond."

"Q. Were you on the spot when the battle was fought?"

"A. I was not in time to be under fire, but immediately as it was terminating."

"Q. Can you speak from your knowledge as to the state of the Protestants prior to the battle?"

"A. I have always understood they were in the most persecuted state; that they were worried and beaten coming from fair and market upon various occasions."

• Q. What did you see at the Diamond?"

"A. When I got up I saw the Defenders running off in one direction, and the firing had nearly ceased, I may say had ceased, except a dropping shot or two, and I saw a number of dead bodies."

"Q. Can you state about the number?"

"A. No; they were conveying them away upon cars in different directions, so that I could not make an exact calculation."

"Q. Were there 30?"

"A. No; if there were 30 killed that was the outside."

"Q. Were there any Protestants killed?"

"A. None that I could hear of."

"Q. How did that happen?"

"A. The Protestants were in a very commanding situation. Winters' house, and the Diamond generally, is at the foot of a very steep hill; the other party were in that hollow, and consequently men firing upon them from above could do great execution without being liable to be injured themselves."

"Q. The Defenders were the assailants, were they?"

"A. Yes; they were."

"Q. Was the first Orange Lodge formed then?"

"A. It was."

"Q. Where?"

"A. I understand it was formed in the house of a man named Sloan, in the village of Loughall."

"Q. Have you seen any of the original warrants?"

"A. I have; I think I have one of them with me."

"Q. Will you have the goodness to produce it?"

(The same was delivered in, and read as follows):—

Timakeel, July 7th, 1796.

No. Eighty-nine.

JAMES SLOAN.

To be renewed in the name of Daniel Bulla, Portadown district.

"Q. What was the principle upon which they were founded?"

"A. Wholly defensive."

"Q. Has the Association ever varied from that principle since?"

"A. I do not consider it has in the slightest degree."

"Q. Then you consider the Orange Society to be a strictly defensive society; not in the slightest degree aggressive?"

"A. Certainly."

"Q. Do you conceive that you have had opportunities of forming a fair estimate of the effects of the system?"

"A. I conceive that I have."

"Q. Can you take upon yourself to say what those effects have been?"

"A. I consider, in the first place, that the establishment of Orange Lodges was the first thing that checked the march of republicanism and rebellion in the North of Ireland, when the United Irishmen were on foot; they afforded a rallying point for the loyalty of the country. I consider they have been productive of various advantages: besides, in a moral and religious point of view, I am sure that the discipline of those lodges has gone far to prevent many young men from falling into vice of different kinds, such as intoxication. They had a character to support, and felt that they had a character to support. I am sure it brought many to read God's Word, and to attend God's worship, who, but for that, would have been ignorant and idle.

45. *The achievements of Enniskillen.*—See Note, page 53.

63. *Noble Eldon.*—The historical biographer could not select a nobler theme for record than handing down to posterity the transactions of a long life devoted to the assertions of Protestant truth, and sustinment of its rights and privileges, and no man ever merited posthumous eulogy more than Lord Eldon, whose name will ever adorn the annals of his country. Although not born a Patrician heaven blessed him with nobility of soul. His great mental powers guided by the soundest principles and purest integrity, threw a fadeless lustre over a long life of 87 years, for over 50 of which he was an active Member of Parliament. He sat for 16 years in the House of Commons, and in 1799 he was ennobled by the title of Baron Eldon, and presided for 25 years in the House of Peers as Lord High Chancellor of England. His high Protestant principles soon marked him out as a great leader of his party, and a great opponent of Whiggery. In 1795 when Attorney General, he thus expressed himself in the House of Commons, "Let us then preserve the Constitution in all its branches, let us preserve it in Parliament, let us preserve it, not by sacrificing the one branch to the other, but by giving to each its due portion of respect, to the King's person and the Constitution of 1688." In all important matters affecting the Protestantism, the honor, and security of the nation, he ever stood foremost. The breach of the peace of Amiens by France in 1802, Emmett's Rebellion in 1813, the "Catholic Claims," which commenced in 1805, the Peninsular War, which began in 1808, when Spain was invaded by Buonaparte, the Regency, caused by the King's indisposition in 1811, and other great national questions, called forth the wisdom, talent, and eloquence of his indomitable spirit.

It was in 1805, as already stated, commenced the great struggle in Parliament for Emancipation of the Roman Catholics; for near 25 years this vexed question was almost annually debated either in the Commons or the House of Lords, and at length it eventuated in the passing of the Bill on the 13th of April, 1829. After that measure was accomplished, Lord Eldon as the foremost Champion of Protestantism, found there was nothing great to contend for, and although he sometimes addressed the House, the occasions were not worthy of demanding his full energy and eloquence.

For a quarter of a century Lord Eldon opposed that fatal enactment, and he was found ever at his post to guard the citadel of the Constitution. He mainly built his opposition to the claims on the insufficiency

of the securities proposed; he would say, "he was too sensible of the blessings enjoyed in this country to risk them on speculations of which the grounds were not distinctly laid down. He would continue to the end of his life his support of the Protestant Church, as by Law established, although for such a course he might be called a bigot. When the House was asked to remove the bulwarks of the Constitution of 1688, which seated a Protestant Sovereign on the Throne; which declared that all his successors should be Protestant, and which established a Protestant Government, and civil and religious liberty, he thought it was but reasonable to enquire before they went into Committee, what was to be substituted in the room of that, which it was sought to remove." Again he says, "look to the history of the country from 1660 to 1688, and we shall find the constant object of Popery was to effect the destruction of the national church."

At length in February, 1829, came the speech from the Throne, recommending "a review of the laws which imposed civil disabilities on the Roman Catholics." In the debate on the address Lord Eldon said, "If I had a voice that would sound to the remotest corner of the Empire I would re-echo the principle which I most firmly believe, that if ever a Roman Catholic was permitted to form part of the legislature of this country, or to hold any of the great executive offices of Government, from that moment *the sun of Great Britain would be set.*" When the Bill was passed his concluding words were "I declare my Lords that I would rather hear at this moment that my existence was to cease than to awake to the reflection that I had consented to an Act which stamped me a violator of my solemn oath, a traitor to my church, and a traitor to the Constitution."

56. *In despot lands.*—Since the days of Elizabeth, there was not a more truly protestant Queen than Adelaide. Her truly Protestant principles, the purity of her unaffected piety, and her munificent, yet unostentatious charity, shed a lustre round the throne, more glorious than all the blaze of royal magnificence.

60. *King James II.*—The infatuation over King James' mind was so powerful, and created in him such a blind and fanatical spirit of headlong zeal for Rome and its Priesthood, that in these days it might be looked upon as a monomania. Not content with being, considered as a faithful son of the Mother Church, he actually became a lay-brother of the Order of the Jesuits. In a letter written by the Jesuits of Leige, to their brethren in Fribourgh, in Switzerland, they stated his admission into the Order; that he expressed great joy for the honor; that he wished for many priests from them for the conversion of England, which he would effect or die a martyr; and, they added, that when one of them knelt down to kiss the King's hand, he raised him, and said, "Since he was a priest he ought rather to kneel to him and kiss his hand." The chief representative of the Jesuits at Whitehall was Father Edward Petre, he was an English brother of the Order, and Vice-Provincial in England. He was in great favor with James, who, to have his counsels always at hand, made him Clerk of the Closet. He was of high family, of courteous manners and pleasing oratory; but weak, vain, covetous, and ambitious. Of all James's bad advisers he was the foremost; he was the foulest of all the birds of ill omen, that portended ruin to the house of Stuart.

One of the most unjust and tyrannical acts of James, and the one which hastened his downfall, was his treatment of the seven Bishops. The King, as a first step to bring the papists into power, and eventually to crush Protestantism, took upon himself a notoriously illegal prerogative—the dispensing power, and in the exercise thereof, issued a declaration for liberty of conscience, which, under the mask of toleration, hid the foul visage of his bigoted religion. In order to make the Church of England instrumental in her own ruin, he ordered this declaration to be read in the churches, and called upon the bishops to distribute it through their dioceses. The order was not obeyed. The clergy omitted to read it in their churches; and the Archbishop of Canterbury and six of his suffragan bishops refused to distribute it. For this virtuous resistance to “tyranny and arbitrary power,” they were sent to the tower, tried, and acquitted to the great joy of the people. The fervor was caught by the army then encamped at Hounslow Heath; and even the presence of the King could not restrain their exultation.

One of King James' evil stars was Richard Talbot, afterwards Lord Tyroconnell. This man was sprung from an old Norman family, long settled in Leinster; but their unworthy descendant, adhering to popery, adopting the manners of the natives, became degenerated and rude, and shewed conspicuous in the feuds of rebellion of 1641. Richard Talbot was the fiercest, and most implacable foe of all those who hated the liberties and religion of England. He was initiated early in life to vice and dishonor; and lying “Dick Talbot,” as he was called, was known in London as a first-class bully and sharper. He was introduced to Charles and James in their exile, as one fit and willing to murder the Protector. After the restoration, wishing to ingratiate himself with the royal family, he attempted to do so by the foulest means. James had seduced Anne Hyde under promise of marriage—he wanted an excuse to break this promise, and Talbot said he would blast her character. He spread a report that she was a creature without virtue, shame, or delicacy; spoke of private interviews he had with her, and instanced one circumstance of an inkstand of her father's, the Lord Chancellor, being upset on a pile of papers, which she said was done by her monkey. All these foul aspersions he afterwards owned were falsehoods. If James was an upright man, he would have spurned the slanderous wretch from his presence. But no, he was received at the palace, and not only admitted to be a partaker of royal riot, but was consulted on state affairs, that is, the undermining of the protestant religion. Such a master was worthy of such a servant. Immediately after James' accession, he created him in 1686 Earl of Tyroconnell, and on arriving in Dublin in March, 1689, made him a Marquis and a Duke; but these latter titles he had not then the power to confer. He was no longer the fountain of honor; for having fled from the throne, it was declared vacant, and he was no longer king.

His minion Tyroconnell was sent to Ireland to re-model the army, then about 7,000 strong, all Protestants. The object of this re-modelling was to deprive the officers of their commissions, and by persecution drive the men to mutiny, and thereby get rid of them by death, and fill all vacancies with Papists. Tyroconnell executed his commission with the most insolent and imperious temper, barbarity, and falsehood; and had not the army been the most loyal in the world

they would have mutinied. Finding he could not goad them into error, he displaced the officers, and turned off the private soldiers, crowding into the ranks papists, rogues, and raparees. His conduct as Lord Lieutenant, having displaced the Earl of Clarendon, James' brother-in-law, in that office, was equally cruel, tyrannical, and unjust; in a short time every privy counsellor, judge, sheriff, mayor, alderman, and justice of the peace was a celt and a papist. So dreadful was his very name to the Protestants, that thousands—wealthy citizens, extensive merchants, artisans, civilians of every grade and profession, fled from Ireland for the safety of their lives after suffering tortures, robberies, and insults from the soldiery, and taunts and revilings from the priests, who, from the altars and in the streets preached persecution against the heretics and Orangemen.

But the day of retribution was at hand; the spirit of Protestantism was aroused in England, and William of Orange having been invited to stand up as the asserter of our liberties, "came, saw, and conquered." James immediately abdicated, fled with precipitation to France, and arrived in Paris on a dark and cold evening in January, 1689, where the Queen and her children were anxiously awaiting for him, at Saint Germain's. Louis XIV. received the royal fugitives with delicate attention and lavish hospitality, allowing James 50,000 crowns a month.

The exiled monarch having procured military aid from Louis to fight for the Crown he had so justly forfeited, sailed for Ireland within two months from his abdication, arriving at Kinsale, on the 12th of March, 1689. Ireland now became the theatre of war, and the successive achievements of Enniskillen, Derry, Boyne, Aughrim, Limerick, and Athlone, testify that the Orangemen fought, bled, and won with an indomitable spirit, striking to the earth bigotry and arbitrary power.

Crest-fallen James returned to France, where he remained until his death, which happened on the 14th September, 1701, for six months previously declining, caused by fits of apoplexy. It is related by Dr. Doran* that on Good Friday in that year "James was attending the service for that solemn day, in the Chapel of the Palace. The dethroned King heard the words from the Lamentations of Jeremiah—"Remember oh Lord what is come upon us; consider and behold our reproach: our inheritance is turned to strangers, our house to aliens"—and as these words were uttered he fell to the ground in a fainting fit of an apoplectic nature. He had been for a long period in declining health, and the words of the prophet falling upon his ear were too heavy for him to bear in his enfeebled state, and for a moment or two it was thought they had killed him. He had a severe attack when at Mass, on Friday, 2nd September, and he fell to the ground as the words from Jeremiah were being sung, which once before had so seriously affected him; he partially recovered, but had a third attack on the following Sunday, his case was then pronounced hopeless, which terminated in death, on Friday 16th, and James thus died as he had a wish to do, on a Friday—his remains were (agreeable to his own desire) interred in the Parish Church of St. Germain's, without monument or epitaph, to indicate where lay the last

*"Monarch's retired from business."

Monarch of the House of Stuart; the consequence was that in the course of time the spot became unheeded and forgotten, and ultimately no one could point out where lay the royal exile. However, in the year 1824 the coffin was discovered on removing the old Church of St. Germain's. When George IV. was informed of this discovery, he gave directions for the translation of the mortal remains of James to a small neat tomb in the new Parish Church of St. Germain's—under directions of the British Ambassador, who by a singular coincidence in connection with the occasion was a Stuart, Lord Stuart de Rothsay; the re-interment took place in September, 1824, attended by a vast concourse from Paris, including most of the English then there, Marshall Macdonald and the Duke de FitzJames joined the procession, as did also the Count de Sternberg, a descendant of the family of the Stuarts. "The Garde de corps rendered royal honors to the mortal remains as they passed along"—The royal diadem of gold beneath a black crape veil, and on a velvet cushion, was placed above the body. The inscription on the monument beneath which the body was deposited, described James as having been renowned for his triumphs in a second degree of rank, but more unhappy in a supreme station in *primo infelicio*."

62. *I really must give my protest.*—On the subject of what is called Teetotal Lodges, let us consider the matter a little. The Orange Institution is in its nature highly moral, political, and social; and it was wise to combine these three great principles for our guidance and control. Our duty therefore is to obey God, honor the Queen, and love the brotherhood. It is plain from the nature of our Institution, the time when it arose, and the men who have and do constitute its members, that the spirit of brotherly love, inculcated by our rules, and adopted by us, is not the ascetic and puritanical feeling which linked together the canting soldiers of Cromwell—men who were banded together in a fraternity of fanaticism, and who looked upon it as an abomination to taste the social cup, or share it with a brother—no; our brotherly love is built on the social virtues of generosity and gratitude, and is one of the three golden links which bind us together.

That most honorable and ancient Institution, Freemasonry, is moral and social; they have during their sittings time for labour and time for refreshment. Had it not been social in its nature, it would have been buried in oblivion centuries ago. The social intercourse of *true* men at the festive board expands the heart, cements friendship, brightens zeal, and increases energy.

When the Orange Institution was most universal, it was most surrounded by danger; it was begirt by foes innumerable and watchful. Like the soldier of Cromwell, the Orangeman read his Bible and shouldered his musket; but unlike the Cromwellian, he loved social intercourse; and this happiness being often denied him, from the exigencies of the times, the enjoyment when it came was sweeter for the privation. To promote therefore the social intercourse was both wise and necessary. In our own days it is absolutely incumbent upon us to promote urbanity and temperate festivity. All are aware how gravely, *abstemiously*, business is conducted in a Lodge—the sittings being often continued until a late hour; and then, when a brother is exhausted with fatigue and watching, he wishes for a brief relaxation, and longs to sit with one in whose heart he can confide, and in whose heart he is beloved at such a moment, is it then wise or just to deny him the enjoyment of the social but temperate board in his Lodge-room.

The evils of excess cannot be palliated, and it is our duty to repress it, should it appear. That it has not shown its guilty head, worthy to be noticed, I am certain, but even if it did, the mischief could never be checked by Teetotal Lodges. It is quite evident if men are not allowed to join at their own festive board, that they will be induced to go to taverns, and the sin, mischief, and danger attendant on such places need not here be recorded. Let the evening's amusement bear the morning reflection; surely a tavern sitting, the rendezvous of every man, no matter how profligate or disaffected, provided he can pay his score; where free intercourse is denied, except in a whisper, where all must be caution to avoid danger, and where the free use of free opinion in song or sentiment might cause danger, perhaps death, surely such places are not to be preferred to a happy and confidential meeting in a Lodge-room, where all is security, harmony, and love.

70. *The Orange Maid of Sligo*.—A few years ago, business called me to the town of Sligo. The demesne of Hazlewood, belonging to John Arthur Wynne, Esquire, and the expansive waters of Lough Gill, adorned with little fresh green islands, and surrounded by verdant and cultivated uplands, present beauties of scenery, well entitled to the praise of the artist's pencil, and the poet's pen. I was invited to join a boating party up the lake—it was the month of July; and the incident mentioned in the song happened among the friends with whom I was sailing, and who on that very evening celebrated the Twelfth of July, and in less than a month they had the celebration of a marriage.

Speaking of marriage, it may not be uninteresting to state that in the reign of King William III. there was a law passed against bachelors. By the 7th Wm. 3, 1695, a tax was laid on bachelors over twenty-five years of age. The highest was £2 10s. for a Duke, and the lowest was one shilling for a person of the humblest degree.

78. *A song to the Lark*.—The circumstance here stated of

“The lark's merry song
Cheer'd the hero along”

is not mere poetical fiction, it is at least traditional. In the autumn of 1850, I had occasion to be on the demesne lands of Dowth, situate on the river Boyne, about a mile and a half beyond the obelisk, and which had been the patrimonial estate of the Lords Netterville. On my return into Drogheda, I was accompanied part of the way by an intelligent old peasant, whose ancestors had resided on the lands since the early part of the last century. We came down through King William's glen, and stood beneath the obelisk, at the foundation of which my guide informed me his great grandfather was present, he also told me that he heard his father relate, who had it from his father, that on the morning of the memorable 1st July, 1690, King William arose shortly after the break of dawn, and about five o'clock issued from his tent. On the instant of his majesty's appearance, a lark was seen to ascend not far from behind the royal tent, and kept poised in the air, pouring forth the melody of his wild and spirited song, directly over the king's head, while he stood communing with his officers, and giving the orders for battle. After some time the bird descended, but again arose not far from the spot where William stood, and again soaring above him, renewed his song with increased melody and life; then flying across the river towards the enemy's camp, in the direction of Donore, seemed with his song to invite the king, who, looking up, seemed to say, “Thou marshallst me the way that I should go.” From this circumstance, magnified by the zeal of the soldiers into a positive indication of success, and a joyous omen of a glorious victory; the lark was long called in that country, “King William's bird—the bird of the Orangemen.”

OCCASIONAL VERSES.

On reading in the "*Spirit of the Nation*" the verses beginning

"Who fears to Speak of Ninety-eight?"

Signed S., T.C.D.

"Who fears to speak of Ninety-eight?"
Thus vauntingly Young Ireland spoke,
With unchecked impudence *elate*—
Ripe to shake off the British yoke.
Oh! what a fiery waspish thing,
Sprung from the head of Old Repeal;
Like to a wasp its huzzing wing—
Unlike a wasp—its stingless tail;
Young Ireland—what a vaporing throng—
Their courage oozed out in a song!

'Tis sad this vile but clever verse,
Sprung from the able pen of one
Whose numbers so emphatic, terse,
With some did for its spleen atone;
Who soar'd on learning's classic wing,
Who climbed up science' lofty mount;
Who quaff'd the bright hesperian spring,
But never drank at Wisdom's fount.
What gained he by his learned lore?—
The knack to ope a rankling sore.

Oh! shades of Grattan, Curran, Flood!—
Ye on whose accents freedom hung;
Ye who *spoke out*, and bravely stood,
With soul of fire and *fearless* tongue.

Spirits ! could ye look down on us,—
Black with contempt your glance would be
Upon that vile *anonymous* —
That sneaking “ S——, T.C.D., ”
Who would incite to rebel shout,
But dastard-like, would not *speak out*.
Collegiate rules impose an oath,
A holy sacramental vow ;
'Tis said S——, T.C.D. took both
Ere college honors decked his brow !
If so, he swore to stand or fall
By Britain's Crown—'gainst every wrong ;
But read his rhymes—'tis treason all—
He's perjur'd in that rebel song.
Alas ! let Alma Mater weep,
That soul is perill'd deeply deep.
Magician-like, he would have cast
His spells, and raised from charnal dust
The horrid monster of the past—
The fiend of rapine, blood, and lust.
Like to presumptuous Frankenstein,
Who raised a fiend from dead men's bones,
So horrible it seared his brain,
And sought his life with yells and groans !
Such “ S——, T.C.D., ” your fate—
Go, raise the fiend of “ Ninety-eight ! ”
“ Who fears to speak of Ninety-eight ? ”
Who shout this empty gasconade ?
The sons of men whose deadly hate—
A land of graves their country made.
“ The Age of Reason ” — “ Rights of Man ” —
The doctrine of accursed Paine,
The Deist and Republican,
With blood and sin the land did stain ;
The sons of such a wicked race
Should faer, and blush, and hide their face.

Should fear and blush—and so they shall—

While history tells the damning tale
Of deeds which may the heart appal :

Of murderers fierce—of *cowards pale*—
Of rebel chiefs, of brutal bands,

Raging to slaughter heretics ;
Of priests who waved in bloody hands

A pistol and a crucifix.

Yes, read these deeds of demon hate,
Then blush and fear for “Ninety-eight !”

Before and after Ninety-five,

The fell “Defenders”—so miscalled—
To such a climax did arrive

In outrage, that men were appalled ;
Murd’rous and dark the course they run—

Bonded by secret oath to strike ;
At night was heard the assassin gun,
At morn was seen the bloody pike ;
And dwellings doom’d to midnight flames,
Were oft for them exulting themes.

Witness at Forkhill, in Dundalk,

The tongueless wretch was left to bleed ;
The scalping-knife and tomahawk

Less dreadful were in savage deed.
The tongue cut out which taught to pray,
The hand all maimed which taught to write,
Bleeding and agonized they lay,

Choked in their gore till morning’s light.
Why thus was left the bleeding wretch ?—
Because he dared the truth to teach.

To guard both property and life,

A few bold Protestants combined
To put a check to lawless strife,
And quell these men of savage mind ;

Soon they commenced that bold career,
Which led to victory oft and oft,
Soon the "Defenders" had to fear
The Orange banner borne aloft.
They fled where victory now begun,
At the Battle of the Diamond won,
Then rose a fierce, rebellious band—
"United Irishmen"—who came
With bloody pike and flaming brand,
And swept the land with woe and shame.
The furies raged in human guise—
Republican and Jesuit,
And Atheist, whom God denies—
Oh! what a demon triumvirate!
Three-headed monster, grim and fell,
Fit cerberus for their rebel hell.
The rebels having *raised* the war,
First showed outrage with blood-red arm,
Wild carnage was their leading star--
Demons they were in human form.
Furious and clamorous on they came,
But greater paltrons earth ne'er saw;
Their fire was but a moment's gleam—
The weak flash of a heap of straw.
From true men's fire did cowards run,
Though oft one hundred men to one.
Be witness Carlow, where at least,
Full fifteen hundred of their crew
Fled off in most disgraceful haste
From five hundred of "True Blue."
At Tara's height four thousand men
Muster'd in wild and savage groups,
But when they felt our steel, why then
They fled from just four hundred troops;
Gorey's two thousand, pale with fright,
One hundred and thirty put to flight.

Be witness Ross's myriad host
Of five and twenty thousand, who
Disgracefully the battle lost,
To fourteen hundred, staunch and true.
At Arklow, thirty thousand more
Of them, five thousand each a gun,
Felt fourteen hundred rather sore,
And coward-like, away did run ;
And at Clonard five hundred fled
From thirty yeomen all in red.

Be witness Newtownbarry's route,
And Hacketstown, where hundreds ten
And more fled from the ardent shout,
Of one hundred and thirty men.
At Enniscorthy, thousands three,
Three hundred brave men kept at bay ;
At Vinegar Hill, there Popery,
With rebel priestcraft, held its sway.
What followed ?—flight did thousands save,
And hundreds met a traitor's grave.

Oh ! what a catalogue is here
Of ignominious cowardice—
Of savage rage, of dastard fear,
Of sin and death, of woe and vice.
Not e'en was valour's fire found
O'er their dark deeds to cast a ray ;
For if for one who stood his ground,
Ten thousand cowards ran away ;
They feared the death that did await—
The rebel fear of " Ninety-eight !"

The devil laughed, and hell did gape,
Eager on human woes to feast ;
And now the fiend took human shape—
Incarnate in a rebel Priest.
With him came demons, grim and foul—

Dark superstition's monkish hood—
And bigotry's forbidden scowl.
And persecution, red with blood ;
And vengeance raised the pike and torch
In holy zeal for Mother Church !

Blush, Papists, for your Priest's disgrace—
Whirling destruction's scorpion rod ;
Who should be ministers of peace,
But slaughtered in the name of God.
Stand forth each execrated name—
Phantoms of blood-stained Priests approach ;
Kearns and Clinch—their country's shame—
Murphy, and fiendish Philip Roach ;
And Murphy's shade from Ballyvogue,
Flies shuddering over Scullabogue.

Blush, blush, ye crew, your heads hang down,
Blush for your wholesale murderers ;
See Scullabogue—see Wexford town—
Their flames, their screams, their massacres.
Before your Priests fled mercy, hope—
They foremost in the carnage stood ;
Rebellion stained the embroidered cope,
And the white alb was smeared with blood.
Men who no havoc e'er could sate,
Now fear and blush for "Ninety-eight !"

Think, ye vain fools, of what befel
The myriads of your savage sires,
Who dared 'gainst England to rebel,
Who dared provoke her lightning's fire.
Just think what England only did,
Think what rebellion failed to do—
A pigmy to a pyramid—
Will ye rush on destruction too ?
Vain fools, your boast is all a cheat—
Ye are afraid of "Ninety-eight !"

Deeds too terrible for the ear,
 And treachery on your name await;
 And black in history ye appear,
 Then blush, then blush for "Ninety-eight,"
 And when the blush is on your face,
 For crimes which burn with shameful glow,
 Think how eternal your disgrace,
 For cowardice, contemptuous, low;
 Think of the scorn ye do create,
And fear to speak of "Ninety-eight!"

NOTE.—For the truth of all these assertions, see Maxwell's impartial History of the Rebellion of 1798.

No Orange Magistracy OR THE "J. P." LETTER.

Could great men thunder
 As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,
 For every pelting petty officer
 Would use his heaven for thunder,
 Nothing but thunder.

Man proud man,
 Dressed in a little brief authority,
 Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
 His glassy essence like an angry ape,
 Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
 As makes angels weep.

SHAKSPEARE.

The Conference.

Upon his Crimson Velvet chair,
 In plain attire, but clothed with power,
 He sat with melancholy air,
 The Bachelor of Bedford Tower;
 Papers he read of deep import,
 A letter and a vast report.

And with him in dark cogitation,
 Such as pervades the depths of Hades,
 Sat one, the very incarnation

Of the writ of Supersedeas ;
Upon his lip a burly puss,
My Lord Hippopotamus.

After a pause thus sighed his *Ex*,
(He's *single* X, alas ! not *double*,)
" This letter doth my mind perplex,
'Tis you who've caused this hubble, bubble,
This chaunt you sing may not end merry,
It's chorus may be down, down, *Derry*.

" These Orangemen 'tis true are sad chaps,
But thro' their side, why wound the gentry ?
'Tis true they think *us* Popish satraps,
And round the throne they've stood as sentry,
Saxon their blood, unknown to cowards,
Brave as the " blood of all the Howards."

" We've meddled with them as J. P's,
(Or rather *you* and your officials,)
'Twere better both for *Place* and *ease*,
To let them keep their curs'd initials ;
I would not for a batch of coronets,
Have handled such a nest of hornets.

" I fear me for the Constitution,
I fear one universal shout,
Against your dominant intrusion ;
We'll see what case you will make out,
Throw dust into the eyes of *Pam*.
Oh no dear Hip that's all a sham !"

Bulky and fat, obtuse and dull,
'The *Artic Seal* with bottle nose,
And vast protuberance of skull,
Lolls on the beach in dull repose,
So look'd the *Irish Seal* the while,
This sharp rebuke came from——

But once aroused, the half shut eye,
Shot forth an animated fire,
He cried "My Lord you can't deny,
I had your sanction and desire,
But come, perhaps it would be better,
To state some reasons for that letter.

"*' We Protestants !'* 'tis all a fiction ;
From fiction we have never shrunk,
For *monkery* you've a predeliction,
Your Protegee was *Mr. Monk* ;
He stood for Wicklow, what a rout ;
The Protestants there kicked him out.

" And as for me, I do feel sore ;
These Orangemen, oh ! what a phalanx ;
At Dublin with a loud uproar,
Against my boy rush'd high and low ranks,
And shouted out malignant, clamorous,
His cause was *green*, his hopes cadaverous.

" Then see in Belfast all they've done,
Their Orange sermons, and street preachings ;
We'll break these ties which *drew* them on,
To Doctor *Drew* and all his teachings ;
Rea, the pro-Papist lead the way,
We well may call him *Castle Rea*.

" But come my Lord, repress those sighs,
Fear not, nor of Dungannon think,
We can't throw dust in Pamy's eyes,
But at our deeds I hope he'll wink,
For " the sun shines bright on *Carlisle* wall,
While *Poper*y is the Lord all."

ON THE INTENDED O'CONNELL MONUMENT, IN
LOWER SACKVILLE STREET, DUBLIN,
*The foundation stone of which was laid in Lower Sackville-street,
Dublin, on the 8th August, 1864.*

Come, raise the monument on high,
Our green flag fluttering to the sky,
Whose motto is "Eriu-go-Bragh;"
To him who stood on Mullaghmast.
Commanding myriads, myriads vast,
O'Connell, Prince of Iveragh.

Thus spoke the Ultramontane crew,
Thus some, who would their hands imbrue
In blood against their country's weal;
To laud his name, whose heart they broke,
Whom once like serfs they would evoke,
Their demi God—"Star of Repeal."

"Star of Repeal!" its red light flaming,
Was but an ignis fatuus gleaming,
That fools misled—their hopes retarding,
When in rebellion's swamp they stood,
Dan left them sticking in the mud,
At Ballingarry's cabbage garden.

Yet now, in servile ranks behold them;
To honour him who thus cajoled them,
They march in state through Dublin town;
And in a most seditious manner,
Emblazon on their broad green banner,
A yellow harp without a crown.

In Sackville Street, midst Bishops solemn,
They've laid the stone for Daniel's column;
Near Liffey's banks, whose waters sullen,
Not clear, not deep, of turgid mud,
Is one weak washy, muddy flood,
Like pastorals of Doctor Cullen.

See Nelson—standing high, aloof,
As if in scorn and reproof
Of Royal England's enemies—
Type of our victor flag appears,
"The flag that braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze."

High on his pillared fame he stands ;
 Beneath march Ultramontane bands,
 Numerous and close, like sea-shore pebbles.
 In life he sought for England's crown ;
 And now in stone he seems to frown
 On Dan, the chieftain of the rebels.

MONODY

ON THE DEATH OF H.R.H. THE PRINCE CONSORT,
Who died 14th December, 1861.

DEATH, that inexorable truth,
 Whose horrid summons all obey ;
 Who stops the breath of rosy youth,
 And cold decay.

In many a dreadful fiendish form,
 His mandates take Destruction's wing,
 War, Murder, Fever, Ocean's storm,
 And Famine's sting.

Into the Monarch's gilded dome,
 Under the Peasant's humble roof,
 He haunteth like a gloomy gnome,
 With the cloven hoof.

O'er good and bad his dark wing throws,
 Its pestilential withering gloom ;
 As blasts the weed, and fragrant rose,
 The hot simoom.

The plumed Chief, the laurelled Bard,
 The holy mitre, kingly crown,
 The Priest who with this world hath warr'd,
 He smiteth down.

Where art thou now thou King of graves ?—
 Through Windsor's regal halls you fly,
 Where England's royal standard waves,
 But half-mast high.

There, in the pallor of the dead
 Lies one whose course was bright and brief ;
 For him the Nation's pall is spread—
 In sombre grief.

Never did princely coronet
Adorn a finer, manlier brow;
High dome of thought! thy light hath set—
All darkness now.

There beamed the scientific mind,
Which patronized each useful art;
There dwelt philosophy refined,
To guide the heart.

His was the triple chaplet wreath'd,
By beauties of the courtly throng;
His pencil glow'd, his music breathed
His own sweet song.

He sought and won a lovely Bride,
The Sovereign of this mighty realm;
He shared her cares, with truth to guide
The British helm.

The faithful spouse of loving-care,
Who scorn'd the glare of luxury's dome—
A Palace made—alas, how rare!
A happy home.

The sire, whose numerous progeny
He won to soar on Virtue's wing,
And taught the Prince how he should be
"Every inch a King."

Such was the man whom all unite
His loss to mourn,—alas so soon;
Whose star hath set in endless night,
While yet 'twas noon.

Prince Consort, Royal Potentate,
Knight of high chivalry and fame,
Stars, garters, orders, decorate
Prince Albert's name.

High titles!—breathe your trumpet shrill,
Thou Herald, King, Panegyrist;
But there's a higher title still—
Philanthropist!

This is the man whom all men mourn,
Unostentatious, and unseen;
Who weep for one, now left forlorn,
Our lovely Queen.

Lovely in all that sweetens life,
To soothe the heart, the brow to bend;
The tender mother, loving wife,
The generous friend !

Oh matchless in her people's smiles,
O'er land, and o'er the spreading main,
Who sing, through all these glorious Isles,
" God save the Queen !

MONODY

ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. MORTIMER O'SULLIVAN
D.D., G.C., G.O.L., IRELAND.

He's gone and for ever. The spirit is fled
To the fountain of light that illumined it here,
But the halo that shone round that eminent head,
Has left a reflection to brighten his bier.

Let stoics in sternness say what they will,
That grief's unavailing, no tear should be shed ;
Oh no ! a keen sorrow the bosom must thrill,
When the great and the good is gone down to the dead.

Yes, yes, we must mourn, and ever enshrine,
In memory's casket, unfading and bright,
The name of the Orator, Scholar, Divine,
Our Champion who " put on the Armour of Light."

Whose vast erudition, a gold mine of thought,
In philosophy, ethics, alternately shone ;
Whose eloquence, like some rich river that caught
Sweet flowers from its banks, flowed brilliantly on.

Oh ! eloquence matchless ; heart touching and soft,
Wou many a soul to its Heavenward home ;—
Oh ! eloquence matchless ; its lightning has oft,
Laid prostrate and shattered, the idols of Rome.

Alas ! when the Chieftains of William unite
In council, no more shall his presence be there,
To guide with his wisdom, or hallow the rite,
In silver-toned accents, with blessing and prayer.

A spirit ethereal, incarnate was here,
 Sent down for the Truth, and for Brotherly Love;
 That spirit has flown to its heavenly sphere,
 To share all the glories that wait it above.

Yes, yes, we must mourn, and ever enshrine,
 In memory's casket, unfading and bright,
 The name of the Orator, Scholar, Divine,
 Our Champion who "put on the Armour of Light."

M O N O D Y

ON THE DEATH OF BROTHER SAMUEL WILLIAM BURY.

Yes, yes, we mourn, yet vain the grief,
 For sorrow can't unseal the tomb.
 We mourn for Spring time, fair and brief,
 Too soon o'ercast by Winter's gloom;
 Yet cease to weep for him we loved so dear,
 For now he soars in light, in Glory's Heavenly sphere.

A fair young tree with culture rear'd,
 Show'd many a rich and verdant shoot,
 And 'midst its bright fresh leaves appeared,
 Luxuriant blossom, goodly fruit;
 But death whose deep strokes never doth relax,
 Felled this fair Tree with his inexorable Axe.

With thoughts enlarged, of studious mind,
 With light from Heaven shed on his heart,
 In voice and manner, soft and kind,
 With gentle smile, devoid of art,
 With golden promise for the future man,—
 This youthful course is checked ere scarce it had began.

Behold the long array of youths,
 The weeping kindreds bitter tear,
 The meek Divine, whose holy truths,
 Shed halo round the sable Bier,
 And men of worth, and Age with reverend Head,
 Pay tribute to the memory of the gentle dead.

A golden circlet doth exist,
 We've placed it on truths Diadem;
 Alas, a sparkle we have miss'd,
 Away hath dropped a shining gem,
 Yet cease to mourn, cease, cease this fond regret,
 For lo! it now adorns a Heavenly coronet.

M O N O D Y

ON THE DEATH OF A BEAUTIFUL AND INTERESTING CHILD.

So innocent, so fair,
 In childhood's loveliness,
 Expressive eyes—luxuriant hair
 In many a glossy tress;
 A bud that promis'd beauty's bloom,
 Alas! now moulders in the tomb.

The young, the dawning mind
 Beam'd in her lustrous eyes;
 But, oh! its light was too refined
 To glow beneath the skies.
 Why should we mourn her absence here,
 Translated to a blessed sphere.

No more shall we rejoice
 To see her bound along,
 No more we'll hear her gentle voice
 Breathe forth her little song;
 Yet now, amidst the seraphim,
 She sings on high her heavenly hymn

Like winter's snowy flake,
 Like summer's rainbow hues,
 Like morning's mist upon the lake,
 Like evening's weeping dews,
 Like foam upon the rapid river,
 She's fled from us—is gone for ever.

And oh! a blessed hope
 Her parents hearts doth cheer,
 It promises that Heaven will ope,
 To them its blessed sphere;
 Where Edith, angel fair and bright,
 Shall smiling waft them to the realms of light.

 Naval Ode,

TO HIS H.R.H. PRICE ALFRED, ON HIS ENTERING THE NAVY.

What cheer! my sailor Prince?
 Old England's ocean boy;
 No feather'd carpet lord, for hence
 The word is "Ship-boy."

To hand, to reef, to steer, and to command ;
Firm as the tighten'd rope,
The wide world for your scope,
Go forward, as the hope
Of the land !

Go, ride o'er Neptune's realm,
With valour at the prow,
With smiling Fortune at the helm,
And Victory at the bow,
While history's glowing pen will keep the log ;
And when your merry men,
Blue Jackets, thousands ten,
Shall dance on deck at eve, why then
Take your grog.

Your namesake, styled the " Great"
Did foreign foemen quell ;
His deeds you yet may emulate,
Invaders to repel.
Mark you where Cherbourg lies insidiously asleep ?
And should false friends conspire
To raise our honest ire,
Then let your British fire
Sweep the deep !

Oh ! then Prince Alfred's name
Shall grace some gallant story,
And on the scroll of British fame
We'll trace his naval glory,
Where beam great Nelson's trophies of the sea ;
And England's guns shall roar,
As in the days of yore,
To guard the hallow'd shore.
Of the free.

Hurrah ! for England's Queen !
And her tars that ride the waves,
Whose valiant hearts and gallant mein,
Were never meant for slaves,
By Autocrats and Emperors o'er-rid.
When their crimson flag's unfurl'd,
Their battle smoke up curled,
They care for all the world
Not a quid !

BANDED AND BONDED TOGETHER.

"Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."—*Psalms* 133.

Stay who is that spirit of might,
His helmet beaming all glorious,
And clad in the Heavenly "Armour of Light?"
Protestant Truth, victorious.
His banner of Orange and Blue
Is wafted aloft through ether,
Marshalling legions of "good men and true,"
Banded and bonded together.

Wherever our language is spoken,
All through wide christendom's border,
Like unto Aaron's rod—blossomed, unbroken,
Flourishes brightly our order.
Where Australia's gold regions shine,
Where Montreal braves Arctic weather,
There, everywhere, Orangemen guard Freedom's shrine
Banded and bonded together.

Behold us in Erin's green isle,
The Orangeman's old father land,
Where Derry's still glorious in spite of old Lyle,
Where Boyne flashed the conquering brand.
Behold England—sturdy and bold;
Behold Scotia—land of the heather;
We're myriads concentr'd in one mighty fold,
Banded and bonded together.

Behold our brother Canadians,
Where the shores of Ontario expand,
So steadfast in purpose, disciplined their legions,
Up shoulder to shoulder they stand;
For Newcastle's garter and star—
Contemptuous—they cared not a feather,
One hundred and fifty thousand they are,
Banded and bonded together.

Thus, thus, we are all o'er the world—
United, and ne'er known to falter;
For glorious old England our flag is unfurl'd,
Victoria, her Crown, and the Altar,
To sever the shackles of Rome,
The Newcastle Puseyite tether,
By land and by sea, abroad and at home,
We're banded and bonded together.

GOOD MEN AND TRUE.

Oh! when sonorous,
Trumpets are sounding,
Dauntless of peril
By land or by sea,
Ever Victorious,
Hearts ever bounding,
Britons unfurl
The flag of the free;
War helmets glancing,
White plumage dancing,
Cavalry prancing,
Scarlet and blue,
Infantry's phalanx,
Bristling in bright ranks,
All for Victoria, good men and true.

See o'er the billows,
Our navies are rearing,
Famous in story,
Unconquer'd in war,
Mann'd by brave fellows,
Stalwart and daring,
Sons of the glory
Of old Trafalgar;
Through the foam dashing
War lightning flashing,
In their old fashion,
See what they'll do,
On the wave peerless,
In the fray fearless
All for Victoria, good men and true.

Come from the mountain,
Like torrents rushing;
Come from the valley,
Like streams swelling on;
And, like the fountain,
Sparkling and gushing,
Swords at each sally
Shall flash in the sun.

Oh! we ne'er falter—
 For throne and altar,
 Smite the assaulter,
 Rebels subdue;
 Landsmen and Seamen,
 Valorous freemen,
 Up for Victoria, GOOD MEN AND TRUE.

To the British Lion.

"Most potent, grave" and Royal Lion—
 "Our very noble and approv'd good" roarer;
 Majestic creature! half the world is trying
 To thwart you into what they call "a poser."
 Envy and hate would hide, beneath oblivion's wing,
 The mighty things you did "when George the Third was King."
 Full of Siberian charity, the Bear
 Of Russia prowls, and looks at you askance;
 With sharpen'd beak and talons, fierce to tear,
 Soars o'er her coast, the *hook-nosed* bird of France;
 But bless your royal mane! with pride indomitable,
 You sit with nonchalance that's quite incomparable.
 See Austria's Eagle eyes the battle plain,
 Rome's vulture foul insatiate flaps her wings:
 There broods the gloomy owl of monkish Spain;
 But hark! our English lark his carol sings,
 Upward he springs thro' light, the liquid notes prolong;
 Sweet bird, sweet bird, our type of Liberty and song.
 Great Britain's Lion, round thy Royal mane
 A garland blooms, where flowrets fair repose
 The verdant Olive leaf of sunny Spain,
 The fleur-de-lis of France, and England's Rose;
 But should some treacherous hand, this wreath of Friendship
 break,
 Out with one mighty roar to say "I'm wide awake."
 Oh, then, ch, then, we'll see personified,
 In the bold Lion, England's energies,
 Valour and strength, Freedom and noble pride,
 Power to crush old England's enemies;
 And should towards Albion's shores, destruction's halls be
 flying,
 Then for a roar of vengeance from the British Lion!
 November, 1859.

The Beacon of Freedom.

"This country holds high a beacon which may save the rest of the world; it is not for us to arrogate any dictation with respect to what they should do, but it is our duty when we do speak, to speak in the language of a free people, the loyal and obedient subjects of a Monarch who reigns in the affections of her people." *Extracts from Lord John Russell's Speech at Aberdeen, 28th September, 1859.*

Yes, Britain, Great Britain! a Beacon holds high;
 From her watch-tower of liberty shines forth a light,
 To guide, to admonish, when storms are nigh,
 The storm of all storms, of Might against Right.
 Has the bold barque of Freedom her banner unfurled?
 Does some Autocrat Pirate with vengeance give chase?
 The Beacon that beams as a guide to the world,
 Shews England's the harbour of Refuge and Peace.

Not now, but for years that Beacon hath shone
 O'er the Ocean of Time, from the Isle of the West,
 Where the bright Torch of Freedom illumines the Throne,
 Where Truth has her altar, the exile a rest;
 Where the hymn of the freeborn oft hath been sung,
 Where grateful *Te Deum* its chorus did swell,
 Where England the highest all nations among,
 Their envy and model—let History tell.

Who spread "Reformation," all holy and pure,
 When Rome sailed on high upon infamy's flood?
 Who shelter'd proud monarchs, the nobles, the poor,
 When republican, infidel France ran with blood?
 Who nobly and *solely* stood up for the slave,
 And dashed off his fetters, that MAN he might be?
 Who spread forth GOD's Word o'er the most distant wave:
 'Twas Britain, Great Britain, the Land of the Free!

There are Thrones that shine out in gold, purple, and state,
 Where coronets cluster in Palace and Hall,
 But thousands of swords must around them await,
 Lest the Throne tho' imperial, might totter and fall.
 But oh! our Victoria sits high on her Throne,
 Surrounded by millions, devoted and true,
 And the richest of gems in her diadem shown,
 "Is love from a heart that loves Liberty too."

Old England's Banner.

The tricolor Republicans may boast,
 And loudly vaunt of flags of stripes and stars ;
 While serfs may raise the eagle o'er the host,
 Of Austrian Kaisers, and of Russian Czars ;
 Give me the banner of Old England's coast,
 The Union Jack, of gallant British tars ;
 Ever unfurl'd, that ne'er succumb'd in shame,
 The triple type of Freedom, Faith, and Fame !

Faith's snow white Banner when by Rome imperil'd,
 " The noble army of the martyrs " raised ;
 It, Cranmer, Ridley, Latimer, unfurl'd,
 On bloody scaffold, and where faggots blazed ;
 And still it floats triumphant o'er the world,
 In spite of Rome, that vulture ne'er appeas'd :
 Jesuit and Pervert, let them do their worst,
 They ne'er shall lay that Banner in the dust.

Of England's Red-cross Banner's chivalry,
 Of England's heroes—all but deified,
 Let History tell, whose page all gloriously,
 Is spangled o'er with deeds of British pride,
 From Cressy's plains, to Lucknow and Delhi,
 From Royal Edward down to noble Clyde ;—
 Still proudly floats for soldier and for tar,
 The flag of WATERLOO and TRAFALGAR.

And Nassau's Orange " Banner of the Sun ;"
 Is it prostrate ? Oh ! never was, nor will,
 At Derry's walls its victories were begun,
 Whose brilliant halo beams around it still ;
 Our golden Oriflamme, that glories won,
 Fair Freedom's mission shall again fulfil ;
 Upraised towards Heaven, (in Heaven still we trust,)
 Unfurl'd to lay the Rebel in the dust !

Up, Volunteers ! your Banner's floating o'er
 That Empire upon which the sun ne'er sets ;
 Bold type of Freedom ! wheresoe'er 'twill soar,
 The soul is free, the slave his chain forgets ;
 Up, Volunteers ! up ! guard your native shore,
 Spread forth your Banner, valiant Bannerets.
 And when ye seize Invaders by the gorge,
 Shout " FOR VICTORIA ; NO POPERY ; AND SAINT GEORGE !

Supreme Humiliation.

In the letter of the *Times*' Correspondent of 1st April, 1858, the following extract from the *Universe*, edited by the Jesuitical and anti-English Veuillot, is given :—"The hope that England will recover in the supreme humiliation which awaits her, the elements of real greatness, and it is in our opinion for the attainment of this other triumph, that English Roman Catholics are now labouring."

Supreme humiliation, well !
 Thus sings "La Grande Nation,"
 But merry England yet may swell
 A chorus to that song—
 "Up guards and at 'em !" lo ! appears,
 Unfurld with loud huzzas,
 "The flag that braved a thousand years,
 The battle and the breeze."

"Our neighbour Ally" rules a race,
 Impulsive, brave, and gracious ;
 But like Narcissus vain of face,
 And rather too pugnacious.
 With them in concord we would act,
 (But no Walewski quibble),
 And they must take this little fact,
 They *shall not* play first fiddle.

Not that we would be dominant,
 But will not brook dictation ;
 And as for that bombastic taunt—
 "Supreme Humiliation."
 Be cautious, Monsieur, what you say—
 Provoke no foolish quarrel,
 If Friendship's wreath *you* fling away,
 We'll crown our brows with laurel.

Then, then, Old England's merry men
 Will rush from vale and highland,
 The chivalry, ten thousands ten,
 Of this "Tight little Island"
 The spirits of the mighty dead
 Will beam refulgent o'er us,
 Point where our crimson banners spread,
 And light the way before us.

Methinks they come—a glorious throng—
 Edward, of sable shield,
 Great William, hymned in battle song,
 Marlborough, of Blenheim's field.
 Bright comes the modern God of War,
 Waterloo, Wellington,
 And Nelson, Star of Trafalgar,
 Old Ocean's darling son.
 Ye "Colonels" pray advised be,
 Read *our* historic page,
 It may subdue your vanity,
 And mitigate your rage.
 There Victory's clarion trumpets breathe
 The glory of our Nation.
 Then ask yourselves, who smarts beneath
 Supreme Humiliation.

The Conscript—The Volunteer.

WRITTEN JULY, 1860.

"Look upon this picture, and on this."—*Shakespeare.*

"France calls to arms," or rather say,
 It is the Emperor's fiat;
 His word is law; all must obey;
 What Conscript dare deny it?
 The lots are drawn; it is his lot
 The Tricolor to wear;
 This is a Conscript; but 'tis not
 A British Volunteer.

The village youth is torn away,
 His love weeps by his side,—
 It may be on the very day
 She was to be his bride.
 Sweet scenes of youth, oh, ne'er forget!
 All else is blank and drear;
 This is a Conscript; but 'tis not
 A British Volunteer.

Husband compell'd from wife to part,
 From home, from children dear,
 From widow'd mother's aching heart,
 From honest friend sincere;

Forced from his happy rustic cot,
Down drops the manly tear,
This is a Conscript; but 'tis not
A British Volunteer.

Doubtless he's brave, and what's called *game*,
But points the sword or lance,
With thirst for glory, love for fame,
Much more than love for France.
There Freedom's shrines are veil'd and dim,
No votive fires appear;
Then who shall sing her glorious hymn?—
The British Volunteer.

Hark, o'er the deep the anthem swells,
With jubilant *encore*,
From banner'd halls, from flow'ry dells,
From mountain to the shore;
Come noble patriotic choir,
Come trumpet sounding clear,
Come join the poet's dulcet lyre,
To greet the Volunteer.

"Hail, Magna Charta!" blithe he sings,
While peace and plenty smile,
And Freedom, from her snow-white wings,
Sheds lustre o'er the Isle.
There are golden links which bind to earth—
Flowers in this "vale of tears;"
For these, our Altar, Throne, and Hearth,
Up! British Volunteers!

"Very Like a Whale."

"*Hamlet*—Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a camel?"

"*Polonius*—By the mass, and it's like a camel, indeed."

"*Hamlet*—Methinks it like an ouzel."

"*Polonius*—It is backed like an ouzel."

"*Hamlet*—Or like a whale?"

"*Polonius*—Very like a whale."—SHAKESPEARE.

"Very like a whale," exclaimed
Old Polonius, in the play,
When similies absurd were named,
As like the cloud that passed away;
And its become a common phrase:
For when we hear a doubtful tale,
A man incredulously says
"Its very like a whale."

"High on a throne of Royal state,"
 Whose purple glows with golden bees,
 Sits one who thinks his nod is fate,
 Full of Imperial subtleties.
 "Vive L'Empereur," serfs loudly cheer
 "Napoleon's Eagle shall prevail;"
 But Red Republicans will sneer,
 "That's very like a whale."

If his Divinity is Peace,
 Where has he raised her holy shrine?
 Cherbourg is not that hallowed place,
There lurks the war fiend's dark design;
 "L'Empire C'est la Paix" he cries;
 Legions of swords belie that tale,
 And British Volunteers surmise,
 "It's very like a whale."

Banner and sword-flash, trumpet, drums!
 Bright Italia's land to save;
 Another Cincinnatus comes,
 Simple Dictator, wise and brave;
 Priest-craft and Tyranny fly away,
 Yet cling to Austrias' flagging zeal;
 But Garibaldi's heroes say,
 "That's very like a whale."

Stars have risen bright and brighter,
 Light of old England's orthodox;
 But, ah! there's one who wears a mitre,
 By name, but not by nature, KNOX!
 Against a man of erudition—
 Of holy truth, of loyal zeal,
 Out comes his puny inhibition,
 Oh! very like a whale.

Higgin—Oh! Euphony, what a name—
 With hands above all law's decree,
 Would tear down Derry's flag of fame,
 THE CRIMSON BANNER OF THE FREE!—
 For dead men's shoes he looks askance,
 When Armagh tolls the funeral peal,
 "Conge D'Elire!" has he a chance!
 Aye, very like a whale.

Oh! Orange Banuer! often time,
 For England thou hast battles won;
 But now, alas, it is a crime
 To show thy glories to the sun.
 They would blot out from History's page,
 Boyne's Victory, where James grew pale,
 And crush us out—impotent rage!
 How very like a whale!

A Familiar Epistle inscribed to Brother

JOHN CRANWILL, P. M. 597.

Where the Rotundo's dome expands with lofty air,
 In the *Round Room* we ordered all things *Square*,
 The glorious 12th July there celebrating,
 Though hours grew *late*, the night grew quite *elating*;
 Our Programme's *Bill of fare* was quite a *fair Bill*,
 Promising speech and song, to make the heart thrill.
 This *Note of promise* on which all did doat,
 Sutcliffe would call a *Promissory Note*.
 And then our *Bill of fare*, *fair Belles* enhancing,
 Upon the platform the lovely ones were glancing;
 And then love glances were *exchanged* so bright,
 Bills of *Exchange*, said Sutcliffe, paid at *sight*.
 Around the Hall bright banners did appear,
 On which fell golden light from many a *Gas a-lier*,
 And round about smiled many a bright eyed dear,
 While Beaux gave many a smile, a *Gaze*, a *leer*.

Then from the Platform eloquence resounded,
 Of Derry and the Boyne, where Popery lay confounded;
 And Beauty graced the scene, soft thoughts awaking,
 But silent sat, the men had all the speaking,
 But in revenge, now here, now there it flies,
 The flashing eloquence of beauties eyes,—
 'Midst speeches, orange fire, and royal salutes.
 There sat a lovely set of smiling mutes;
 You say they chatter, I deny it, come tell,
 You can't deny each sits a lovely *dumb belle*
 Until they sing, then strains, with witching art,
 Thrill on the ear, and then upon the heart.
 Black eyes, or blue eyes, each one was a bright belle,
 A chime belle, joy belle, and a charming *night belle*.

And one there was whose glance like glistening dew fell,
In *azure* drapery, a pretty smiling *blue* belle.
Oh! ring the belle! I'll tell you how, don't linger,
Just put a wedding *ring* upon her finger.

And music's strain the festal hours prolong,
And voice harmonious sweetly blend in song.
'Midst dulcet violins and vocal band,
Young Philips; leader, weaves his guiding hand.
Yes, he's accomplished in the charming art,
"Plays round the head, and yet comes near the heart,"
"Untwisting all the chains that tie
"The hidden soul of harmony."

And when he plays the violin, or sings,
Time checks his flight and furls his rapid wings.
Who can *keep time's* wing, check its rapid sweep?
And yet how easy Philips *time can keep*.
Idlers, when through the long dull day they climb,—
Ask what they're doing?—*only killing time*;
While gentle Philips, in orchestral prime,
Ask what he's doing?—*only beating time*.

At length the Soiree's o'er, and all depart,
Here Fiddle-strings are broke, and there a heart,
Exit Musicians, rather grave than witty,
The *Band* puts one in mind of a *Band ditty*,
Not *slow* their *time*, but, Presto, off they dash,
Rejoiced they go to change their *Notes* for *Cash*.

Elated, thirsty, and a little tired,
Squeezed through the crowd, I patiently retired,
Into an ante-room, where some commingled,
Where hearts were tingling, but no glasses jingled.
Thirsty I was, and was not very hearty,
For oh! our Soiree was a temperance party,
There was no jolly, red faced, laughing toper,
Though in our cups, we all were mighty sober,
And for a Bachanalian rich libation,
Oh! that would be a gross abomination.
Looking around me, I beheld John Cranwill,
Did I know him? thank Heaven I knew the man, well,
Yes, Heaven be thanked though death some friends have stole,
I've still the friendship of that honest soul—
Memory delighted sweetly lingers on
Those evening hours I've spent with Brother John.

Languid I sought him, though my steps did falter,
 Whispering, I said, "oh! for a glass of water;
 Can you relieve me, there is no one fitter,
 I'm ill, I ail, now is my case not bitter."

John, smiling said, when he had heard my tale,
 Your bitter ailment wants some *Bitter Ale*,
 But come with me, your temper I'll not vex,
 It shant be *crossed* with drink like XX,
 Nor Soda Water, Burton Ale, or Bass,
 No frothy effervescent washy glass,
 But that which all their English drinks excel,
 You'll have a glass of Kinahan's LL.

Then to a dark room friend John introduced me,
 And a bright Whisky flask he soon produced me,
 Fit place it was where I was thus invited,
Spirits, you know, with *dark rooms* are delighted;
 He filled. I quaffed the cup of sparkling liquor,
 "Another, Bill! come, toss it off, be quicker,"
 I drank and left, though loath from him to part,
 I felt refreshed, and BLESSED HIM FROM MY HEART.

John Cranwill's Cruiskeen Laun.

AIR—"The Cruiskeen Laun."

There is nought upon the earth
 Gives to mortal man such mirth,
 And cheers his spirits up when they sink;
 As the social sparkling cup,
 Which friendship bumpers up,
 And says, "Here honest fellow, drink boy, drink,"
 And says, "Here honest fellow, drink."

Chorus—Gramachree a cruiskeen,
 Slantha gal avourneen,
 Gramachree a cruiskeen laun,
 Gramachree a cruiskeen. slantha gal avourneen,
 The smiling little cruiskeen laun, laun, laun,
 John Cranwill's smiling cruiskeen laun.

If you'd wish your love express'd
 In liquor of the best,
 And toast to your fair colleen bawn;
 Take my word no draught inspires,
 Such soft and gentle fires
 As you'll find in Brother Cranwill's cruiskeen laun, laun,
 laun,
 As you'll find in his cruiskeen laun. Chorus, &c.

If a social glass you'd sip,
 When you take a brother's grip,
 Who'd never flinch when bright swords are drawn;
 Believe me, 'twill be sweet,
 Fraternally to meet,
 And quaff John Cranwill's cruiskeen laun, laun, laun.
 And quaff John Cranwill's cruiskeen laun. Chorus, &c.

If you'd give our Charter Toast,
 Our glory and our boast,
 King William who on Popery ne'er would fawn;
 Would you scout the Popish slave?
 Or the Jesuitic knave?
 Take a bumper of John Cranwill's cruiskeen laun, laun,
 laun,
 Take a bumper of his cruiskeen laun. Chorus, &c.

Though the sparkling moments pass,
 Through time's pelucid glass,
 And daylight all roseate may dawn;
 My last cup shall be the sweetest.
 'Tis what my heart thinks meetest,
 Here's John Cranwill's smiling cruiskeen laun, laun, laun,
 Here's my blessing on his cruiskeen laun. Chorus, &c.

"Aye, That's the Ticket."

I am an old Orange and Blue,
 Which twenty-five years can attest;
 I have seen many efforts, by good men and true,
 And I venture to say which was best—
 Yes, free from political dodge,
 Or small coteries to clique it,
 Oh, none can compare with the Old Orange Lodge,
 "Aye, that's the Ticket."

Ephemeral clubs, all aflame,
 Shed light evanescent about,
 Yet ignoring the Old Orange Order, *by name*,
 Like straw they blazed up, and went out;
 But bright, like the pillar of Moses,
 Shines TRUTH, for all men who will seek it,
 Upheld to the world by our Orange colossus,
 "Aye, that's the Ticket."

"Benevolents," "Bruuswicks," and last,
 "Conservatives." had their short day,
 But unbinged were their portals, or not bolted fast,
 Or their sentinels *bolted* away ;
 Whilst our tower of adamant stands,
 With the banner of William to deck it, [brands,
 And its halls are hung round with true Orangeman's
 "Aye, that's the Ticket"

On its ramparts are thousands of men,—
 Old Loyalty tiles at the porch,—
 And out from its turrets, o'er mountain and glen,
 Shines the light of their Protestant torch ;
 For Throne and for Altar they'd die,
 Subduing the Rebel, the wicked,
 For their trust is on HIGH, and their powder is dry,
 "Aye, that's the Ticket."

Peer and Peasant united, the same,
 Gilded dome and poor cottage rafter ;
 And their names are enrolled on a tablet of Fame,
 To be read by their children hereafter.
 And should Popery play the game hard,
 Jesuitical, false, and intricate,
 The Orangeman wins for a trump is his CARD—
 "Aye, that's the Ticket."

The Popish Japanner.

It once was the vogue, 'bout the time of Queen Anne,
 To have in rich drawing-rooms cabinets rare,
 Belacquered and gilded in work called Japan,
 Where they kept Indian idols, and old China ware ;
 Some men now-a-day, who'd be cabinet-makers,
 Expose in St. Stephen's, the sinister manner
 Of Radicals, Puseyites, Papists, and Quakers,
 And lacquer their work, each sophistic Japanner.

For instance, there's Bowyer, the Pope's chevalier,
 Who the pillar of Freedom's foundation would sap,
 Who would welcome the Austrian over the frontier,
 Who cries up Peter's Pence—what a very great rap !
 He, too, would construct us a grand cabinet,
 With smooth Antonelli to aid as a planner
 And who would he get with his lacquer of jet ?
 Why old Pio Nino, the Popish Japanner.

But old Pio Nino has work of his own,
 Some famous Japan-work he now has on hands,
 Though his pagan museum too crowded hath grown,
 He's raked up some idols from infidel lands;
 This Hecate of Rome, has called up all his witches,
 In mitres they come, each red stocking'd trapanier,
 To put up new idols in Vatican niches,
 Belacquer'd and gilt by this Popish Japanner.

But what is the object of old Pio Nino ?
 Not canonization, or any such monkish spell,
 'Tis his temporal power, re-instate Bambolino,
 And crush Garibaldi and Victor Emmanuel.
 Yet he'll find his cross-keys, cross-purposes indicate,
 For Truth looks on Rome, and doth watchfully scan her,
 And the Spirit of Freedom soars over St. Peter's Gate,
 In gaze of old Pio, the Popish Japanner.

And when that bright Spirit on earth shall look down,
 Where, where, will she turn the light of her smiles ?
 'Tis where in a phalanx for altar and crown,
 Stand the Protestant Freemen of GREAT Britain's Isles.
 Who guard Freedom's citadel, ever have shown
 Her flag proudly waving beside England's banner,
 And who smile at the millions who creep round the throne
 Of old Pio Nino, the Popish Japanner.

A Natal Ode.

Oft has the muse attuned the vocal lyre,
 Singing her high laudation of the brave,
 Singing the hymn, oft breathed by Freedom's choir;
 Singing her requiem o'er the sainted grave,
 Singing the verse, encored with Orange fire,
 Singing in satire o'er the bigot slave.
 Again her fingers touch the glowing wire,
 And thus on fancy calls, a new song to inspire.

Come bright Fancy, hither come,
 From thy mystic fairy home,
 In some rich and rare quintessence,
 Prism hues or flowery essence ;
 Be it in the rainbow's lustre,
 Be it where the blue bells cluster,
 Be it where on summer roses,
 The brilliant butterfly reposes,

Or the bee doth keep his palace
In the lilly's silver chalice,
Be it in the starry dome,
Be it where the cascades foam,
Be it near the tinkling fountain,
Be it on the peaky mountain,
Be it where the green waves sparkle,
Be it where the sea deeps darkle,
Be it where the moonbeam sleepeth,
On the tower, where ivy creepeth,
Or the purple mists expansion,
Veiling bright Aurora's mansion,
Or the setting sun's pavilion ;
Clouds of golden edged vermillion,
Wheresoever is thy home,
Come bright Fancy, hither come.
Oh ! wanting thee, the mind wants fire,
And thought lies cold, inert, and dim ;
Then come, illumine the votive lyre,
And aid us in our natal hymn.
And in it let there be expressed,
The gentle sympathies which prove
The feelings of the parent breast,
For such is pure parental love.

To gaze with fond delight,
Upon his cherub face,
To hover round him day and night,
And pray to Heaven for grace ;
To bless with laughing joy,
The first smile on his lips,
To think her own sweet rosy boy,
All other boys eclipse,
This is love, maternal love,
Pure as that which glows above.
To kiss his forehead fair,
The dome of future thought,
To watch the mind expanding there,
By holy precepts taught ;
To guide his ardent youth,
When brightening hope inspires,
To guide to paths of loyal truth,
And emulate his sires,
This is love, paternal love,
Patriarchial, from above.

Come, wherever is thy home,
Bright winged Fancy, hither come.

She comes, she comes, and with her comes a throng
Of spangle thoughts, obedient to her power,
Whose fairy wings glance brilliantly along,
Like meteor stars, when sweep their silvery shower,
And glittering through the ample dome of Thought,
Illumine the emanations of the brain;
While the wrapt muse with sweet poetics fraught,
Invokes the natal Genie in this votive strain.

Genuis of the natal hour,
Sylph that watcheth Hymen's bower,
Spirit of Love's passion flower,
Come I pray.

Now your sparkling spells employ,
Bright with hope and rich with joy,
Come and greet our infant boy,
On May day.

Bless his soft and rosy sleep,
O'er him whispering angels peep,
May their smiling's sorrow keep
Far away.

Pillow'd on his mother's breast,
Like the God of Love at rest—
Quaffs his nectar with a zest,
On May day.

Let him grow an infant fair,
Rosy cheek and curly hair,
Laughing, bounding, here and there,
Like a Fay.

Teach his youth the glorious theme
Of the deeds of Ulster's fame,
Honoring Great William's name,
On May day.

Whisper fate, to weave with care,
Life's frail web with tissues rare,
Let hopes golden threads be there,
Bright display !

Tinge it not with sombre hue;
Be it Orange, Purple, too,
For he is a young *True Blue*,
On May day.

Epithalamium.

Come let us twine a blooming wreath,
To deck her virgin brow,
Let poeise and flowerets breathe,
Their very essence now,
And glance, and smile, and song and flower,
Give joy unto the bridal hour.

Come, bridesmaid, by thy gentle hand
The chaplet must be tied,
And give us in the blushing band,
An emblem of the bride ;
And peeping through the leaves we'll find,
Some type of feature, or of mind.

For lovers there's no language given,
Like that which breathes in flowers,
How sweet when lovers sit at even,
Amidst the blooming bowers,
And read what flowers can impart,
The glowing language of the heart.

Love, woman's love, of gentlest kind,
Is in the blushing rose,
The meekness of a soul refined,
This tender snowdrop shows,
And here these ivy buds impart,
The constancy of woman's heart.

See in this lilly's silvery hue,
Her purity appears,
And on its leaves these drops of dew,
Her tenderness and tears ;
And here's a dewdrop glistening bye,
'Tis like the lustre of her eye.

But haste thee, haste thee, crown the maid,
See Cupid's pinions move,
Glitter impatiently to lead,
The fair one to her love,
Now music, smile, and song and flower,
Give joy unto the bridal hour.

Epithalamium.

Blest be that plain gold wedding ring !
Within its magic bound appears,
The dawning and the glimmering,
Of many future happy years,
Of love, unaltered, pure and bland,
Making sweet home an earthly prize,
Of piety, whose snowy wand,
Points to a home beyond the skies.

Of friendship's festive board, where mind,
In wit or wisdom finds express;
Of gentle sympathies refined,
Filling with love the hearts recess,
Of hope, oh, sweet, oh, fairy hope !
Which o'er our life's dull pathway flings,
(Giving the o'erprest bosom scope),
A cheering light from off her wings.

And oh ! how sweet to doat, to gaze
On the first bud of Hymen's bower,
And in its infant softness trace
The beauty of the parent flower ;
Such are the joys which wait upon
The youth who to the shrine doth bring,
One heart to be his only one,
Blest be that plain gold wedding ring !

NOTES TO OCCASIONAL VERSES.

No Orange Magistracy.—In July, 1857, Belfast was most fearfully disturbed by riots of a most violent character. In the month of Sept. following a Government enquiry was held to investigate the causes of disturbance. The Commissioners made a report to the Lord Lieutenant, on the 28th November, in which they declared that these riots owed their origin to the insulting manifestations of the Orangemen on their principal anniversary. This report, so far, was not correct. What was the fact? What was the cause of all the turbulence that arose?—A Roman Catholic, evidently with a malicious intention—attempted to induce a Protestant to show an Orange Lily in a part of Belfast, inhabited principally by Roman Catholics. Not having succeeded with the Protestant, he procured a lily and wore it in a locality where he was not known, immediately the object of effecting discord was obtained, offence was taken at the obnoxious display, and party feelings were aroused, which resulted in riot and bloodshed.

Lord Chancellor Brady took advantage of this unhappy affair to fulminate his thunder against Orangeism. The party with whom he had acted for years, entertained a fierce hate against the Order, and it was natural that his little boat should follow in the wake of the big ship; but the true cause of his rancour, arose from the fact that it was the Orangemen of Dublin who defeated his son on the then recent contest for the representation of the Metropolis.

Accordingly, out came Mr. Brady's proscription against Orangeism in a letter addressed to the Marquis of Londonderry, as Lord Lieutenant of the County Down; of this epistle the noble Marquis published extracts in the Northern Whig of the 8th October, 1857, by which it appeared that the Chancellor would require that every applicant for the Commission of the Peace should, before he could be appointed, pledge himself that he was not, and that he would not thereafter, while he held the commission, become a Member of the Orange Society—and it was added that the Chancellor's order had the sanction of the Lord Lieutenant.

The publication of this prohibition caused much sensation, particularly in the North; to the Orangemen the Chancellor's conduct was a deep grievance, and with irritated feelings, they complained of his unwarrantable conduct. Among the Nobility and Gentry, their sentiments found a sympathetic response, as no man of independence could submit to the servile test imposed on them. Accordingly, a remonstrance to Lord Palmerston, asking that so unconstitutional and unprecedented a measure might not be persevered in by the advisers of the Crown, was signed by 2,700 persons, including 32 Peers, 38 Members of Parliament, 17 Baronets, 641 Justices of the Peace, 162 Deputy Lieutenants, 377 Clergymen, 40 Barristers, and 100 Members of the Medical profession. This remonstrance was presented to the Premier, on the 18th February, 1858, by a deputation consisting of several noblemen and gentlemen, among whom were the Earl of Belmore, the Earl of Enniskillen, Lord Claud Hamilton, Lord Cairns, (then Hugh Cairns, M.P.,) Sir William Verner, Bart., Mr. Whiteside, M.P., the City of Dublin M.P's, and several others; Mr. Cairns in the absence of the Marquis of Downshire presented the remonstrance, and in a long speech, replete with argument and eloquence, represented to the Minister the views of the remonstrants—of course they were politely received and courteously listened to, and the interview ended with a few bland expressions from his Lordship, and concluded by saying "it was out of the question that he should return a distinct answer on the present occasion." However, his Lordship was soon relieved from all interference in the matter, for in eight days after the interview he resigned office, and was succeeded by the Earl of Derby as Prime Minister.

However, the matter was not allowed to drop, for in the course of the following month of March; the Marquis of Londonderry asked the Earl of Derby, in the House of Lords, whether this letter of the late Chancellor, Mr. Brady still remained in force. The Premier in reply stated, that in his opinion, and that of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, (the Earl of Eglinton); "the letter of the late Lord Chancellor of Ireland which laid down an absolute disqualification upon this subject of the magistracy, was a step not by the law required"—"that the Orange Society is one which being legal ought not to be subjected to any peculiar disqualification"—"nothing could be inconsistent, or more inconvenient than the principle laid down by the late Lord Chancellor of Ireland, with reference to Members of the Orange Society," and his Lordship added that there was no intention to act upon the principle of disqualification laid down in the letter of Mr. Ex-Chancellor Brady.

The Rev. Mortimer O'Sullivan, D.D.—One of the most eminent Champions of Orangism was the late Rev. Mortimer O'Sullivan, D.D. and Grand Chaplain of the Grand Lodge of Ireland, who for near 30 years was the ever vigilant, fearless, and ardent advocate of our principles. He became a Member of the Institution at a time when it was essential that its defender should be a man of zeal and persistence, learning and eloquence, piety and wisdom, to face the increasing phalanx of Popery, and such a man was Mortimer O'Sullivan. That was in the year 1832, three years after the passing of the Emancipation Act of 1829.

The prophecy pronounced by Lord Eldon on the passing of that Act, is likely soon to be fulfilled, yet to avert the dread evil which O'Connell was endeavouring to accomplish; O'Sullivan was ever ready, up, and fearless, eloquent in the pulpit, brilliant on the platform, and learned through the press; who, by his transcendent abilities, checked the advancing strides of Popery and Rebellion.

He states in his evidence given in 1835, on the parliamentary enquiry as to Orangeism, that when a Student in Trinity College, Dublin, (which he entered in 1810), and for years after he entertained strong prejudices against Orangeism, which partly arose from reading the charges of Judge Fletcher, delivered in 1814. But having in 1832, from acquaintanceship with several of the Members of the Institution, thus become informed of its nature and of the character of its operations, he became satisfied that it, or some such confederation, was necessary for the preservation of the Protestants of Ireland. The alarming state in which the Protestants were then placed, (1832) was very great, and he observed that from the time of passing the Emancipation Act, it had become more manifest than it had been before, that the destruction of Protestantism in Ireland was contemplated by the Irish Roman Catholics, "Therefore," said he "I joined the Defensive Association of Orangemen."



STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

I pray thee take the wreath I wove,
To deck thy raven hair,
There blooms for thee, the Rose of Love,
Forget-me-not is there.
When Passion leaves its deep impress,
When hopeless Love o'er powers,
Oh! what can tell the heart's excess?
The eloquence of flowers,

The wreath I wove to deck thy brow,
Our emblem well may be,
The violet True Blue, is my vow,
The Lilly pure as thee :
And on the Rose leaves blushing hue,
If drops of dew appears,
Oh! do not deem them drops of dew ;
They are a Lover's tears !

SERENADE.

Fanny Dearest.

Fanny dearest ! all around,
Is silence soft, and starry light ;
And gently over this flowery ground,
I've stolen to whisper " Love good night."
And wilt thou listen while I tell,
A passion that has long been mute ;
And wilt thou with one kind farewell,
Bless thy sad lover and his lute .

Fanny dearest ! not a rose,
But seems to sleep in starry rest ;
The Bee is hush'd in soft repose,
Peace everywhere—but in this breast.
The night dew hangs upon the tree,
Yet vanishes when day appears ;
But if thou wilt not smile on me
The morning sun must see my tears.

Fanny dearest ! hear my suit—
To plead my hopes, my doubts, my fears,
The very stars have lent my Lute
A strain of music from the spheres.
But sweeter far the lover's sigh,
In silence soft, and starry night ;
Then wilt thou to the casement fly,
And fondly whisper " Love, good night."

SERENADE.

Fairest of Eve's Daughters,

Fairest of Eve's daughters,
Through the midnight dark,
O'er these silent waters,
I have steered my bark ;
Not a star doth glisten,
O'er the gloomy sea,
Then in pity listen,
Love to me.

Love has been my pilot,
Hope smiles at the prow,
To this fairie islet ;
Safe they've steered me now,
Sound is hushed in slumbers,
All but minstrelsy,
Breathing passions numbers,
Love to thee.

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